

Sight and Sound

PLUS 30
PAGES OF
FILM AND
VIDEO
REVIEWS

Andy Warhol:
Hollywood perversions
Jack Lemmon:
'Some Like It Hot'
to 'Grumpy Old Men'
New British films
and 'Lethal Weapon'
Shirley Temple:
the Lolita syndrome
Low-life cinema
'Frenzy' to 'London'

Passion

Kieślowski in interview: exclusive preview of 'Red'



Collect the movies that collected the accolades.

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY

1941

STARRING
WALTER PIDGEON
MAUREEN O'HARA
ANNA LEE
DONALD CRISP
RODDY McDOWALL

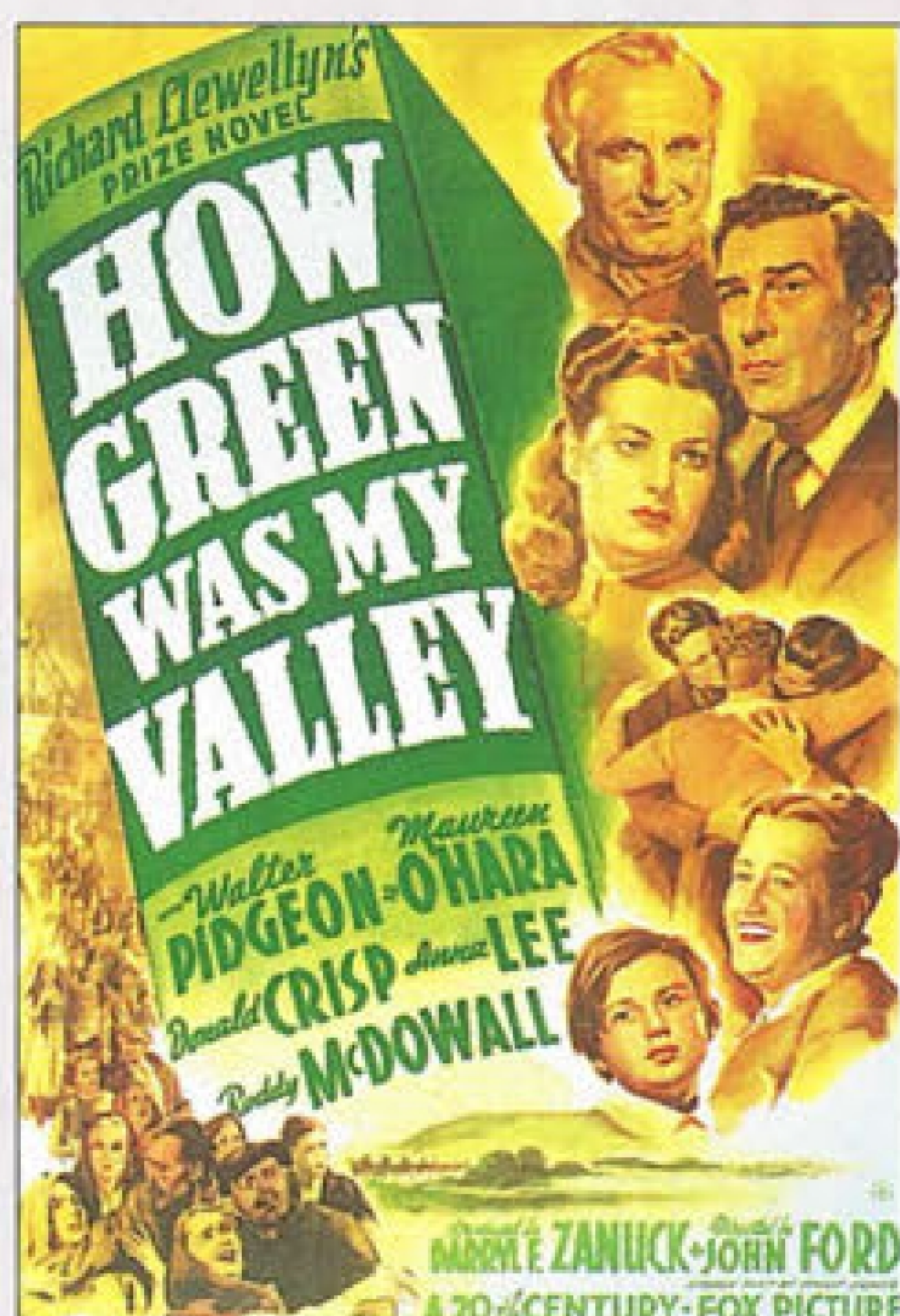
DIRECTED BY JOHN FORD

John Ford's masterful adaptation of Richard Llewellyn's enormously successful novel is one of Hollywood's most heartwarming and best-loved movies. It tells the story of the Morgans - a coal mining family living in a Welsh village at the turn of the century, as recalled through the fond remembrances of the family's youngest son Huw (Roddy McDowall).



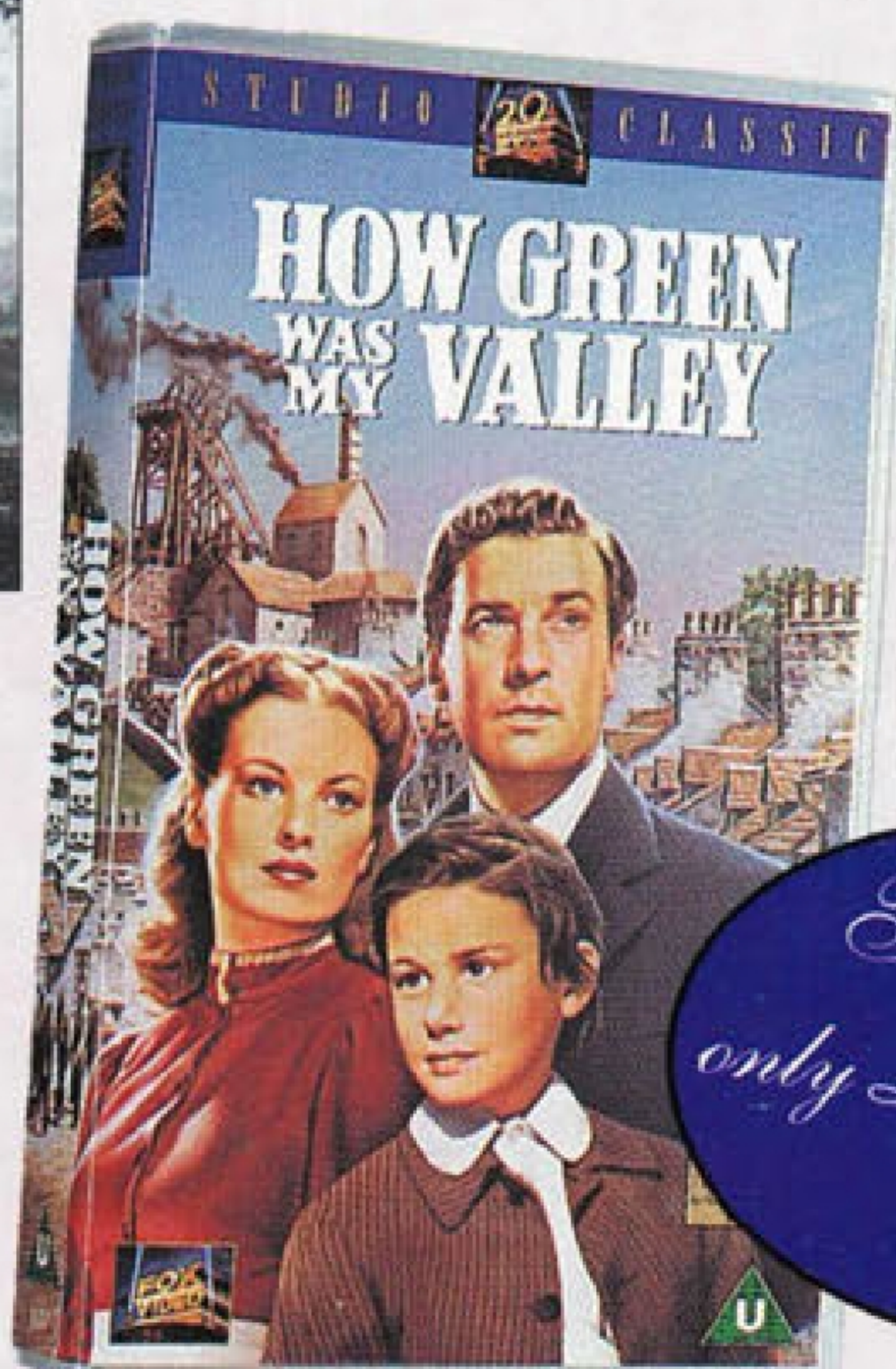
"A perfection of screen art"
VARIETY

He recalls the hardships and tragedy endured down the mine by his five brothers and his stern but loving father (Donald Crisp), the love and devotion of his mother (Sara Allgood), and the



thwarted love of the local minister (Walter Pidgeon) for his beautiful sister Angharad (Maureen O'Hara).

ACADEMY AWARD®
NOMINATIONS: SEVEN
WINNER OF FIVE
ACADEMY AWARDS:®
BEST FILM /
BEST DIRECTOR /
BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR /
BEST ART DIRECTION /
BEST CINEMATOGRAPHY



*Yours for
only £12.99
each*

GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT

1947

STARRING
GREGORY PECK
DOROTHY McGUIRE
JOHN GARFIELD
CELESTE HOLM
DEAN STOCKWELL

DIRECTED BY ELIA KAZAN

Winner of three Academy Awards®, including one for Best Film of 1947, Elia Kazan's mature and brilliant screen version of Laura Z. Hobson's best selling book stars Gregory Peck as Phil Green - a young journalist who, in order to research and write a series of articles about anti-semitism in America, pretends to be Jewish for six weeks.

*"The most spellbinding
story ever put on celluloid"*
HOLLYWOOD REPORTER

During this time he has to accept the humiliations, petty irritations and eventual heartbreak the assignment brings him.



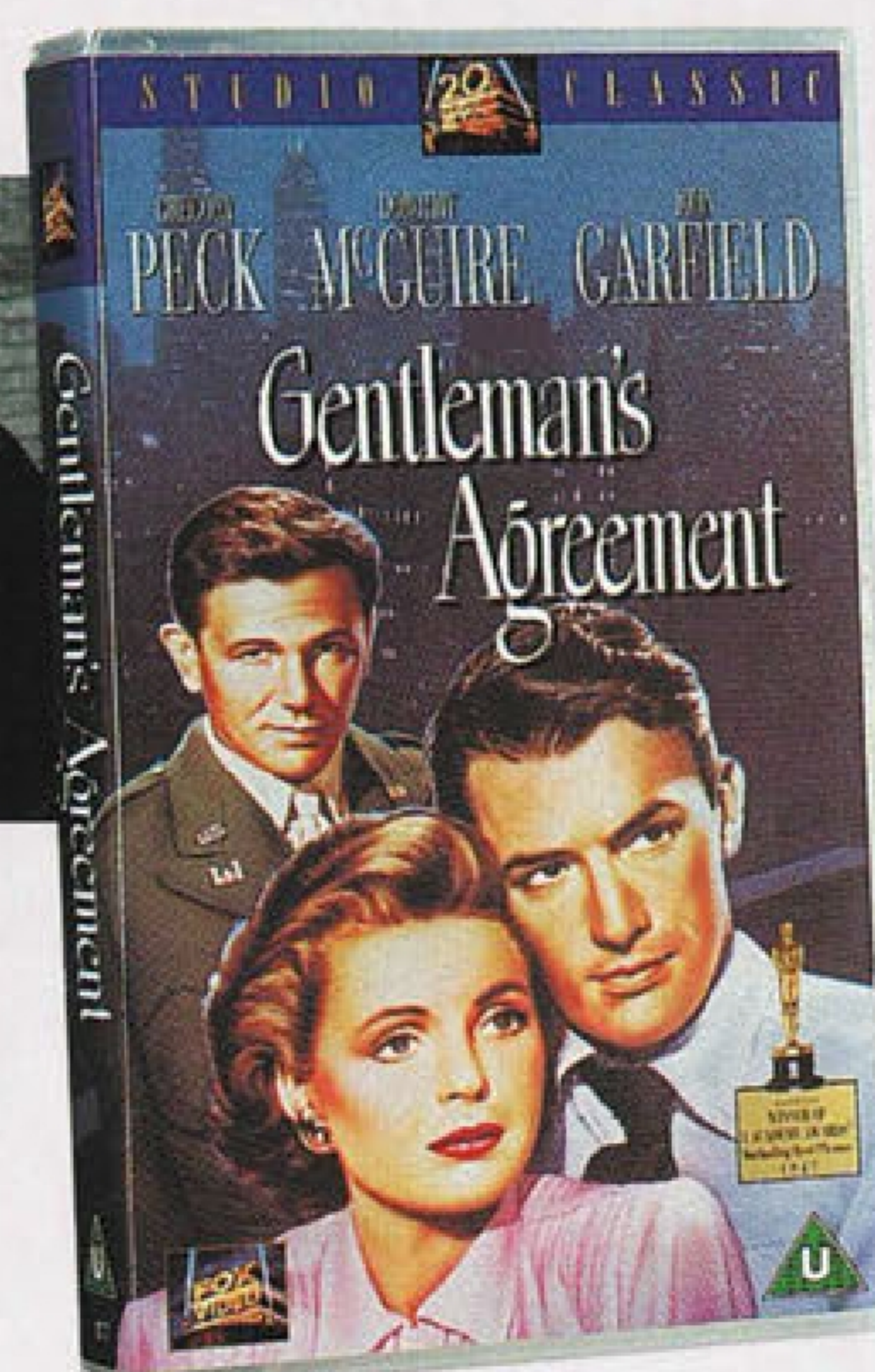
Peck's fine and sincere performance is ably supported by an all star cast, including Dorothy McGuire as the girl he loves, and almost

loses, John Garfield as his army buddy who, together with his young son (Dean Stockwell), experiences the bigotry of racial intolerance at first hand, and Celeste Holm as the vivacious fashion editor who still carries a torch for Phil - a performance that won for her a best supporting actress Oscar® (1947).



This hard-hitting drama pulls no punches in its treatment of a subject which is just as topical today as when it was made.

ACADEMY AWARD®
NOMINATIONS: SEVEN
WINNER OF THREE
ACADEMY AWARDS:®
BEST FILM /
BEST DIRECTOR /
BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS



Star-studded videos packed with extras +

The Studio Classics series of videos contain special enhancements and added-value extras designed to increase your enjoyment.

Original Theatrical Trailers

Most titles will contain the film's theatrical trailer - highly entertaining, these have rarely been seen since

the original theatrical run.

Rare Movietone News Footage

Movietone News footage of premieres and award ceremonies capture the nostalgia of a bygone age.

Theatrical Art Card

Collect these beautiful artcard re-

productions of the theatrical poster - one with every copy.

Fox Classics

CD Soundtracks Offer

These superb, digitally remastered soundtracks are available FREE (P+P extra) when you



collect the Studio Classics - details of this fabulous mail-in offer are inside each pack.

Studio Classic Ballot

Your chance to decide which Studio Classics you would like released on video - voting card inside every pack.

Academy Award® and Oscar® are the registered trademarks and service mark of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. © 1994 FoxVideo, Inc. All rights reserved. FoxVideo™ Twentieth Century Fox™ and Studio Classic™ and their logos are trademarks of Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation. † Enhancements are not available on all films. Packaging clearly communicates enhancements for each title.

Available from WH Smith, HMV, Our Price, Virgin Megastores, John Menzies, Boots, Tower Records, Titles and all good video stores, or order direct on Tel : 0733 232800.

Sight and Sound
(Incorporating Monthly
Film Bulletin)
Volume 4 Issue 6 (NS)
21 Stephen Street
London W1P 1PL
Telephone 071 255 1444
Facsimile 071 436 2327

Editorial

Editor
Philip Dodd
Deputy editor
Jonathan Romney
Associate editor
Pam Cook
Assistant editor
Rebecca Russell
Editorial assistant
Colette O'Reilly
Contributing editors
J. Hoberman, Pervaiz Khan,
John Powers, Mike O'Pray, Tony
Rayns, Jane Root, Amy Taubin
Sub-editor
Vicky Wilson
Picture editor
Millie Simpson
Design and art direction
Esterson Lackersteen
with Stephen Coates
Page make-up
Spy Graphics
Origination
Precise Litho
Printer
St Ives plc

Advertising sales

Mark Pearson
Hucksters Ltd
Riseden, Tidebrook
Wadhurst, East Sussex
Telephone 0892 784804
Facsimile 0892 784796

Business

Publishing director
Caroline Moore
Assistant
Charlotte Housden
Managing director
BFI publishing
Colin MacCabe
Newsstand distribution
UMD. Telephone 071 490 2020
Bookshop distribution
Central Books
Telephone 081 986 4854
US distribution
2nd class postage paid at
Rahway, NJ, and at additional
mailing offices. Postmaster:
send address corrections to
Sight and Sound, c/o Mercury
Airfreight International Ltd Inc.,
2323 Randolph Avenue,
Avenel, NJ 07001
Subscription price is \$56.00
Newsstand distribution by:
Eastern News Distributors Inc.

Annual subscription rates

UK £29.50
Europe £36.00
US/Canada airspeed £36.00
Overseas surface mail £36.00
Overseas airmail £61.00
Special rates apply to BFI
members
For subscription queries
contact: Subscription
Department, Sight and Sound
Tower House, Sovereign Park
Market Harborough
Leicestershire LE16 9EF
Telephone 0858 468888
Facsimile 0858 434958
Binders available from Sight and
Sound 071 636 3289. UK £7.00,
overseas surface mail £9.00

The British Film Institute exists
to encourage the development
of film, television and video in the
United Kingdom, and to promote
knowledge, understanding and
enjoyment of the culture of the
moving image. Its activities
include the National Film and
Television Archive; the National
Film Theatre; the Museum of the
Moving Image; the London Film
Festival; the production and
distribution of film and video;
funding and support for regional
activities; Library and Information
Services; Stills, Posters and
Designs; Research; Publishing
and Education; and the monthly
Sight and Sound magazine



SIGHT AND SOUND MAGAZINE

Published monthly by the
British Film Institute
ISSN 0037-4806

Sight and Sound

June 1994



'Three Colours: White': 8



Andy Warhol: 20



'Serial Mom': 60

Features

GLOWING IN THE DARK

Krzysztof Kieślowski talks about
White, the second film in his *Three
Colours* trilogy; Tony Rayns has
an early view of *Red*, and reflects
on the director's achievement **8**

LONDON: NECROPOLIS

OF FRETFUL GHOSTS

Iain Sinclair goes in search
of low-life London, from *Frenzy*
to Patrick Keiller's new film **12**

ODD MAN OUT

From his cross-dressing in
Some Like It Hot, Jack Lemmon has
never quite been the straight
guy. By Andy Medhurst **16**

MY TIME IS NOT YOUR TIME

How did Warhol's films offer
a perversion of Hollywood?
Why did he film the Empire
State? And what do his movies
mean now? By Amy Taubin **20**

WELCOME TO THE MULTIPLEX

New British films such as
Shopping and *Welcome to the
TerrorDome* are made for the
multiplexes. Is this a matter for
celebration? By Nick Roddick **26**

CLOCKING THE CENSOR

Will pornography flood the
digital information highway?
And is there a place for the
censor in this brave new world?
By Tom Dewe Mathews **30**

LOLITA SYNDROME

How was Shirley Temple
used by the studios – and why
did Graham Greene's words
on her cause such a fuss?
By Bret Wood **32**

Regulars

EDITORIAL BBC and the world **3**

BUSINESS The Fantastic Four...
Pasolini... marketable
movie stars **4**

OBSESSION Ian Breakwell
on *The Hustler* **37**

BOOKS Joseph Losey; Vampires
and Violets; Atom Egoyan;
French classic cinema **38**

LETTERS *Bodysnatchers*;
European stars; women
and orientalism **72**

Film reviews

Blink	42
Business Affair, A	43
Crow, The	44
Dangerous Game	45
Dangerous Woman, A	46
Four Weddings and a Funeral	47
Gadael Lenin/Leaving Lenin	48
Grumpy Old Men	48
Hercules Returns	49
Hifazaat/In Custody	50
Home of Our Own, A	51
Hsimeng Rensheng/ The Puppetmaster	51
In Custody/Hifazaat	50
Josh and S.A.M.	52
Leaving Lenin/Gadael Lenin	48
Little Buddha	53
London	54
Look Who's Talking Now	55
Naked Gun 33½	
The Final Insult	56
No Escape	57
Premonition, The/Svart Lucia	61
Puppetmaster, The/ Hsimeng Rensheng	51
Rookie of the Year	58
Saint of Fort Washington, The	59
Secret Rapture, The	60
Serial Mom	60
Svart Lucia/The Premonition	61
That Night	62
Three Colours: White/ Trois Couleurs: Blanc	63
Trois Couleurs: Blanc/ Three Colours: White	63

TV films

Henri	64
Men of the Month	64
Zinky Boys Go Underground	65

Video reviews

Peter Dean on the ten best,
plus the rest of the releases **66**

PRIVATE VIEW Mike Phillips
on *The Birth of a Nation* **69**

ENDNOTES Mark Kermode
on landmark soundtracks **71**

**Next issue on
sale 21 June**



NEW RELEASES for JUNE 1994



KWAIDAN

Packaged with an exclusive set of limited edition Collectors Stills, the first release in Tartan's Japanese Collection is one of the great classics of post-war Japanese cinema. "Kwaidan" is a stunning collection of four ghost stories each beautifully photographed and exquisitely terrifying; the film is a haunting masterpiece, directed by Masaki Kobayashi.

CAT NO. TVT 1157 £15.99



ONIBABA

The second release in the Japanese Collection, packaged with Collectors Stills, is an acknowledged classic of fantastic cinema. "Onibaba" is a strange and violent folk tale, a lusty story of samurais, peasants, murder, passion and revenge. Directed by Kaneto Shindo, this film is strange, compelling and unique.

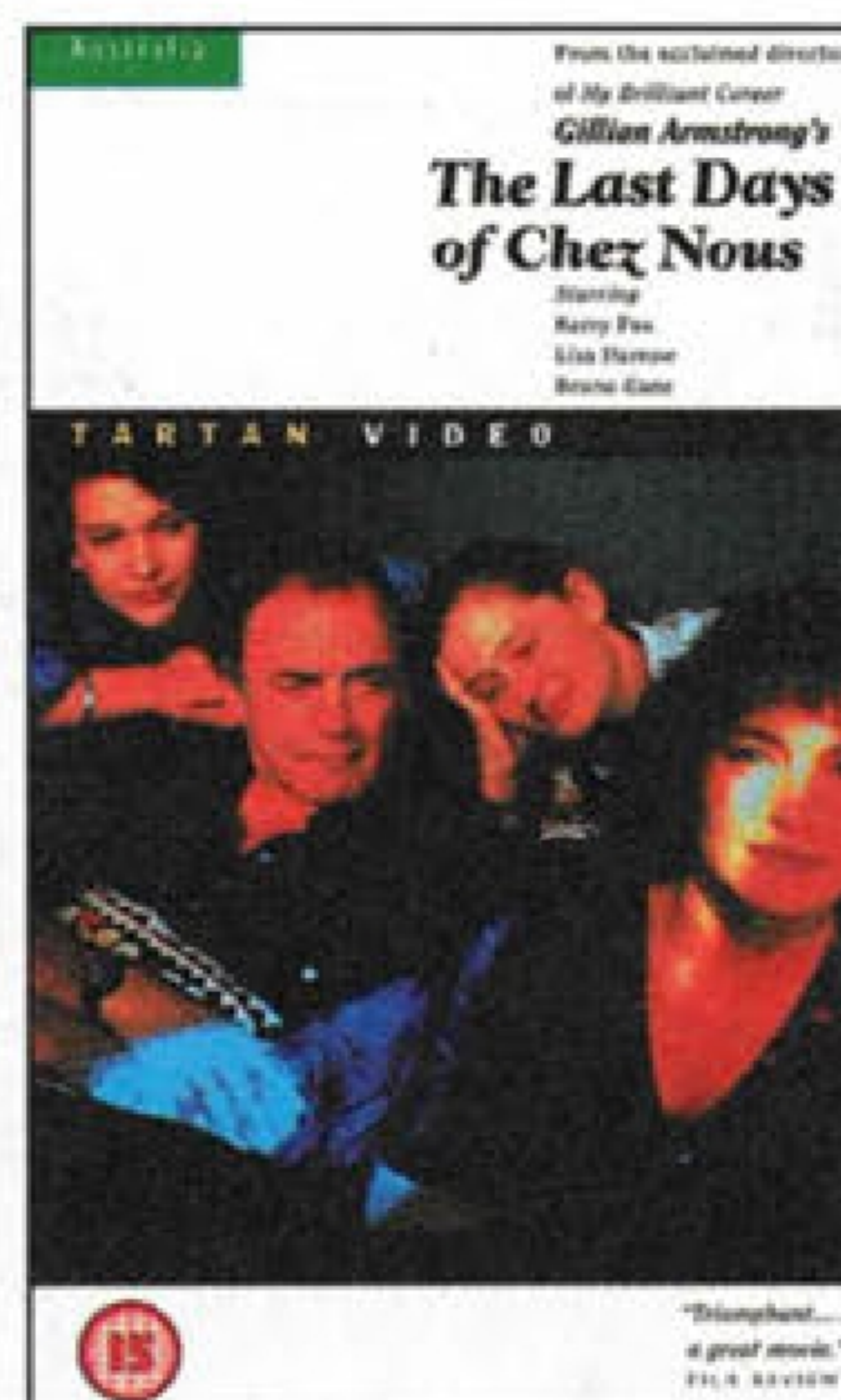
CAT NO. TVT 1128 £15.99



THE PLOUGHMAN'S LUNCH

From acclaimed theatre director Richard Eyre, and the award winning author of "The Cement Garden" Ian McEwan, "The Ploughman's Lunch" is a searing account of contemporary British politics and morality. A darkly humorous, incisive and entertaining drama starring Jonathan Pryce and Tim Curry.

CAT NO. TVT 1158 £15.99



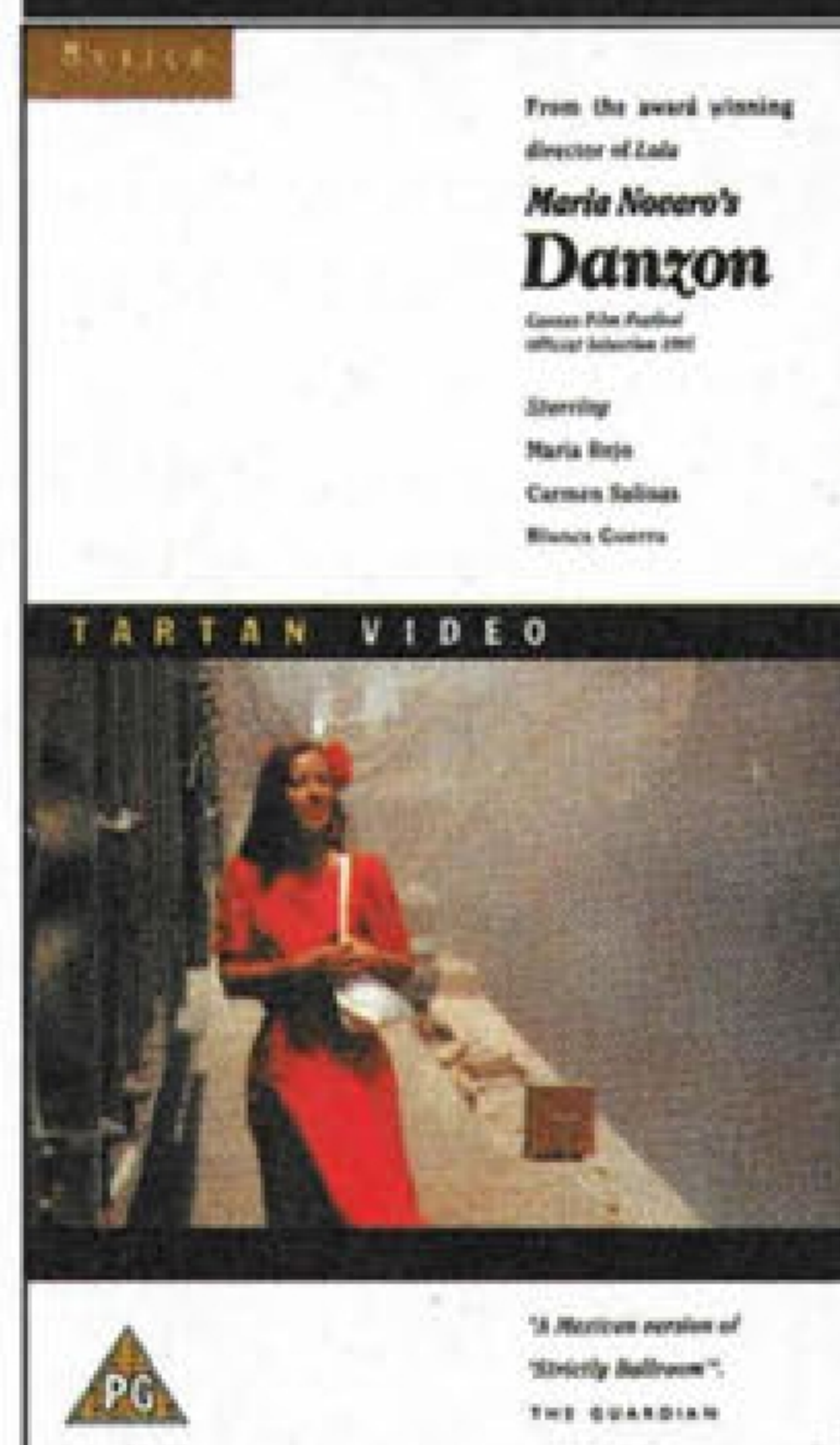
THE LAST DAYS OF CHEZ NOUS

A story of lust and betrayal, "The Last Days of Chez Nous" is a sensual and bittersweet tale of two sisters involved with the same man, and the chaos that erupts when the truth is discovered. From acclaimed director Gillian Armstrong, and starring Kerry Fox and Lisa Harrow.

CAT NO. TVT 1027 £15.99

Sight and Sound and Tartan Video join forces to offer the readers of the UK's pre-eminent film publication the finest in independent and world cinema. Films of distinction and enduring excellence digitally remastered for superior quality and presented with extensive liner notes. This outstanding collection of beautifully packaged films is now available on VHS and Laserdisc in the original aspect ratios. Watch out for exciting offers appearing in every issue.

SPECIAL OFFER - DANZON FOR ONLY £10.99*



Described as a Mexican version of 'Strictly Ballroom', "Danzon" is a latin dance movie with a big heart, from the award-winning director of 'Ariel', Maria Novaro. The focal point of the film, a gentle and bittersweet romantic fable about a ballroom dancer's quest for love, is the wonderful, spicy, Mexican dance music that has survived for generations, and is totally integrated into the plot. The 'danzon' is a century-old dance of seduction, borrowed originally from the French cotillon, and for which Julia (Maria Rojo) has a passion. The music perfectly complements this magical, joyous and sensual tale of love lost and regained. Normally priced at £15.99, "Danzon" is available through the

Sight and Sound/Tartan Video Offer - at the special price of only £10.99 (incl. P&P)

CATALOGUE

TVT 60	Double Life of Veronique	£15.99	TVT 1096	Jamon Jamon	£15.99
TVT 1074	Man Bites Dog	£15.99	TVT 1115	Pandora's Box	£15.99
TVT 1014	Pepi, Luci, Bom	£15.99	TVT 1117	Ingmar Bergman Box Set	£49.95
TVT 1083	Sweet Emma, Dear Bobe	£15.99	TVT 1111	Man Bites Dog Box Set	£21.99
TVT 1066	The Magician	£15.99	TVT 1119	The Blood of a Poet	£15.99
TVT 1081	The Seventh Seal (box set)	£21.99	TVT 1124	The Tune	£15.99
TVT 1075	The Silence	£15.99	TVT 1078	The Voyage	£15.99
TVT 1089	Through a Glass Darkly	£15.99	TVT 1153	Diary of a Lost Girl	£15.99
TVT 35	Trust	£15.99	TVT 1140	L'accompagnatrice	£15.99
TVT 1018	What have I Done to Deserve This?	£15.99	TVT 1127	A Short Film About Killing/ A Short Film About Love	£24.95
TVT 1068	Winter Light	£15.99	TVT 1023	Simple Men	£15.99
TVT 1106	A Bout De Souffle (Breathless)	£15.99	TVT 1123	The Firemen's Ball	£15.99
TVT 1093	Hairdresser's Husband	£15.99	TVT 1118	Three Shorts by Hal Hartley	£15.99
TVT 1015	Matador	£15.99	TVT 1125	The Lie	£15.99
TVT 1065	Wild Strawberries (box set)	£21.99	TVT 1163	Providence	£15.99
TVT 1109	Cinema Paradiso	£15.99	TVT 1164	Petain	£15.99
			TVT 1161	Tabu	£15.99
			TVT 1064	Seventh Seal	£15.99

FOR A FULL CATALOGUE LISTING, PLEASE WRITE TO THE ADDRESS ON THE ORDER FORM OR CALL THE MAIL ORDER NUMBER DETAILED BELOW.

ORDER FORM

To order simply complete the form below. Make cheques and P.O.'s Payable to "TARTAN VIDEO LTD". P & P Included.

Total order value £..... I enclose a cheque for the total made payable to Tartan Video Limited, or charge my credit card for the total value of £..... ☐ VISA ☐ ACCESS (please tick)

Cat. No.	Title
Cat. No.	Title
Cat. No.	Title
Cat. No.	Title
Cat. No.	Title
Cat. No.	Title

Card Number _____ Expiry Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

PLEASE CUT (OR PHOTOCOPY) THE FORM AND RETURN TO :- TARTAN VIDEO LTD., METRO TARTAN HOUSE, 79 WARDOUR ST., LONDON W1V 3TH TEL NO. 071 439 1922 Please allow 28 days for delivery. * Special offer is valid until 30th June 1994.

CREDIT CARD HOTLINE! Simply call the Sight and Sound/Tartan Video Offer hotline on 071 437 5695 to order your choices instantly (all major credit cards accepted).

EXCLUSIVE MERCHANDISE

LA SCORTA



Ricky Tognazzi's gripping thriller that took Cannes by storm in 1993 is represented on this white T-shirt for the special price of

just £8.99 (incl P&P)

CAT NO TVS 1162



BBC and the world

Contributors to this issue

Charles Barr's classic study of Ealing Studios has recently been reissued

Tom Dewe Mathews' Censored: the story of Film Censorship in Britain will be published by Chatto & Windus in July

Andy Medhurst teaches film and television at the University of Sussex and has written widely on comedy

Claire Monk is a freelance writer

Mike Phillips is a novelist and screenwriter. His latest novel *Point of Darkness* was published in April by Michael Joseph

Tony Rayns is the consultant on the BFI's *The Century of Cinema* television series

Nick Roddick has published widely on the history of the cinema industry

Iain Sinclair is a novelist and writer whose fictions include *Downriver*

Philip Strick is a teacher and writer on many aspects of cinema

Amy Taubin is completing a study of *Taxi Driver*

Ginette Vincendeau has published a study of Jean Gabin and is co-editor of a volume on European popular cinema

Bret Wood has published widely on cinema in many magazines

"The BBC has the most powerful broadcast media brand in the world. We are already number one in world radio. We are determined to be number one in world TV."

John Birt, Director General, BBC

The British press, which loves a British world-beater, has responded favourably to John Birt's announcement of the deal between the BBC and Pearson, which will allow the corporation to launch a series of channels across the world. The BBC is suddenly being touted by government, pundits and, not least, itself as having an enormous potential international earning power.

The argument goes like this. The television industry has become global. Deregulation, satellite and cable have created a host of new channels with a thirst for programming. The multimedia revolution will create more. The British are good at making television programmes. Best and biggest of all the British programme-makers is the BBC, which has the two additional pluses of a worldwide reputation and the experience of World Service radio. The world is waiting for a global expansion in World Service Television and BBC programme sales. It only requires that the corporation be allowed to accept the challenge. QED.

Like all fantasies, this one has its attractive features. And like all fantasies that are taken seriously, it has some roots in reality. But fantasy it is. One danger arising from it concerns the BBC's illusion about its earning powers. Take what was known until last month as BBC Enterprises which, among other things, exports programmes. According to the corporation's own estimate, last year BBC Enterprises contributed a net £60 million to programming. The much-touted new target is a rise to £200 million by the year 2000. But both the current figures and the future projections are deeply flawed. For instance, half the £60 million is accounted for by co-production money, which can hardly be considered profit from commercial activity, and whose increase would give rise to some quite special editorial problems. Outside Enterprises, the BBC's other subsidiaries currently make a loss. BBC Subscription Services is recorded as losing £10.8 million in 1992/93, while BBC World Service Television lost £2 million (the consequence of start-up costs).

But even if you take the BBC figures at face value, the projected £200 million is dwarfed by income from the licence fee of over £1.6 billion. This public funding is inadequate now and will be further eroded in real terms by the end of the decade. Even in the most

optimistic estimates, the BBC's commercial earnings will not bridge the gap – and in any case, this government is likely to use any money the BBC makes from its commercial activities as an excuse to cut further the real value of the licence.

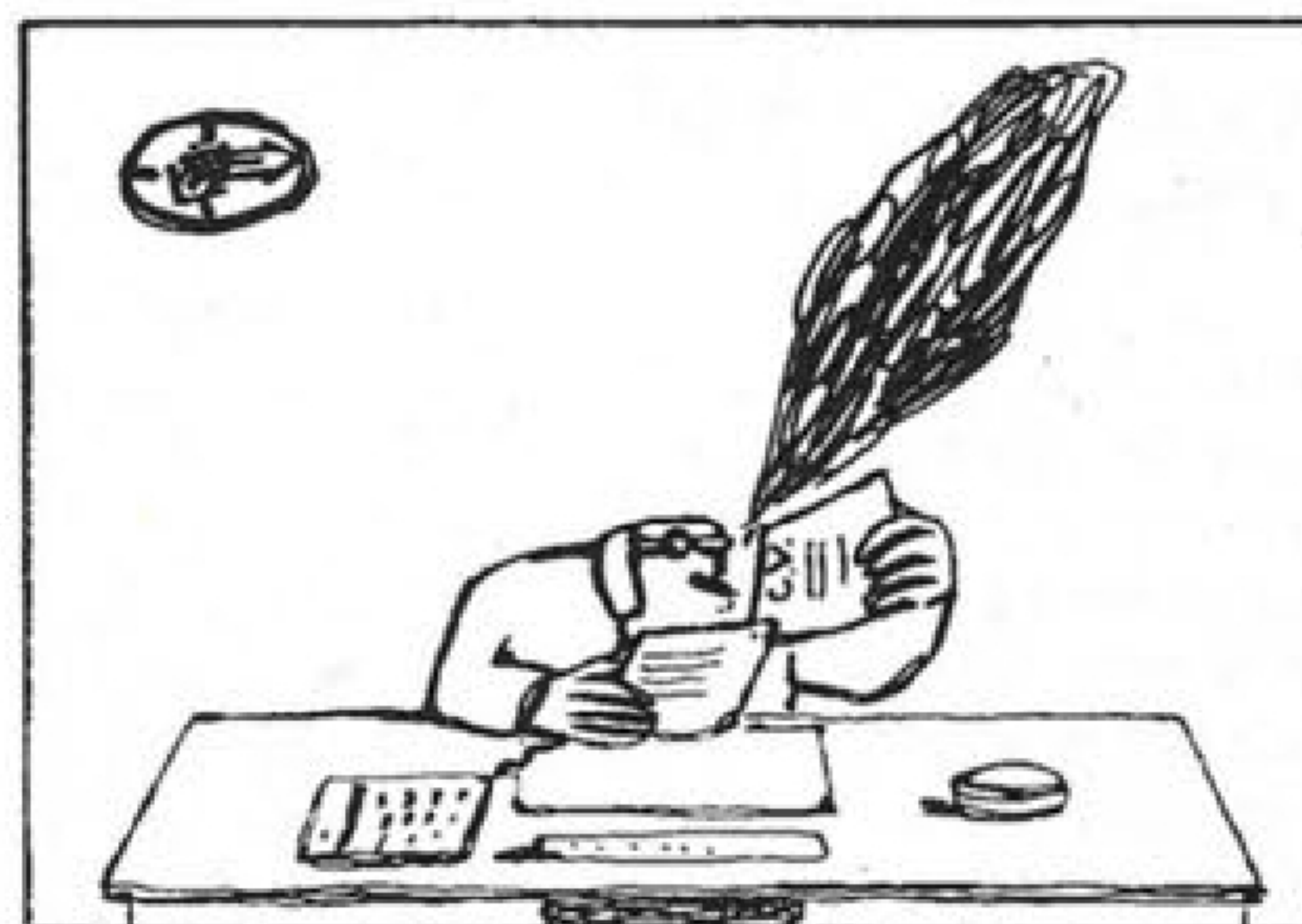
The central illusion of the whole strategy, though, is the belief that the world of multi-channel television is panting to pay big money for British programming. The global television market is highly skewed. The big terrestrial channels in each country will continue to take most of the audience. And in many countries these bigger players are actually *increasing* the domestic content of their programming. On the other hand, the international trade in programming that does go on is overwhelmingly an export trade by the United States. The feature film market is simply the most extreme example of this imbalance. Most countries mix US products with their own national production; third countries scarcely figure.

In such a lop-sided international market, the niche British television can reasonably contend for will be limited and keenly contested. So the BBC will not get anywhere near its new targets for international revenue unless it cuts some corners. If drama is to be commissioned with a serious eye to overseas sales potential, we are going to get more period pieces set in country houses, as the BBC trades on its unique selling point as the audio-visual arm of the British heritage industry. And if a serious effort is made to increase the amount of co-production money, we will find rather more American heiresses just happening to get involved in the storylines. These are not the editorial priorities of public service.

If World Service Television is to be an attractive commercial partner to the likes of Pearson (and Pearson has a 17.5 per cent stake in BSkyB, owned by that other player in the global television world, Rupert Murdoch), then it will find itself pressured to make the sort of business-like compromises international media conglomerates make every day – such as not offending the sensibilities of local governments. So far it is to the credit of BBC World Service Television that it has resisted such pressures. But it has paid the commercial price for doing so – being taken off Star Television's East Asian beam and axed from terrestrial broadcasting in Malaysia. As the commercial stakes are raised, the temptation to adapt editorially will increase. Will the BBC, with its imperial ambitions, be able to resist?

JERRY ON LINE #1

Peter Lydon – James Sillavan ©



'Let me get this straight Jerry. He's only 19, he's notched up a couple of promos on super8, a wedding video & he's from Birmingham Alabama. What? Oh Birmingham England! That's different... & you're sure he can give "Death Scrabble" that rain-soaked apocalyptic look we can't afford?'

The business

● It's a hard life being a European film producer. Stay this side of the Atlantic and you spend more time 'working' the various subsidy funds than you do actually producing films. Cross it and everyone accuses you of selling out.

Until now, Bernd Eichinger seems to have kept his head – and, more impressively, his money. But there are signs that, like everyone else who spends too long in the smog, he has finally gone La-La.

Originally from Munich but now based mainly in California, Eichinger has made a living out of big European films. In doing so, he has plundered bestsellers from many a country, sometimes to good effect (*The Name of the Rose*, *Christiane F*), sometimes less so (*Last Exit to Brooklyn*). Most recently, he produced *The House of the Spirits*, which everybody in Germany seemed to love, probably because Jeremy Irons sounds more convincing as a South American landowner when he's dubbed into German.

Some time ago, however, looking for another project with the scope, significance and raging emotional power of Isabel Allende's epic, Eichinger hit on the idea of adapting Marvel Comics' *The Fantastic Four*, a comparatively late flowering of Stan Lee's genius in which four scientists

go too far into space and come back as three superheroes and a Thing.

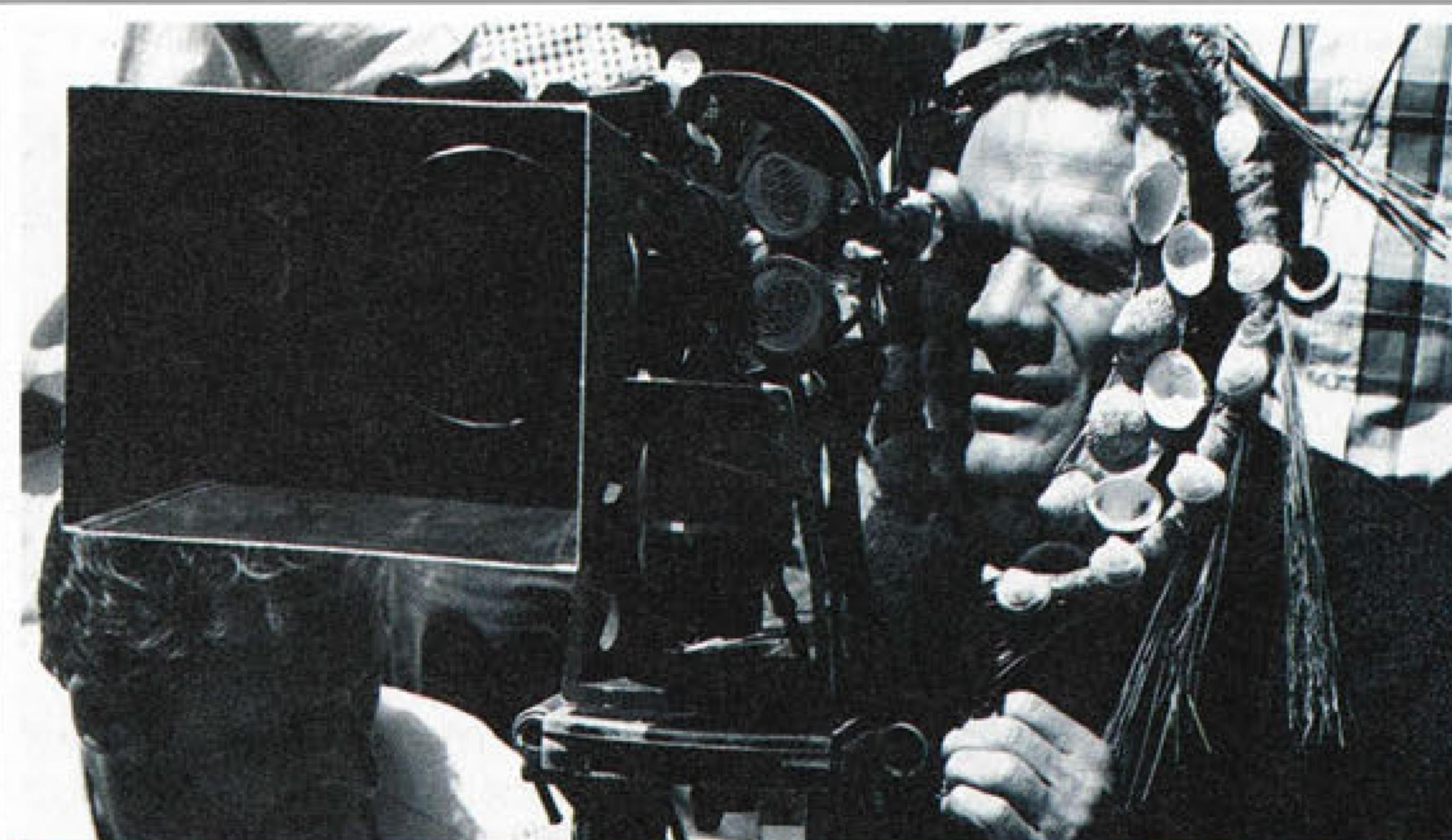
Eichinger acquired the movie rights to the characters (there is also a half-hour TV cartoon produced by Marvel's own animation arm) in one of those deals they cook up all the time in Hollywood. The catch here was that if he wasn't in production by 1 January 1994, the rights reverted to Marvel.

For some time Eichinger laboured to put together a deal with Fox and director Chris Columbus (*Home Alone*) for a big film with big stars and a reported \$40 million budget. But the clock kept ticking – which is when the producer came up with an ingenious solution. Make a little movie so as to hang on to the rights to the big one.

So at the end of last year, in partnership with Roger Corman, Eichinger rolled the cameras on a \$2 million cheapie, directed by Oley Sassone, with four low-budget actors (Michael Bailey Smith, Rebecca Staab, Alex Hyde-White and Jay Underwood). Then, when it was all finished, he bought out Corman's share and shelved the whole thing. For ever.

Perhaps someone should introduce him to Michael Winner.

Speaking of superheroes, you may never have thought you would have been interested by the idea of a Jean-Claude Van



Pasolini on the set of 'Oedipus Rex': a new film on the director's murder is planned

Damme film. But this one's kinda neat – the idea, anyway.

The entire \$35.5 million budget for Van Damme's upcoming 'Streetfighter' – based on the rather nasty video game with all those splatty red graphics – has been put up by Capcom USA, the American subsidiary of the Japanese company that manufactures the game. Of course, there have been films-of-the-game before: last year's dreary 'Super Mario Bros.', for instance, the recently completed 'Double Dragon', and the upcoming 'Mortal Kombat'. But this is the first time all the money (of which Van Damme will get a reported \$8 million) has come direct from the game company.

Steven De Souza, who wrote 'Die Hard' and '48 HRS.',

is scheduled to direct, and Raul Julia will play the baddie. "I think it will be a very precedential event," commented veteran producer Ed Pressman, indicating the link between video games and linguistic grace.

● Hard on the heels of being elected to the Italian Senate as a representative of Silvio Berlusconi's right-wing Forza Italia, Franco Zeffirelli announced that he is shortly to return to the lavish screen adaptations of great works of European literature for which we all revere him.

Specifically, his next film will be a new screen version of *Jane Eyre*, starring Jeremy Irons as Rochester. Don't you feel better already?

Still on matters Italian, this column announced some considerable time ago that work was about to start on Marco Tullio Giordana's 'Pasolini, un delitto italiano' ('Pasolini: An Italian Crime'), about the 1975 murder of the Italian director.

Well, it didn't – but it will soon, thanks to a deal between producer Claudio Bonivento, government film archive cum distributor Istituto Luce and an unnamed French company. Pasolini will apparently be played by himself through the use of archive shots, but his young murderer has yet to be cast.

Giordana's will be the second Pasolini movie in as many years: in the gap between the first announcement of the project and its eventual start, Pasquale Misuraca put together a poetic essay-documentary about the director's life and times called 'Le ceneri di Pasolini' ('Pasolini's Ashes'), which was shown in the Berlin Forum earlier this year.

● Forget sex, forget violence. The US movie business is currently under attack from a far more dangerous direction: the health lobby. The formidable Center for Science in the Public Interest has come up with research data which could lay waste to areas of the moviegoing experience Michael Medved never touched on.

The crux of the matter is that a single small helping of popcorn – which, being mainly air, ought to be as healthy as a chunk of tofu – can contain anything up to 85 calories, especially if it is made with coconut oil and topped with that yellow oily stuff movie theatres call



\$2 million cheapie: Bernd Eichinger produced and then shelved a film of 'The Fantastic Four'. The Four, plus Captain America and the Hulk, left

butter. Worse still, coconut oil is 86 per cent saturated. This means, according to the CSPI, that a medium-sized tub of popcorn contains more fat than bacon and eggs for breakfast, a Big Mac and fries for lunch, and steak for dinner put together. And, yes, it is the coconut oil, rather than the popcorn itself, that gives American cinemas (and, increasingly, British multiplexes) their distinctive smell.

Don't expect the stuff to vanish overnight, however. Cinemas earn around 25 per cent of their revenue from concession sales. In the US, approximately a third of that comes from popcorn sales. The US Snack Food Association estimates revenue from annual popcorn sales at \$1.36 billion, or three times the US gross of *Jurassic Park*. Now that's what I call a vested interest.

Andy Vajna is clearly not a man to mess with, especially if you are a film director. The Hungarian-born Hollywood mogul – once paired with compatriot Mario Kassar

in Carolco but now going it alone under the Cinergi label – has fired two of his directors in less than a year. Since Cinergi only produces around three films annually, that's quite a track record.

Last summer, Vajna fired Kevin Jarre from what was to have been his directing debut with his own script for *'Tombstone'*. Since Jarre had already shot four weeks of the film, there was considerable acrimony, with neither side making any comment, presumably under advice from their lawyers. Sources on the set, however, tended to side with Vajna.

And now he's done it again, removing a much more experienced film-maker – Richard Rush – from the post-production of *'Color of Night'*, a thriller starring Bruce Willis and Pinner's own Jane March (*'L'Amant'*). The film's love scenes were apparently so explicit that the distributor (Disney) was asked to OK them in advance.

According to Rush, who has referred the matter to the Directors Guild of America, his director's cut clause entitled him to three cuts, each to be tested in front of a preview audience. If Vajna liked none of them, he

would be allowed to have his own cut made, which would also have to be previewed. Market-research screenings would decide which cut was the final one.

Vajna indeed liked none of Rush's cuts and had his own done – which is why the film was not, as widely expected, in the Cannes line-up – but the market-research vote apparently went Rush's way. Vajna, who does not like losing, fired him. Or that's what Rush says. Vajna isn't commenting, and the DGA had not issued a ruling (which is legally binding) at the time of going to press.

Other directors currently working on Vajna-produced films include Roland Joffé (*'The Scarlet Letter'*), Danny Cannon (*'Judge Dredd'*) and Penny Marshall (*'Renaissance Man'*). The first two are in pre-production, the third in post.

● Those with an undying thirst for cinema trivia and a pronounced taste for high-grade corn will know that *On Our Selection* was a double milestone in Australian movie history, made both as a silent by Raymond Longford in 1920 and in a sound version by

Ken G. Hall in 1932. The film is an affectionate portrait of life in the Australian bush at the end of the last century, based on popular stories by the pseudonymous Steele Rudd.

Mel Gibson, who has had an Aussie production company for a decade or so, is now putting up the money for a third version, which will star Leo McKern as Good Old Dad and, in her film-acting debut, Dame Joan Sutherland as Mrs Rudd. The movie is due to start shooting in October, with the other main part – that of Dave Rudd – apparently still to be cast. A selection, incidentally, is a plot of land staked out and cultivated by settlers.

Fans of the late Sergio Leone may recall that there was – in addition to *'The Siege of Leningrad'* – another project dear to the director's heart which he was never able to make: *'Colt, une leggenda americana'* (*'Colt: An American Legend'*). Conceived as a television series, it traced the early history of the world's most famous handgun.

Well, at the end of 1994, five and a half years after Leone's death, work is finally due to start on the series, which will be an Italian-French co-production with two Italian directors (Giorgio Capitani and Franco Giraldi) and an as-yet unnamed American one. Tonino Delli Colli will shoot it and Ennio Morricone is doing the music.

If ever there was a reason for buying a widescreen television, this must be it.

● The ideal international profile for a marketable movie star in the 90s would seem to be white, middle-aged and non-American. That, at any rate, is the casual conclusion Mr Busy draws from a poll of producers, distributors, sales agents, talent agents and studio executives carried out at the end of April by *The Hollywood Reporter*.

Top scores – a maximum of 100 – went to Harrison Ford, Mel Gibson and Arnold Schwarzenegger, with Tom Cruise and Kevin Costner the only youngish all-Americans joining them in the full-marks group.

Just below the pinnacle of marketability, age and/or foreignness seems to be even more pronounced. Clint Eastwood scored 99, Sean Connery and Robin Williams 97, and Daniel Day-Lewis, Michael Douglas and Jack Nicholson 96. The only women to make it into the top ten were Julia Roberts (99), Michelle Pfeiffer (97) and Jodie Foster (96).

Top black stars were Eddie Murphy (85), Whoopi Goldberg (83), Denzel Washington (76), Whitney Houston (74) and Wesley Snipes (62).

Down at the bottom end of the scale, age is less of a factor. Indeed, it looks very much as though the National Health Service principle of too old to bother with begins to apply. For instance, Anna Paquin, the 11-year-old Oscar winner for *The Piano*, scored 30, easily beating such veterans as Bill Cosby (28), Glenda Jackson (25) and Shelley Winters (23).

HONG KONG NOTES

Chinese rule

In the overall context of China-Hong Kong relations, the fracas at this year's Hong Kong International Film Festival was only a minor skirmish. But it offered yet another sign that the authorities in Beijing have no serious commitment to (or even grasp of) Deng Xiaoping's vaunted "One country-Two systems" formula.

At a meeting with the Film Bureau in Beijing last autumn, the HKIFF's Asian Cinema programmer Wong Ain-Ling was told not to think of selecting Tian Zhuangzhuang's *The Blue Kite* or Zhang Yuan's *Beijing Bastards*, although both films were partially financed from Hong Kong and both are already in widespread international distribution. Reluctantly accepting this edict, she did go on to select two other independent films from Beijing: Wang Xiaoshuai's *The Days* and He Jianjun's *Red Beads*, both already screened in Vancouver, Rotterdam, Berlin and other festivals.

Two days before the HKIFF opening, the Film Bureau demanded the withdrawal of *The Days*, *Red Beads* and Clara Law's *Temptation of a Monk* from the programme. The HKIFF declined to comply, so Beijing retaliated by withdrawing two new films from the main programme and seven archive titles from the retrospective. After some wrangles with its own funding body, the Hong Kong Urban Council, the HKIFF decided to replace some of the archive titles with prints of the same films from other sources, and to leave other programme slots empty as a silent protest against China's action.

This, of course, is not the first time



that China has made itself look stupid by adopting the stance of a bully. The entire Chinese delegation, led by Zhang Xingyuan of the Film Bureau, walked out of the Tokyo Film Festival last September because the Japanese refused to cancel screenings of *The Blue Kite* and *Beijing Bastards* – only to see Tian's film go on to win the Grand Prix. Similar episodes followed at other festivals. Even in Hong Kong the absurdity of China's position was underlined when the local distributor of Mainland films pragmatically organised 'fringe' screenings of the two new films withdrawn from the HKIFF. In the event, neither proved a great loss to the programme. Zhang Jianya's *San Mao on Parade* (*San Mao Congjun Ji*, 1993) is a live-action cartoon which runs out of visual gags after half an hour, although it does have a brilliantly witty narration. And Han Gang's *Grandpa Ge* (*Ge Laoyezi*, 1993) is a wearisome vehicle for Li Baotian's grumpy-old-man act, first

seen in Huang Jianzhong's *Spring Festival* (Guonian, 1991).

Nobody could explain why Beijing objected to the screening of *Temptation of a Monk* (You Seng, 1993), which was shot in China but financed entirely from Hong Kong. Was it something to do with the sex? Clara Law's film, her first since *Autumn Moon*, is a stylised morality play set in the remote past: an army general played by the extraordinary Wu Xingguo turns his back on war and palace intrigue to become first an ascetic, then a monk. The temptations he faces include Joan Chen, who goes through the motions of becoming a nun before challenging his chastity and trying to kill him. The film doesn't live up to its philosophical pretensions, and its battle scenes are pure pastiche Kurosawa, but it is well acted and remarkably handsome, and its gnomish Buddhist abbot is the finest comic creation in recent Chinese cinema.

In the HKIFF catalogue, programmers Li Cheuk-To and Wong Ain-Ling rightly pride themselves on the festival's tradition of independent programming, while sensibly asking themselves how secure that tradition is now and whether it has any chance of surviving the transition to Chinese sovereignty in 1997. On current evidence, they are right to worry. The Hong Kong 'system', imperfect as it is, is founded on a free press and freedom of speech. The Beijing authorities in general and the Film Bureau in particular clearly understand neither. *Tony Rayns*

Sight and Sound presents...

Art into Film

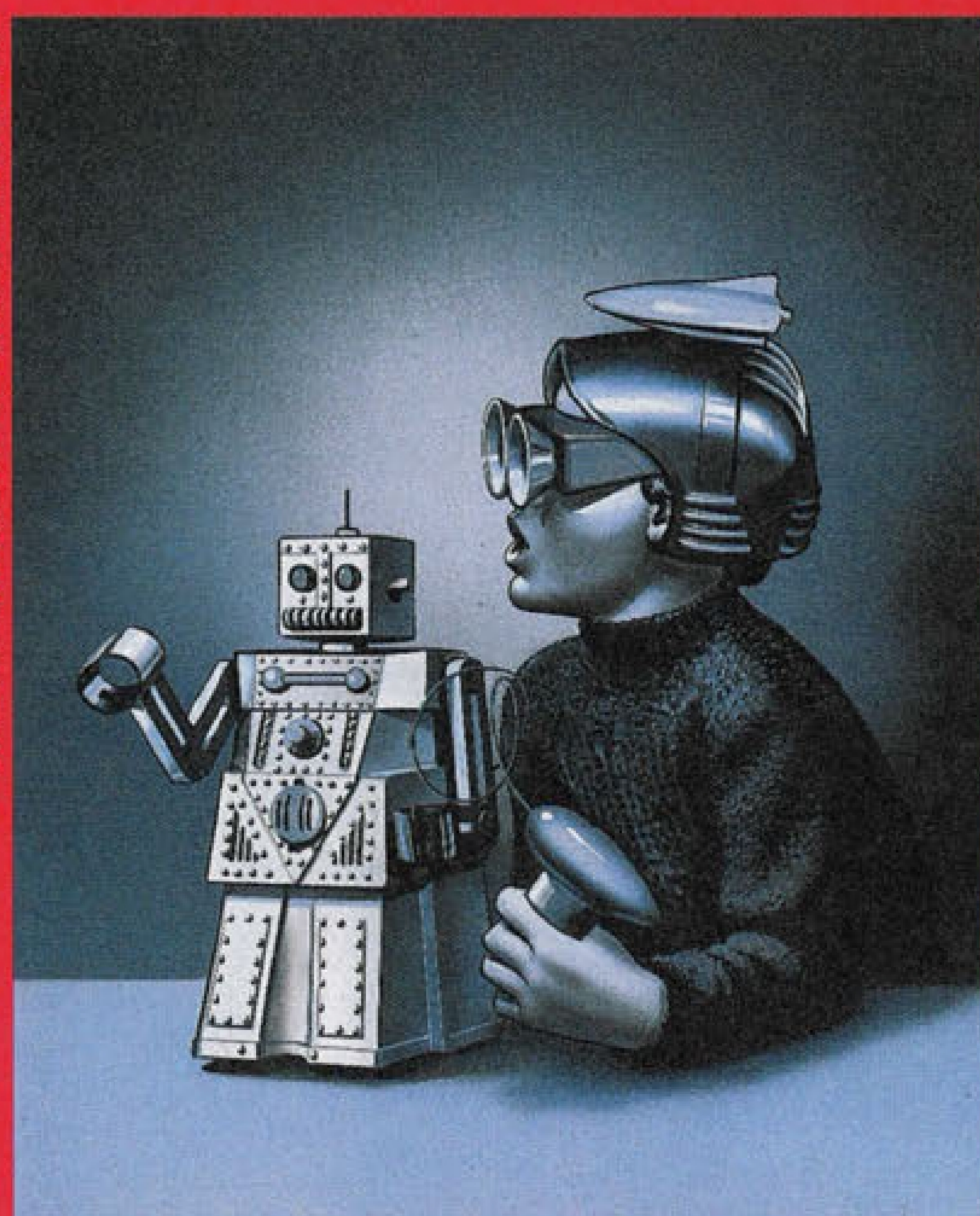
Friday 17 & Saturday 18 June
National Film Theatre

The R B Kitaj retrospective opens at the Tate Gallery and to complement this event we invite major film-makers and artists to talk over their mutual passions and common obsessions – and watch some extraordinary films.

An Evening with Paolozzi and Kitaj

Friday 17 June, 6.30-10.00pm

The influential sculptor and artist **Eduardo Paolozzi** talks with Christopher Frayling about his special affinity for *Blade Runner* and the impact of films on his work. With clips from a wide range of cinema including Cocteau's *La Belle et la bête* and *Saturn 3* plus extracts from his own pioneering films. At 8.00pm private coaches will take participants to a special viewing of the RB Kitaj retrospective. Kitaj, whose work includes *John Ford on his Death-Bed*, has said that film stills are to him "what popular illustrations were to Van Gogh".



EDUARDO PAOLOZZI/ROBERT THE ROBOT/TATE GALLERY

A Day of Film, Art and Video

Saturday 18 June, 10.30-5.00pm

- 10.30am: Film-maker, curator and critic **Peter Wollen** discusses art and film in post-war Britain, illustrated with clips and slides.
- 11.45am: Animators **David Anderson**, **Kayla Parker** and **Mario Cavalli** introduce their films and talk about their work and art. David Anderson's influences range from Cocteau to Magritte and his award-winning *Door* was described as "one of the most visually breathtaking films in recent memory". Kayla Parker's earliest influences were "the pictures by Cézanne and Van Gogh that my mother cut out of magazines". German Expressionism and Mark Rothko have inspired Mario Cavalli, who will discuss his award-winning films.
- 2.30pm: **Stan Brakhage**, the great US experimental film-maker, in interview, plus world premiere screenings of his new hand-painted films. His work has been described as "one of the most astounding achievements of any film-maker" and was a major influence on film-makers such as Derek Jarman and Andy Warhol.

To complement this event a special 24-page supplement on art and film will accompany the July issue of *Sight and Sound* and be given free to participants.

Presented in association with the Tate Gallery and the Arts Council.

Tickets: Paolozzi only: £3.95 (£2.75 concs); Paolozzi plus Kitaj special viewing: £6.95 (£5.50 concs); Saturday only £14.95 (£10.50 concs); full weekend ticket £18.95 (£13.25 concs); Group discount available

Booking opens Friday 27 May
NFT Box Office: 071-928 3232

STAN BRAKHAGE/STELLAR



Women Making Movies

Saturday 11 June

National Film Theatre

Building on the success of *Sight and Sound*'s recently published anthology *Women and Film*, this day event brings together women writers and producers to talk about making movies in Britain.

● 10.30am: A special preview screening of *Great Moments in Aviation*, written by **Jeanette Winterson**, directed by Beeban Kidron and produced by **Phillippa Giles** –



GREAT MOMENTS IN AVIATION

the same team that made the award-winning *Oranges Are Not the Only Fruit*. Plus Jeanette Winterson and Phillippa Giles will be present on stage to talk about their work.

● 2.15pm: Three scriptwriters – **Rona Munro** (*Ladybird, Ladybird*), **Meera Syal** (*Bhaji on the Beach*) and **Ngozi Onwurah** (*Welcome to the Terrordome*) show clips from their films and discuss their work.

● 3.15pm: A forum of producers and sales agents reflects on women in the market place – what kinds of films might be funded, and is there life beyond Channel 4?

Tickets: £11.95 (£8.50 concs)
Group discount available
Booking opens Friday 27 May
NFT Box Office: 071-928 3232

Don't Look Now!

Censorship and the Cinema

The Sight and Sound Debate

With the government's new amendment on video pending, *Sight and Sound* is staging a series of debates across the country on the rights and wrongs of film and video censorship. Among the participants will be Richard Falcon, senior examiner at the British Board of Film Classification.

Sight and Sound's brochure outlining the history of screen censorship in Britain will be given away free at each event.



RESERVOIR DOGS

Phoenix Arts Cinema, Leicester	Saturday 4 June	Box Office: 0533 554854
Watershed, Bristol	Wednesday 22 June	Box Office: 0272 253845
Glasgow Film Theatre	Wednesday 6 July	Box Office: 041 332 8128
Edinburgh Filmhouse	Wednesday 27 July	Box Office: 031 228 2688
Cinema City, Norwich	Saturday 17 September	Box Office: 0603 622047
Tyneside Cinema, Newcastle	September-t.b.c.	Box Office: 091 232 8289
Bradford Film Theatre	October-t.b.c.	Box Office: 0274 820666

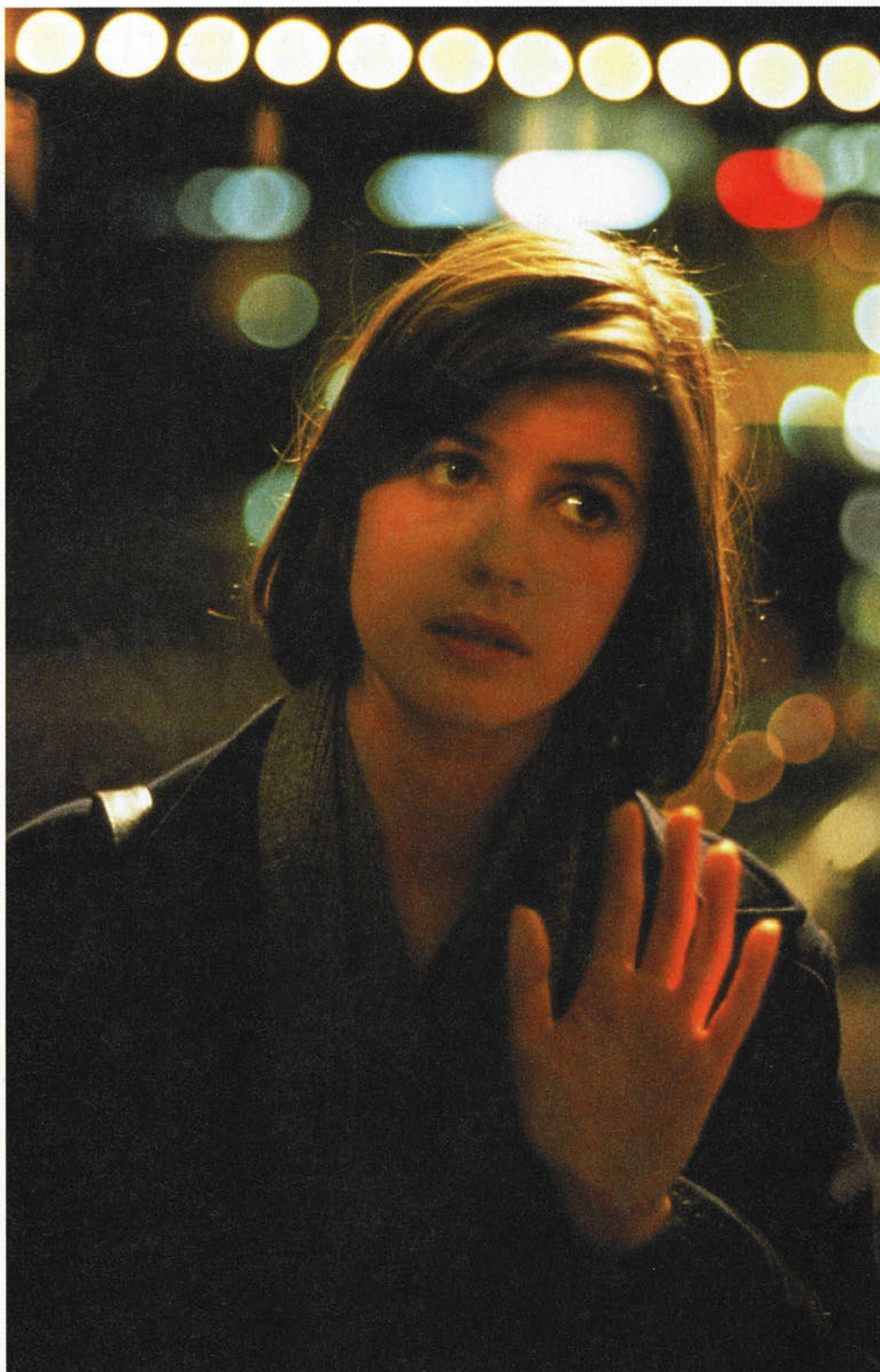
Krzysztof Kieślowski talks about 'Three Colours: White'. Tony Rayns has an early preview of 'Red' and reflects on the trilogy's achievement

● **Hong Kong: 25 March** Dinner at the Pacific Club with Krzysztof Kieślowski, hosted by Golden Harvest, the local distributor of the *Three Colours* trilogy. Kieślowski is in town for the Hong Kong Film Festival (which opens with *Blue* and closes with *White*) and has spent the day giving interviews to promote the upcoming releases of the films. His producer Marin Karmitz, the ex-radical who runs the Paris production/distribution company MK2, has faxed ahead with precise instructions for prospective interviewers: "No stupid questions."

Kieślowski's left forearm is in plaster ("A skiing accident – my first vacation in three years, and this happened on the second day"), but he is in high spirits. He is flying on to Tokyo next, and dinner-table talk about Japan prompts him to tell a very funny story about his first visit to the country years ago. His over-solicitous hosts, he recalls, kept asking him what he wanted to do in Japan, and he finally came up with two absurd requests to keep them quiet. But they took him seriously, and so he found himself roaring out of Tokyo on the latest 750cc Honda motorcycle... and then taken on a mysterious three-day trip into the mountains which climaxed with a fleeting glimpse of Emperor Hirohito.

It doesn't surprise me that a Japanese PR person didn't grasp Kieślowski's irony, but the anecdote raises larger questions about his distinctive tone of voice. Irony was, of course, a key weapon in the armoury of all East European intellectuals in the communist years, and ironic quips come as easily to Kieślowski as one-liners do to Bill Murray. But how much of the current critical backlash against the director is founded on a mishearing of his tone of voice?

That question came to a head at the Berlin Film Festival in February, when Kieślowski gave a press conference on *White* that shocked many hacks present by its apparent sarcasm and cynicism. He also announced that he has no plans to make more films after the trilogy. The Berlin audience had no trouble with *White* itself (it



GLOWING IN THE DARK

polled high in the local newspaper surveys), but journalists – some of whom booed the announcement of Kieślowski's Best Director prize – seemed to feel either shortchanged by the film's 'lightweight' tone or outraged by the man's insistence that he has had enough of working as a film director.

Berlin: 15 February *White* premieres in the festival, and turns out to be the trilogy's scherzo: a black comedy about an unconsummated Polish-French marriage, a messy divorce and a problematic sexual-emotional reunion. The storyline intersects only very briefly with that of *Blue* (we now see that it was Zbigniew Zamachowski and Julie Delpy's divorce hearing that Juliette Binoche nearly barged into when she went to the Paris courthouse to look for her late husband's mistress), but both films climax with extremely emotive love scenes in which the protagonists overcome their mindsets and surrender to their hearts. The humour springs less from the tribulations of the central couple than from the accompanying picture of Poland in the 90s: a country of swindlers, strong-arm men and criminals where it is possible to buy anything at all, including a fresh Russian corpse.

Two days after the screening, the PR people working for MK2 allow me 45 minutes with Kieślowski. Much of what he tells me echoes and amplifies his succinct answers at the press conference; as I transcribe the interview, I am several times struck by the thought that it would be easy to misunderstand these words, to hear them as bitter or arrogant. I can only say they didn't sound like that at the time; the problem is that level of irony again. Kieślowski speaks better-than-viable English, but this interview was given in Polish and simultaneously interpreted in both directions by an unnamed translator. The whole thing was conducted at amazing speed, partly because of the time constraints and partly because that's the way Kieślowski thinks.

Two brief caveats. First, this is not a complete transcript of the interview but an edited selection from it. Second, this was conducted before I saw either *Red*, which provides a new perspective on the trilogy as a whole, or Danusia Stok's excellent book *Kieślowski on Kieślowski*, which is a fascinating counterpoint to a viewing of the man's films and clarifies his reasons for wanting to retire from film-making.

Tony Rayns: Why a trilogy? Why isn't one film enough? **Krzysztof Kieślowski:** Because it makes everything more interesting. Differing points of view are inherently more interesting than one point of view. Since I don't have any answers but do know how to pose questions, it suits me to leave the door open to varying possibilities. I realised this some years ago. I don't want to pose as a relativist, because I'm not one, but I have to admit that there's an element of relativism in play here.

Is 'White' in some sense a parody of the other films in the trilogy, in the way that 'Decalogue 10' parodied aspects of that series?

You could see it that way. But I think *Red* is different in tone. It's hard to put a handle on it. Isn't the 'liberté-égalité-fraternité' theme a pretext, just as the Ten Commandments were for *Decalogue*? Yes, exclusively that.

So you don't lie awake at night worrying about such themes?

No, but I did spend a lot of time thinking about them.

How seriously do you discuss these things with your co-writer Krzysztof Piesiewicz?

We crack a lot of jokes. We talk about cars, about women. The conclusion we came to about equality is that nobody really wants it. Karol in *White* doesn't want equality, he wants to be better than others.

Did anyone pressure you to make the three parts of the trilogy in different countries?

No, I did it this way because I wanted to. The issues these films raise are deeply rooted in European traditions, so it was natural to spread them around Europe. The production company helped us decide where to shoot, but nobody forced us.

This isn't a case like 'The Double Life of Véronique', where there's a material relationship between the financing and the structure of the story?

Actually, that film didn't need to be a co-production between Poland and France. You could imagine it done with one girl living in Krakow and the other in Gdansk. I didn't frame the story of *Véronique* that way because of the financial background to the production; the subject itself was something close to my heart.

But the way you finally made the film did reflect the financing?

For sure. But this trilogy is a rather different case. I don't think these storylines are as original as the one in *Véronique*, and anyway, these are mainly French films.

You have a strong sense of humour, but there isn't much evidence of it in serious films like 'Véronique' and 'Blue'.

It's true that I have a certain sense of... irony. Sometimes you have to laugh, but I think it's worth trying to be serious from time to time. It's difficult to do both at the same time, but I hope that *White* strikes the odd lyrical note. For example, the character Mikolaj, who wants to die – he's kind of serious.

What's the song Karol plays on the comb in the *Métro*? A pre-war Polish song, every Pole knows it. It's stupid and sentimental; we sing it when we drink. It goes: "This is our last Sunday, tomorrow we part forever..." We become very sentimental when we drink.

'White' offers a fairly scathing picture of post-communist Poland.

Only in the background. But yes, that's the way it is now – unfortunately.

You still live in Poland?

Yes. I see it with a certain bitterness. I'm not against Polish entrepreneurialism, but people now care for nothing but money. I don't know what happened to us.

Do people in Poland resent the fact that you're working abroad?

Patriots do, yes. Normal people, I hope don't. Who are these patriots? Do they have any power? Nationalists, fascists, call them what you like. They're a crazy minority, but they shout loudly enough to be heard. They have newspapers, and access to television.

Last year in Poland, I found a widespread desire to come to terms with the past – for example, the treatment of the Jews. But the election result suggested a nostalgia for the 'security' of the communist period...

What you say is evident, but I don't think it's just. For me, it wasn't that the Left won, it was that the Right lost. That's not the same thing. There's no nostalgia for the Left. After 45 years of being told what was good and what was bad, Polish people have had enough of it. They don't want someone else telling them the same story, even if the meanings are reversed. What happened was that they threw out the Right and the Church.

Do you see a way forward for Poland?

I think we have to die first, all of us. Eventually there will be new people with new ideas. It's not just a generational change, it's a matter of changing a way of thinking that has been inculcated for 45 years. I can't see it taking less ▶

Love in the 90s: Irène Jacob, setting out to test the possibilities, in 'Red', opposite; the grotesque irony of 'White', the trilogy's second film, right



◀ than two generations. Decades of Marxist education have left Poland unable to think in normal human terms. We can only think in terms of Left and Right.

You've said you won't make any more films. So how come I've seen the outline for a film you've written for the BFI's 'Century of Cinema' series?

That's just a short film for television. I promised to do it some time ago, so it's just a matter of fulfilling a promise. But the financial side of it hasn't been sorted out yet; I hope they won't find the money, so I won't be obliged to do it. Why do you want to stop making films?

I don't have enough patience for it any more. I didn't realise it, but it suddenly dawned on me: I've run out of patience. And patience is a fundamental requirement in this line of work.

Does the situation in Poland have anything to do with it?

No, I've just become old. I want to live normally. I've had no normal life for the past 20 years, and I want to go back to having one.

Are you rich? Don't you need to work?

Not that rich, but I don't need many things. I have enough to live... peacefully.

How will you fill your days?

There are many books I haven't read. Or books that I've read four times and want to read three times more.

You'll be missed.

Don't worry, someone else will come along.

London: 8 May *Red* closes the *Three Colours* trilogy – and Kieślowski's career as a director – on a magisterial note of wish-fulfilment. Each of the film's four main characters is a distinct centre of interest with her or his own narrative orbit; and these orbits intersect only occasionally and sometimes in surprising ways. But one of them, the retired judge played by Jean-Louis Trintignant, sees himself as a silent and embittered god. Emotionally wounded by a faithless lover and morally shaken by episodes in his courtroom, he has retreated from society to live alone and eavesdrop on his neighbours' phone conversations, exultantly monitoring the messes they, too, are making of their lives.

His stance is changed by the accidental arrival in his life of the young model Valentine (Irène Jacob): he moves from passive observation to intervention. He is too old to romance her himself, and so (thanks to a mystical transference that could only have come from the director of *The Double Life of Véronique*) he lines

her up with a younger surrogate of himself, a young man he has never met but who is busy reliving the judge's own youthful experiences. In other words, the judge starts playing god in an active sense, manipulating lives and relationships. Kieślowski knows as well as you or I that this is also what a film director does. The closing scene of *Red* amounts to a brilliant synthesis of the judge's handiwork and the director's vision. And since it's a scene that involves the protagonists of *Blue* and *White*, it also brings the entire trilogy to a tremulous but emotionally satisfying conclusion. Not bad for a filmmaker who says he has trouble with endings.

Liberty, equality and fraternity may well have been the starting points for Kieślowski and Piesiewicz's thinking about *Three Colours*, but this is finally a trilogy about love in the 90s. It's not giving much away to say that all three films quicken in pace as they move towards climaxes in which the characters discover in themselves an unsuspected capacity for reciprocating intense feelings. In all three cases, this involves putting behind them earlier relationships that they believed at the time to be happy and fulfilling. For Julie in *Blue*, it means accepting that her idyllic marriage was a sham, acknowledging her own role in co-writing her late husband's music and opening herself to the sincere affections of Olivier. For Karol and Dominique in *White*, it means outgrowing the whirlwind excitement of their hasty marriage – seen in ironic, slow-motion flashbacks – and realising that their attempts to destroy each other were actually declarations of love. And for Valentine in *Red*, it means splitting from her jealous, absent boyfriend and embracing the possibilities revealed to her by the judge. Of the three, Valentine's future seems the least secure, since circumstances have only just thrown her together with Auguste, the young man who is perhaps the judge's younger self. But everything is in place to push her into the new relationship: the judge's design, Kieślowski's story structure, and the audience's will.

The trilogy is also, of course, about colour: about blue as the colour of remembering and melancholy, about white as the colour of weddings and orgasms, about red as the colour of jeeps and emergency rescue services. That's a jokey way of saying that Kieślowski integrates his colour motifs into the social and psychological fabric of his storylines, making connections and finessing moods. This relates to other

visual strategies in the trilogy: the recurring play of light on Julie's face in *Blue*, the four fades to black at moments when time stands still in *Blue*, the cuts from light to darkness in *White*, the disquieting tracking shots (disquieting because not tied to anybody's point of view, even when they initially seem to be) in *Red*. These and Kieślowski's other formal strategies are hardly avant-garde, and audiences (if not critics) clearly have no trouble reading them, but they are arresting enough to give the trilogy a creative energy missing from most other mainstream film-making these days.

Two years ago, introducing an Edward Yang retrospective in a film festival catalogue, I wrote: "Imagine a kind of film-making that's truly in tune with the ways you think and relate to other people. A deeply humane kind of film-making, but free from 'humanist' lies and sentimental evasions. Not a dry, 'realistic' kind of film-making, but one in which all the imaginative and creative efforts have gone into understanding the way we are. A kind of film-making as sensitive to silence as to speech, and alert to the kind of meanings we prefer to hide away. To my knowledge, only two directors in the world are currently making films like that. One is Krzysztof Kieślowski in Poland. The other is Edward Yang in Taiwan."

When I wrote that, I had no idea that Kieślowski was interested in Yang's work (he is, and asked me about it over dinner in Hong Kong), or that the *Three Colours* trilogy would move into and take over the territory mapped out by Yang in *The Terroriser* – that inexplicable terrain where the aleatory becomes objective chance and lives intersect as if fulfilling some higher design. Neither director is at all religious in the orthodox sense, but Kieślowski is no doubt the more 'spiritual' of the two: the more willing to privilege moments of sixth-sense intuition and the more receptive to ideas such as the existence of the soul and parallel lives. But both men are perfectly in tune with the patterns, issues, tics and tropes, of modern life, and Kieślowski's ultimate achievement in *Three Colours* is to have pinpointed the mood of Europe in the 90s. Of course, he is right that another critical darling will soon come along to replace him. But who else is going to do for Europe what Edward Yang is doing for Asia? *'Three Colours: White'* opens on 10 June and is reviewed on page 63 of this issue; *'Red'* will be released later this year

The last things: the bereft Karol plays the tune in 'White', right; looking out for the future in Kieślowski's most recent film, 'Red', far right



BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL



REDEMPTION

TOTAL VIDEO ABSOLUTION

OUT NOW *FRANCO'S FEMALE VAMPIRE*, *THE AWFUL DR ORLOF*, *TENDER AND PERVERSE EMMANUELLE*, *SUCCUBUS*
ROLLIN'S FASCINATION, *THE LIVING DEAD GIRL*, *LE VIOL DU VAMPIRE* *BAVA'S BAY OF BLOOD & BARON BLOOD*
AND THE CLASSICS *VALERIE AND HER WEEK OF WONDERS & FLAVIA THE HERETIC*.

ALL OUR TAPES ARE AVAILABLE FROM HMV, VIRGIN RECORDS AND ALL GOOD VIDEO STOCKISTS.

FUTURE RELEASES INCLUDE THE SLEAZE MASTERPIECES *BARE BEHIND BARS & SADOMANIA!*

For further information on REDEMPTION FILMS and the REDEEMER magazine please write to BCM PO BOX 9235, LONDON WC1N 3XX.

Iain Sinclair haunts films from Hitchcock's 'Frenzy' to Patrick Keiller's 'London' in search of a city and its life

LONDON NECROPOLIS OF FRETFUL GHOSTS



"I only remember Robinson... the Doctor mic-turating in the Seine at dawn... Myself, I'm only an ex-sailor, I have no politics, I don't even vote." Jack Kerouac, *Céline*

Patrick Keiller's *London* is not your London, not the ersatz moon base ceded to you by the image merchandisers, not cinema as we have come to know it. His locations are pedestrian. Literally so. The metropolis, its shrines and suburbs, rivulets, parks, ceremonies and literary mementos are investigated by pilgrims bearing a second-hand Eclair Cameflex, that most nostalgic of instruments. Keiller's concentration is so steady, we sweat for it: the steadiness of the out-patient, the 'care in the community' psycho outstaring rush-hour headlights. The film is a quiet provocation – provoking reverie, honouring accidental survivals (like the London Stone) which we have never quite got around to visiting. Postcards so familiar we can choose to ignore their origins. His journal is as honest in its fictions as Defoe's, conjuring a voice out of silence, an interior monologue, ironic but insistent – a nail of clear water boring into the brain. We are guided backwards and forwards across the sacred diagonals of a city we have ceased to deserve. The film is the only evidence of its existence.

The documentary in its present debased form (not a journey of discovery, but the justification of a script-approved argument) is franchise fodder, a trade-off between consenting production companies: television. "Steam on the glass," as East London novelist Emanuel Litvinoff describes it. *Laissez-faire* accumulations of meaningless evidence or the personality-led essay. Print journalism with jump-cuts. The world is explained (censored) as it is revealed, with language reduced to the function of cement – holding together disparate elements. Keiller's method, in which text and picture are independent, posthumously 'married' in the cutting room, is therefore a notable curiosity.

London has the meandering form of an epistolary novel, a fabulation backed by congeries of fact. The narrator, returning from a seven-year exile, takes a leisurely inventory of the city's consciousness, makes expeditions, bears witness to public events, the aftermath of violent political acts, fantasies of escape.

Paul Scofield, that most pared-down, Xanaxed of Lears, is the whisperer, the voice in the head, the syrup keeping authorial distemper in check. He is describing an absence, a necropolis of fretful ghosts, a labyrinth of quotations: not so much the ruin of a great city as the surgical removal of its soul. The casting of Scofield signals a weary integrity; it is so clear that he is *not* the narrator. It's a performance – tired, slightly camp, detached. (The barber, out of the stage version of *Staircase*, a keeper of secrets, dispenser of healing unguents.) The man is too old for the adventures he is claiming, too careful; he uses English with such absurdist precision – a second language. "Be-zaar," he says. And bizarre it is. Anecdotes rinsed, then swallowed.

"A journey to the end of the world." That's how it begins, reversing expectations. An immediate invocation of Louis-Ferdinand

Memento mori – the giddy sights of a metropolis seen too many times: the guards of Patrick Keiller's 'London', opposite; Tower Bridge, now a museum of itself, in 'London', right; the low life of Jules Dassin's 'Night and the City', bottom right



BFI STILL, POSTERS AND DESIGNS

Céline, the unacknowledged laureate of last-gasp Britain, present but rarely named, the blitz-culture Betjeman in a beret. *Voyage au bout de la nuit*. ("The greatest French movie ever made." Jack Kerouac. On the book.)

Keiller's narrator, a ship's photographer, is coming back to spend time with his reclusive, and possibly dying, former lover, Robinson, who is marooned (Crusoe) in a solidly built redbrick hulk in Vauxhall. ("His income is small, but he saves most of it.") Robinson, of course, is never seen; we take him on trust – Harry Lime without the shadow. He's a rumour corrupting complacency, a virus. The cruise liner, a creamy berg of threat (cabins: £4,000 per week), completes its stately progress through Tower Bridge and into the archives of London cinema.

The incoming vessel (no visible crew) is always a threat (Dracula at Whitby), while the downriver cruiser (Bob Hoskins in *The Long Good Friday*) is merely boastful and self-deluding. He's there to show off the Olympia & York skyline. No way out. Tower Bridge, like so much of London, is now a museum of itself, held

Tower Bridge opens 'Night and the City'. It salutes Hitchcock's return from exile in 'Frenzy' – one of the last films to draw on the rich midden of London sub-culture fiction

together by frequent coats of paint. You buy a ticket to watch waxworks operate the gleaming Victorian machinery. The bridge is also the most convenient of establishing shots – anything beyond it is wasteland, unworthy of comment. It opens Jules Dassin's *Night and the City*. It salutes Hitchcock's return from exile in *Frenzy* – one of the last films to draw on the rich midden of London sub-culture fiction, the swift narratives of lives at once on the margin and at the centre – based on Arthur La Bern's novel *Good-bye Piccadilly, Farewell Leicester Square*.

Perhaps the optioning of Alexander Baron's *The Lowlife* as a vehicle for Harry H. Corbett (never made) was the end of it, this flirtation between a subversive (cheap to buy) literature and the chew 'em up/spit 'em out world of mainstream cinema. Or perhaps the Roeg/Camell *Performance* was the final flare, the defiant burn-out: an original screenplay using authentically subterranean material transmitted by David Litvinoff, a novelist *manqué*. Litvinoff wrote nothing, he made tapes. His life was the book, the forerunner of an age of ghosted gangland memoirs.

Hitchcock struck an eminently practical attitude towards all this. "I don't read novels, or any fiction. I would say that most of my reading consists of contemporary biographies and books on travel," he informed Truffaut. Jack Trevor Story, the backbone of the Sexton Blake Library, never recovered from Hitchcock's transfer of his first book, *The Trouble with Harry*, from its original scrubby heathland to autumnal Vermont. The paltry sum for which he ►

Comings and goings: Hitchcock returned home in 'Frenzy', right; Bob Hoskins in 'The Long Good Friday', a tale of a Londoner who is boastful, self-deluding and lost in a new world, bottom right



◀ let the property go remained a grievance to the end. But when producers grew bored with proletarian fables, publishers lost their nerve and simply airbrushed certain areas from the map. (The North, wherever that is, was still OK. Exotic, raw. Cab the proofs around to Woodfall. But London? Forget it.) Emanuel Litvinoff (David's half-brother) only managed to bring out his Whitechapel sketch *Journey through a Small Planet* by agreeing to follow it with a "serious" East European trilogy.

Tower Bridge: Hitchcock's camera swoops through the span and along the river in a conspicuous display of budget. (A prophetic summary of the *News at Ten* credit sequence?) Keiller's Cameflex, asserting the modesty of its status, never moves, moves only *between* shots – the unrecorded trek to the next set-up. The long-focus stare is mesmeric, healing, a charm against frenzy (both the culture of speed and Hitchcock's malign virtuosity). Movement becomes a function of voice, voice an instrument. It's a mode utterly estranged from industrial cinema, with its basis in montage: Hitchcock's time-travel is revealed as nostalgia for the London of the silk-tie stranger.

Frenzy, exploiting the last rites of Covent Garden as a working market, is infected by a Europhobic terror of alien cuisines, trays of unwashed immigrant fruit. The leather elbow patches of La Bern's ex-bomber pilot – a tribute to his faded gentility – once filmed become a badge of raffish style, the retro fashion of Camden Lock. Anna Massey, fleeing from the career-threatening crisis of Michael Powell's

Peeping Tom, distraught, nibbled to her essence like a Giacometti maquette, is cast perversely against type as a perky barmaid, a one-night-stand victim.

The silence of things that can no longer be said, locations stripped of their resonance. ("I had lunch with Hitch in his office." Michael Powell, *A Life in Movies*. "Silent movies are a dead duck, Micky.") The silence of Powell's film within a film, the diary, the snuff movie shot by the cameraman with the bayonet tripod. London as a labyrinth, a closed system.

Keiller perceptively defines this silence, the absence of debate, as a conspiracy of the suburbs, an attack on metropolitan life and all its amenities by small-minded provincials, careerists distrustful of the liberties of the café-bar, the aimlessness of the *flâneur*. He quotes Alexander Herzen, his "motivating source", who saw London life as a discipline of solitude. ("One who knows how to live alone has nothing to fear.") The city offers itself up to poets and exiles, men of silent watchfulness, visionaries (Rimbaud and Verlaine) wandering through the docks, opium smokers, dreamers, dowsers

The soul of the place opposes cinema, the light. Its bureaucratic weather is against it. Skies like a hangman's hood. The scuttle of wife-killers, eyes in the dirt

of invisible energy patterns. A dystopia run by uniformed enforcers, like the Victorian prisons, like Pentonville, on *The Silent System*. The soul of the place opposes cinema, the light. Its bureaucratic weather is against it. Skies like a hangman's hood. The scuttle of wife-killers in starched collars, eyes in the dirt. Backstreet chemists doling out paraquat.

Not since the 60s has government demonstrated any practical interest in film, beyond inviting Michael Caine around for a snifter. And, even in the days when the Social Democrats were falling for the glamour of photo opportunities, the memorable images were being captured by foreigners, visitors with work permits: Losey, Polanski, Skolimowski (Munich for London), Antonioni. It took an Italian to track down the mysteries of Maryon Park in Charlton, a perfectly ambiguous site for the crime discovered by the photographer in *Blow-up*. A site which film-maker Christopher Petit (polaroid in hand?) visited, as he recounts in an essay on Julian Maclaren-Ross, in an act of homage. The London he was beginning to imagine, and which he later described in his novel *Robinson* and his television films, was a geography of disconnected locations.

Any future urban cinema, wanting to learn from Keiller and Petit, should become a cinema of vagrancy. There's no longer time for the laying of tracks, the crane, the cherry-picker: obsolescent industrial terminology. The truth of a city, divided against itself, can only be revealed, so Keiller believes, through a series of obscure pilgrimages, days spent crawling out on to the rim of things. The transcendent surrealism of airport perimeter roads, warehouses and reservoirs. J. G. Ballard. Shepperton.

London cinema in its pomp was in any case a creature of the suburbs – that's where the studios were. That's where a phantom metropolis could be built, civic dignity reduced to plasterboard. (Canary Wharf is the contemporary version.)

Monsters of paranoia, menageries of blood beasts – Fu Manchu, Jack the Ripper, Jekyll and Hyde – stalked from these sheds like a regiment of escaping battery hens. A second London, the floating capital of Swedenborg's visions, was laid out. A monochrome principality with no sky. A day-for-night mirror world where sweet tea was served in cups the size of slopping-out buckets. A busy thoroughfare of dripping raincoats, greasy trilbies, paste teeth. A polis devised for the convenience of voyeurs – where speech is meticulously coded, and the social classes divided by the strictest of faultlines. Even the clippies articulate like debutantes on laughing gas. Pocket watches can be checked against the regular nine o'clock toppings.

The city of cinema, born of low-life fiction, is a place of flight. It is defined by the distance a man can run in trying to escape from it. Arthur Woods' *They Drive by Night* (based on a novel by the admirably intransigent James Curtis) is a paradigm of the genre. Sniffing Emlyn Williams, looking like an unfixed mutation somewhere between Charlie Chaplin and Nigel Lawson, is the innocent on the run, determined to prove that the countryside is never

The dark alleys of the mind: the streets of London, hounded and spied on by the deadly camera in Michael Powell's 'Peeping Tom', a film of the terrors of the metropolitan world, right



BFI STILL, POSTERS AND DESIGNS

more than a few fake tussocks, a clapboard truckers' shack and perpetual rain.

The city as a self-cannibalising system. Pursuit: elegant tracking shots into clubs (linking interior and exterior), wrestling matches, the flats of chorus girls. Hatchet alleyways like lesions in the brain. Gerald Kersh's *Night and the City* is the apotheosis of this mode (both book and film). ("He saw London as a kind of Inferno – a series of concentric areas with Piccadilly as the ultimate centre.") Jules Dassin's translation of Kersh's novel into spatial terms is dynamic and exemplary, mixing psychologically perceptive set design with an extraordinarily vivid account of the geography of post-war London: the open city of docks, rubble mounds, bridges.

Pursuit summons once again the figure of the Shroudy Stranger, the genealogy of Céline's Robinson, who slides, covertly, from the American poet Weldon Kees (and his parasite, Simon Armitage), through Burroughs and Kerouac, to Patrick Keiller, Jonathan Meades (*Pompey*), and Christopher Petit. Petit's assumption of *Robinson* (the novel) is an unmatched (and largely unnoticed) act of cinematic and literary retrieval: the junction point where the lost fiction engages with the new cinema. (On television, Petit's film *London Labyrinth* conceives of a city of memory shards, an accumulation from theatrical and documentary sources. Pathological modernism: the art of the dustbin, the skip thief.) *Robinson* exploits and celebrates the Soho of Maclaren-Ross, Mark Benney, Kersh. Then allows it to be colonised by Orson Welles (actor as much as director, gourmand most of all) and

Fassbinder (claustrophobia, misogyny, camera working close as a rectal thermometer).

Petit's astute cultural truffling doesn't stop there. He pays his respects in *Robinson* to the legendary *habitué* of the Coach and Horses, Robin Cook. ("Robin behaved badly before anyone else did." Jonathan Meades.) Cook, between wives in the South of France, one career as a novelist nuked, decided to give it another shot, reinventing the London of the Edgar Wallace films and dosing it with Krafft-Ebing. His name had been pinched in his absence by an airport shelf-spoiler, so he became Derek Raymond. His Factory novels – psychopaths on the loose in millennial weather – were acclaimed as the ultimate mapping of the posthumous dream city. A geography much closer to Céline's *Guignol's Band* than to the *London A-Z*. They were filmed, naturally. In France.

Where Cook and Petit, romantics, are drawn inwards to the heart of the labyrinth, Keiller resolutely explores the banks of the River Brent. Had he been a poet, he confesses, Brent Cross shopping centre would have been his inspiration. At last the camera *moves*, travelling

Keiller resolutely explores the banks of the River Brent. Had he been a poet, he confesses, Brent Cross shopping centre would have been his inspiration

upwards on an escalator, gazing on plashy fountains, a crowd numbed by the muzak of the spheres. Keiller's narrator speaks of noticing a "small intense man" reading Walter Benjamin, for all the world like a card-carrying Cambridge poet. The instant of sympathy is illusory. The fetch vanishes into Willesden. Could it have been Petit himself? Or Dennis Nilsen?

Beyond the vast hangars of consumerism, the city gives up. Keiller can wait, crouching in fields, watching the calligraphy of wind on water. He has already told us so much. But he can never tell it all. The multitude of solitary lives lived within the circuits of the crowd. There is more history than any one man can bear. So the film-makers pass through Mortlake without noticing the estate of Dr John Dee (his Angel Magick): the point of departure for Derek Jarman's punk deconstruction *Jubilee*.

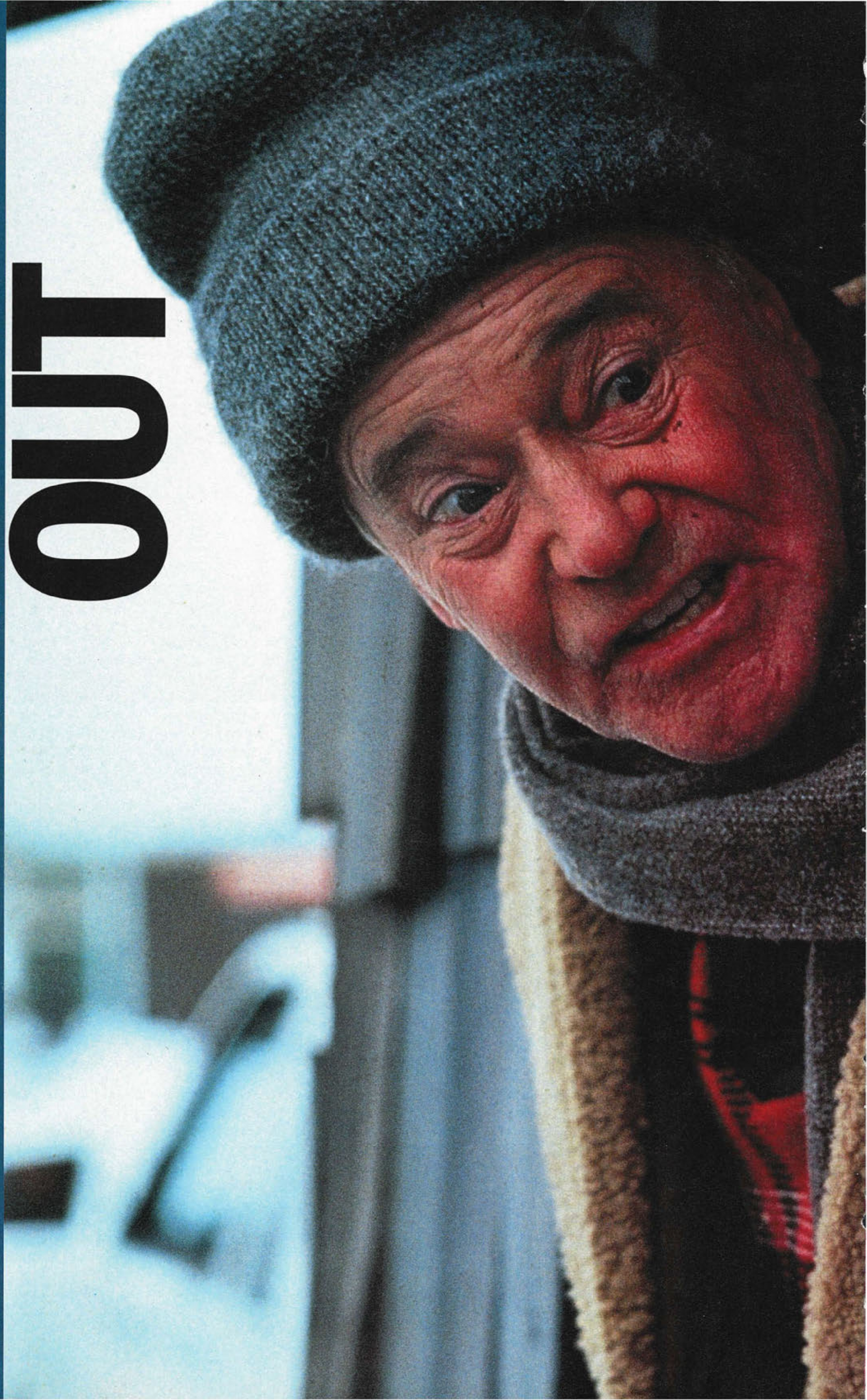
Keiller knows that London is finally an absence, a congregation of provincials. Having no culture of the centre, that is what we have become. Eliot's sleepwalkers commuting to a city of silence, a marketing device, the excuse for an anthology from some disgraced politician. The only cinema appropriate to this London is the cinema of surveillance. (Petit again. Eleven minutes on *The Late Show*.) Unedited, mute, riverine; menacing in its boredom. Diaries kept by machines. The home movies of multi-storey car parks. Be noticed and you're dead. A cinema that requires no audience.

'London' opens at the ICA, London, on 3 June and is reviewed on page 54 of this issue

ODD MAN

Jack Lemmon

OUT



There's more to Jack Lemmon than the put-upon American male – there are hints of the forbidden. By Andy Medhurst



RONALD GRANT

Age shall not wither him: Jack Lemmon in 'Grumpy Old Men', the fifth film to team him with Walter Matthau, opposite; with Marilyn Monroe in the carnivalesque 'Some Like It Hot', above right; as the harassed male in 'The Apartment', bottom right

● The measure of a star's impact is often the extent of their dynasty. Once the public appetite for a particular stellar type has been whetted, all manner of copies, parodies and refractions tend to materialise – Monroe spawning Xeroxes from Jayne Mansfield to Mamie Van Doren, Stallone cloned into a cohort of Lundgrens and Van Dammes. Occasionally, however, a star can hit the bull's-eye by carving out a patch of turf that's simply too small to share – which is why, despite almost 40 years of acclaim and bankability, Hollywood has never quite managed to duplicate the appeal and meaning of Jack Lemmon. His slice of the cake may be slender, but it's his alone, and our continuing taste for it makes him a considerable, if neglected, phenomenon.

Grumpy Old Men, the fifth film to team Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau, is an affable confection. It takes that hitherto most urban of American double acts and plants it in the kind of deep-frozen Minnesota town that Rose from *The Golden Girls* reminisces about so incessantly, where the twosome waddle gamely through the snow in competitive pursuit of sexily kooky new neighbour Ann-Margret. The assured comic professionalism of the performances stops the film from becoming just another anodyne 90s feelgood movie, but unlike their previous joint outings, it all too evidently lacks the sharpness of Neil Simon (writer of their paradigmatic clash – 1967's *The Odd Couple*) or the sourness of Billy Wilder (director of the three others – *The Fortune Cookie*, *The Front Page* and *Buddy Buddy*).

What is striking about *Grumpy Old Men*, as the clunky title indicates, is that it is a Hollywood

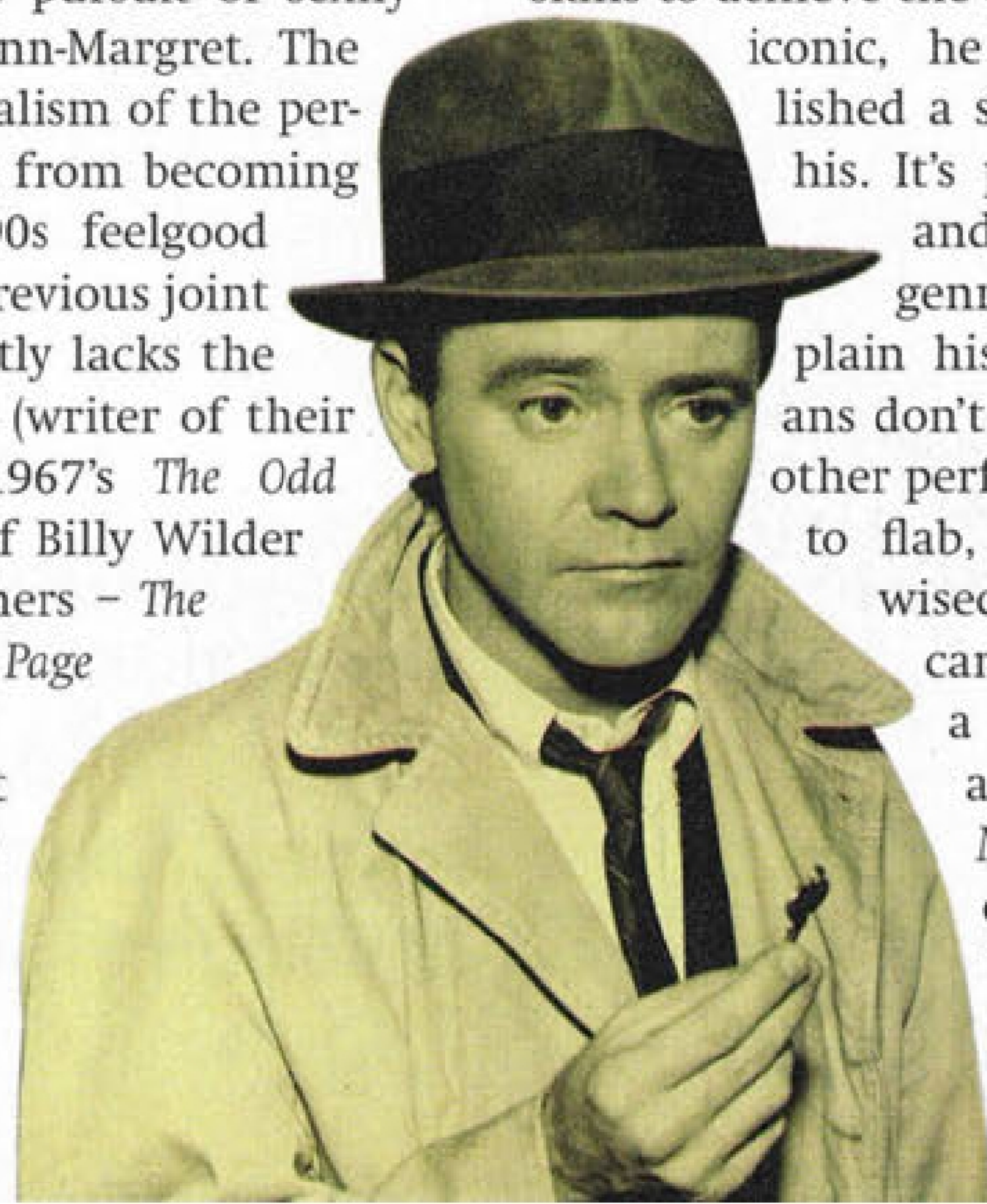
film prepared to gamble on stars in their 70s. On one level, it is merely the excuse for a succession of rather tired dotage-as-second-childhood gags, little more than *Last of the Summer Wine* with snowshoes, but it also raises more interesting questions about why Lemmon and Matthau are entrusted to carry a film at an age when most of their contemporaries have retreated to the less strenuous exertions of the talk-show circuit, if they're able to leave the house at all.

The film career of Lemmon, in particular, is one of striking longevity – how many other actors have gone from sharing the billing with James Cagney to swapping expletives with Alec Baldwin? So many films over so many years (and almost every one with his name above the title) add up to a major contribution – but of what kind? Could it be that, in an unsung way, his persona discloses that American masculinity is able to accommodate a far wider range of sexual identities than we tend to assume?

He is, in some respects, an actor of remarkably little variety. To think of Lemmon is to conjure up an image of harassed fussiness, hypochondria and heavy drinking, tab collars and ties. He is the patron saint of the desk-bound – pinpointed indelibly by another character in *The Apartment* as "some schnook that works in the office". His rare ventures into the great outdoors have been woefully ill conceived – a spot of steer-roping in *Cowboy* (1957) was as uncomfortable as the later dip into the all-star action-schlock of *Airport '77*. He has always seemed happier in the kitchen, and almost never took his shirt off.

One of the first generation of Hollywood stars who learned their craft on television (making over 500 TV appearances in the early 50s), Lemmon was never a wide-screen, Technicolor kind of guy. His closest cultural relatives are those narrow-lapelled, exasperated men of American sitcom – Dick van Dyke or Dick York, the husband in *Bewitched*. His skill lay in evoking the anxious, put-upon, domesticated American male, his stardom based on capturing the neuroses of those who never usually got to be stars at all. When he gets the girl in his early films, there's always an anxiety that this eminence can't last, that Rock or Charlton might pop up to grab her in the final reel.

Too restless to be monolithic, too modern to be archetypal, not handsome enough to be a pin-up and too fond of displaying his actorly skills to achieve the still certainty of the truly iconic, he has nonetheless established a space that is recognisably his. It's primarily a comic space, and his association with that genre above all helps to explain his staying power. Comedians don't need to fear age the way other performers do – muscles turn to flab, hunks go to seed, but wisecracks and double-takes can come just as easily from a wrinkled face as from a smooth one. *Grumpy Old Men* celebrates this fact not only in its central casting, but by wheeling out ►



BE STILL: POSTERS AND DESIGNS



Pains and pleasures: Lemmon with Tony Curtis in 'Some Like It Hot', above; as the oppressed 'wife' to Matthau's 'husband' in 'The Odd Couple', top right



Showdown zone: Lemmon as the 'lost' salesman in the Jacobean world of Mamet's 'Glengarry Glen Ross', left

◀ the even more elderly Burgess Meredith to play Lemmon's lascivious nonagenarian father.

Lemmon's age and stature have led him into projects about which he should have known better. Embodying the troubled conscience of middle America in *The China Syndrome* or *Missing* or peeping out from among the assembled multitudes of *JFK* and *Short Cuts* did him few favours other than reaffirming the cachet of his name. A more significant recent role was in *Glengarry Glen Ross* (1992), David Mamet's story of greed-crazed property salesmen, where one can sense Lemmon's determination to lay to rest the pernicky houseproud ghosts of his past and flex dramatic pecs with the big boys. *Glengarry* is typical Mamet, half testosterone-fest and half thesp-in, with Pacino, Ed Harris and the rest queuing up to deliver soliloquies of hirsute abuse or lock horns in stand-offs of choreographed machismo. Lemmon brings to this scenario evocative echoes of earlier versions of backstabbing office life – but where *The Apartment* leavened its paranoias with humour, Mamet can only see the workplace as a showdown zone, *Reservoir Dogs* with filing cabinets.

In such an atmosphere, Lemmon acquits himself well enough, turning in a finely tuned portrayal of sweaty desperation (and there is a certain novelty value in hearing Felix Ungar say "motherfucker"). But the film's almost Jacobean miasma of claustrophobia, deceit and betrayal leaves one pining a little for the less malevolent films of his youth. *Glengarry* might offer a bleak and savage Reagan-era coda to those older images of white-collar culture, but it's altogether too butch for Lemmon to feel completely at home in. He was after all, among his other attributes, the most feminine leading man of his generation.

If the office schmuck of *The Apartment* was the founding character of one side of the Lem-

mon persona, then the other, complementary side had been inaugurated a year earlier in *Some Like It Hot* (1959). In popular memory, that film is perhaps seen now as belonging to Marilyn Monroe and (to a lesser extent) Tony Curtis, but it also unleashed a femininity in Lemmon that underpinned most of his subsequent key performances. Despite some initial surface indignation and a brief attempt to seduce Monroe, it is Lemmon who commits himself most wholeheartedly to the film's carnival potentialities. It is his idea to drag up in the first place, he spends far more time *en femme* than Curtis, and he unforgettably finds himself embroiled in a queer relationship as the film ends. This scenario isn't an entirely uncongenial prospect, either, if you recall those wonderful images of Lemmon and Joe E. Brown locked in a tango of droll outrageousness, or the former's delight at the latter's proposal. We may have been looking at Curtis and Monroe snogging on the yacht, but *something* has clearly happened off-screen to make Lemmon rattle his maracas with such lavish glee.

The spectre of Daphne was never entirely absent from the rest of Lemmon's career. *The Apartment* has an impeccably heterosexual narrative – until you begin to speculate about what displaced desires might fuel Lemmon's eagerness to cater for his bosses' sexual requirements, or realise that from certain angles Shirley MacLaine in her elevator operator's uniform looks unnervingly like Tony Curtis as

Lemmon and Matthau are situated historically midway between Laurel and Hardy and Ren and Stimpy

Josephine. Hints of the forbidden and fragments of the perverse cluster at the edge of many of Lemmon's films, particularly those which negotiate that tricky area of male-male relationships best described as homosociality.

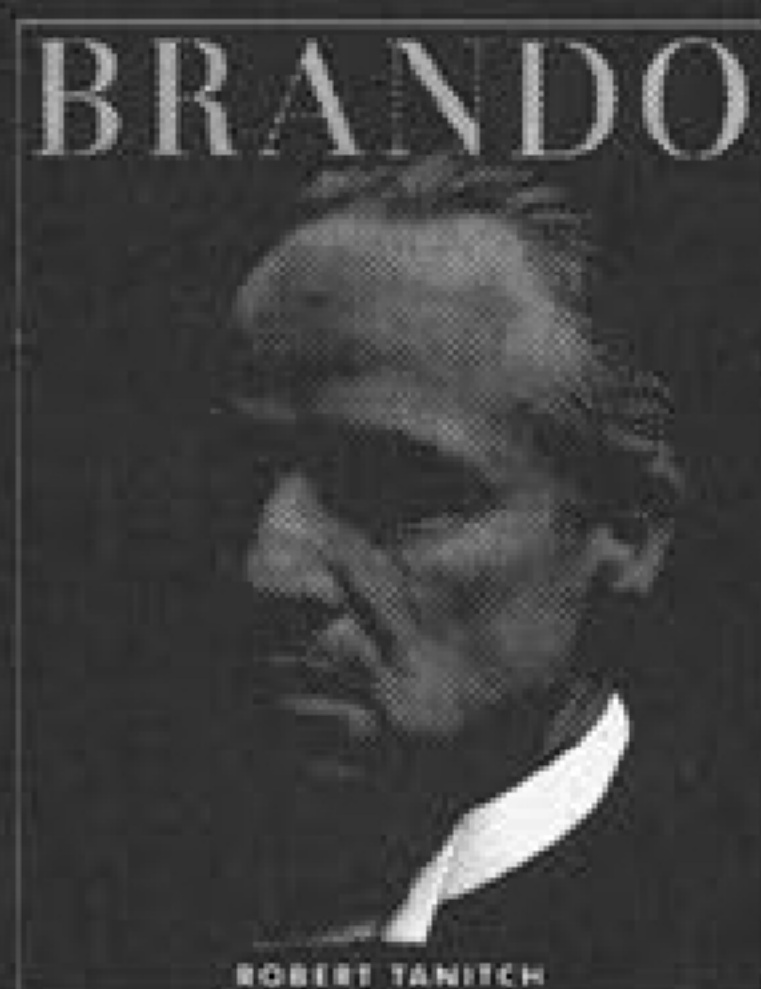
Homosocial relationships are often the most deeply sustaining ones heterosexual men have, but their non-sexual nature needs to be constantly, anxiously, hysterically underlined, a process which reveals itself both in excessive homophobia (linguistically central to *Glengarry Glen Ross*) and in the use of women as objects of sexual exchange between men whose greater, unspoken, unspeakable desire is for each other (the plot of *The Apartment* in a nutshell). It doesn't take a major feat of critical ingenuity to identify homosociality as the basis of male double-acts, particularly since most of them (comedy being a far shrewder discourse than the lumbering solemnity of critical theory tends to realise) overtly recognise, celebrate and toy with its repercussions. Lemmon and Matthau, situated historically midway between Laurel and Hardy and Ren and Stimpy, have worked this ground with unflagging zest and panache. *Grumpy Old Men*, in its amiably second-hand way, offers some pleasures of this variety, but to see the partnership firing on all homosocial cylinders you have to go back to *The Odd Couple*.

This is the definitive Lemmon-Matthau film, one which deals with its queer undercurrents by bringing them out into the daylight and sending them up rotten, as Lemmon twitters in the kitchen and disinfects the poker cards while Matthau blows him kisses and shouts "Hi honey, I'm home". They aren't sleeping together (though they play out several scenes in the bedroom), but in every way that really matters they're an item – moreover, they represent one of cinema's most telling depictions of a butch-femme couple.

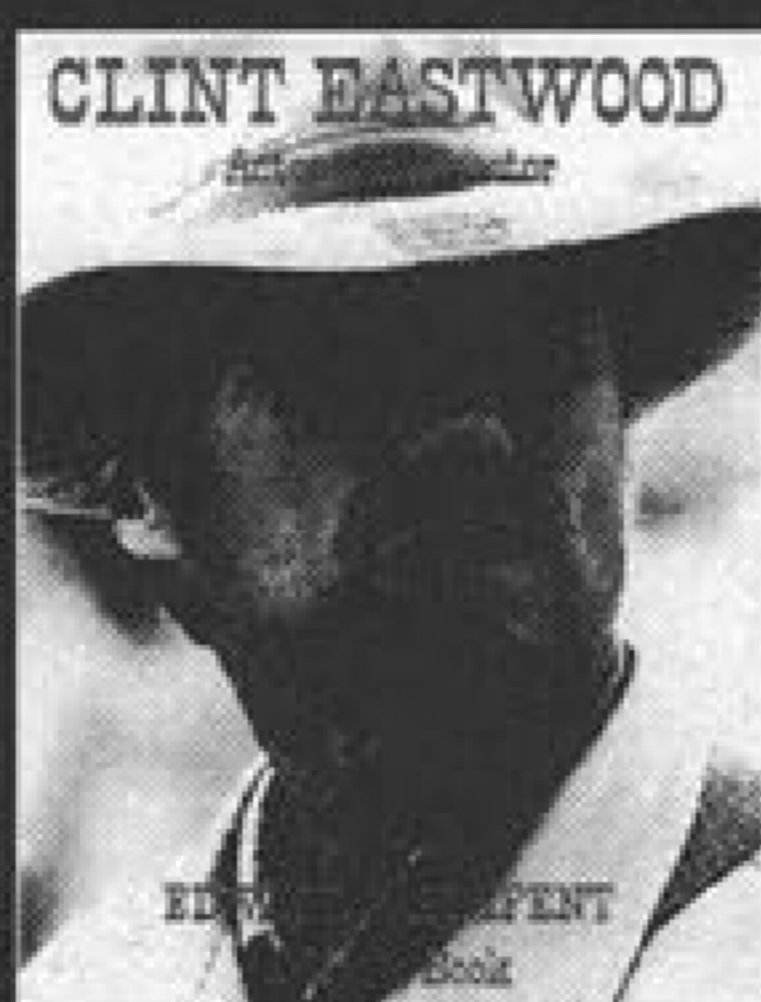
They operate through networks of bickering interdependence, hierarchies of coyness and gruffness, pouts versus shouts, Miss Friss meets El Slobbo Fantastico. It is incontrovertibly real love, which is why the film, like the play which preceded it and the sitcom it generated, found such a receptive audience. The sitcom loaded the dice even more by casting the unambiguously gay-resonant Tony Randall in the Lemmon role, but the film has all the clues for those who need them. Consider the names of the English women ostensibly courted by the duo: Gwendolyn and Cecily, fresh from *The Importance of Being Earnest* and hence trailing clouds of queer connotation behind them. *The Odd Couple* is where *The Apartment* and *Some Like It Hot* intersect, and as such it's the film which (if you'll pardon a pun I've been fighting hard against for the whole article) distils the essence of Lemmon.

A nervous disciple of decorum, an insecure fustpot whose femininity was so ingrained he never needed to resort to the broad semaphore of camp, Jack Lemmon's key performances matter because they show a male stardom without a trace of brawn. He proved that if you were funny enough, then being a real man was nothing but a drag.

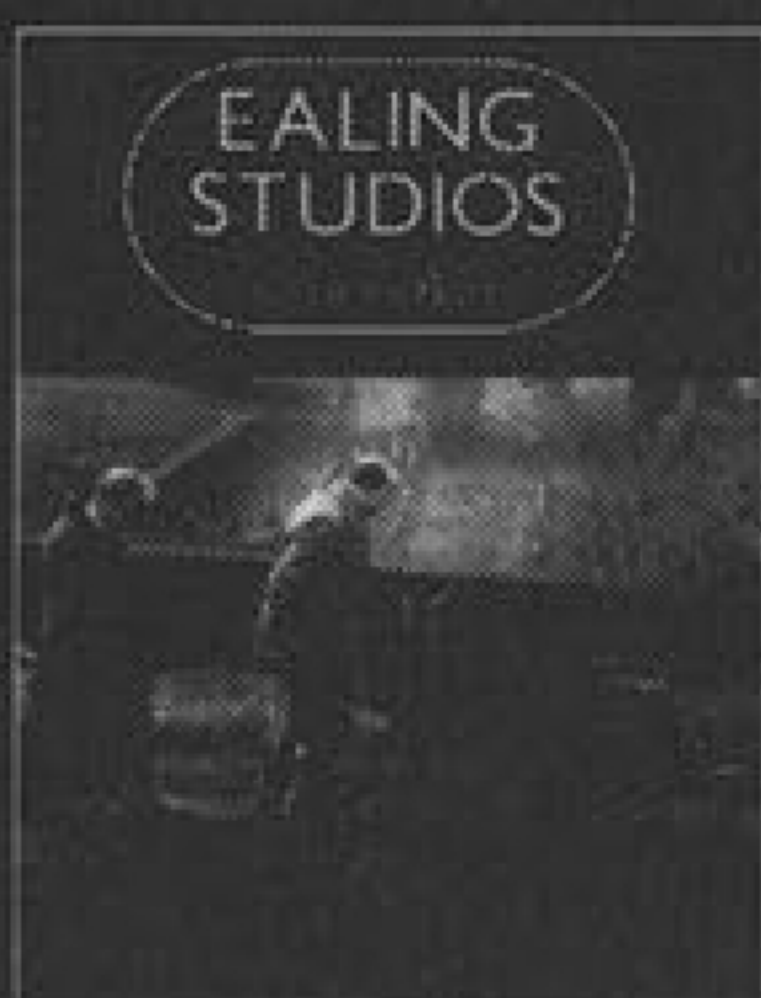
'Grumpy Old Men' opens on 27 May and is reviewed on page 48 of this issue



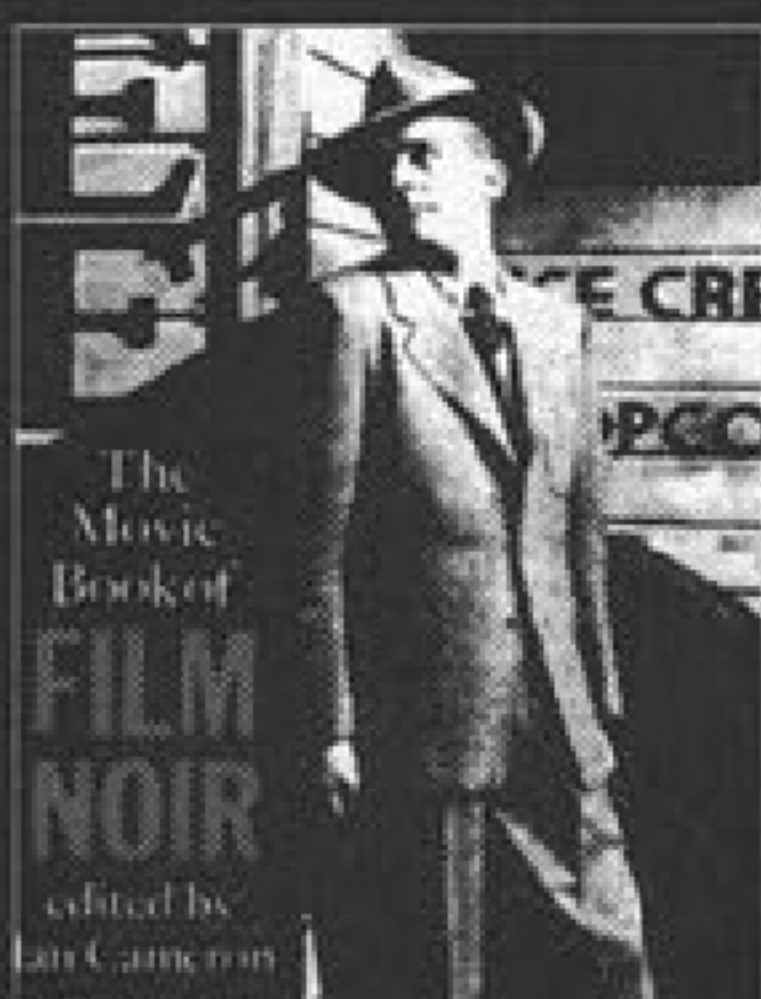
BRANDO
Robert Tanitch
As a serious analysis of an inspiring actor and his works, this is as much a record of the best of American cinema as it is a unique pictorial record of a great twentieth-century hero.
£16.99 HB



CLINT EASTWOOD
Edward Gallafent
A ground-breaking study which examines Eastwood's films in the light of the genres to which they belong and goes on to explore his position as an actor/director within the cultural and historical framework of America.
£16.99 HB



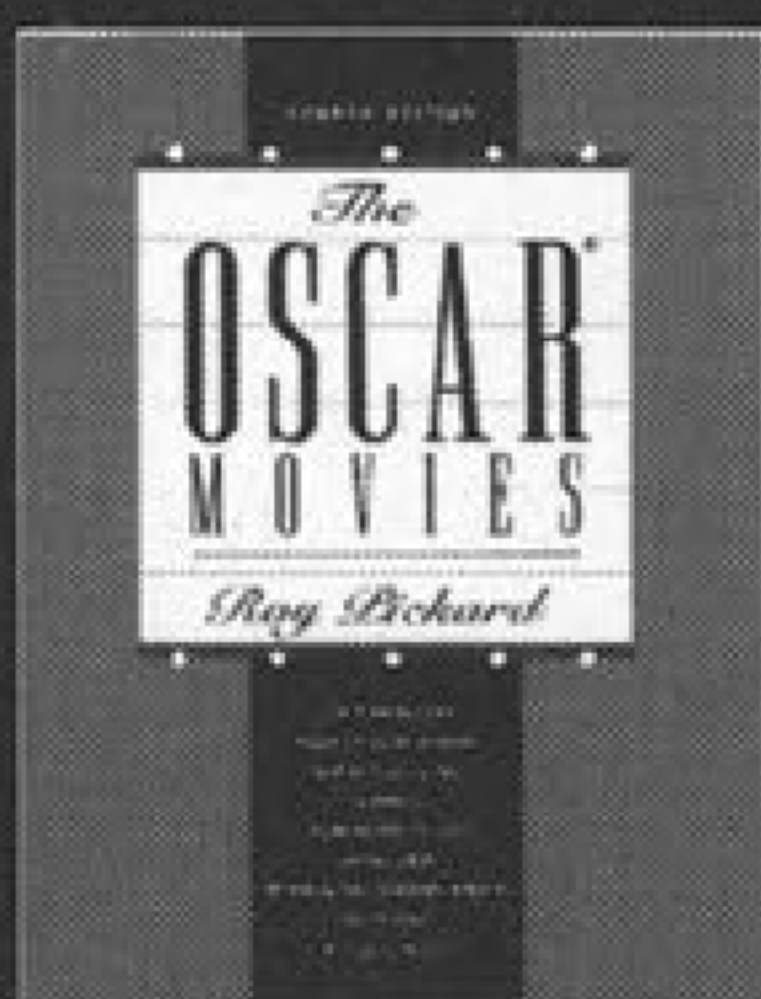
EALING STUDIOS
Charles Barr
'quite simply the best book to date on the British cinema and a remarkably perceptive account of recent social change in this country'
The Observer
£16.99 HB



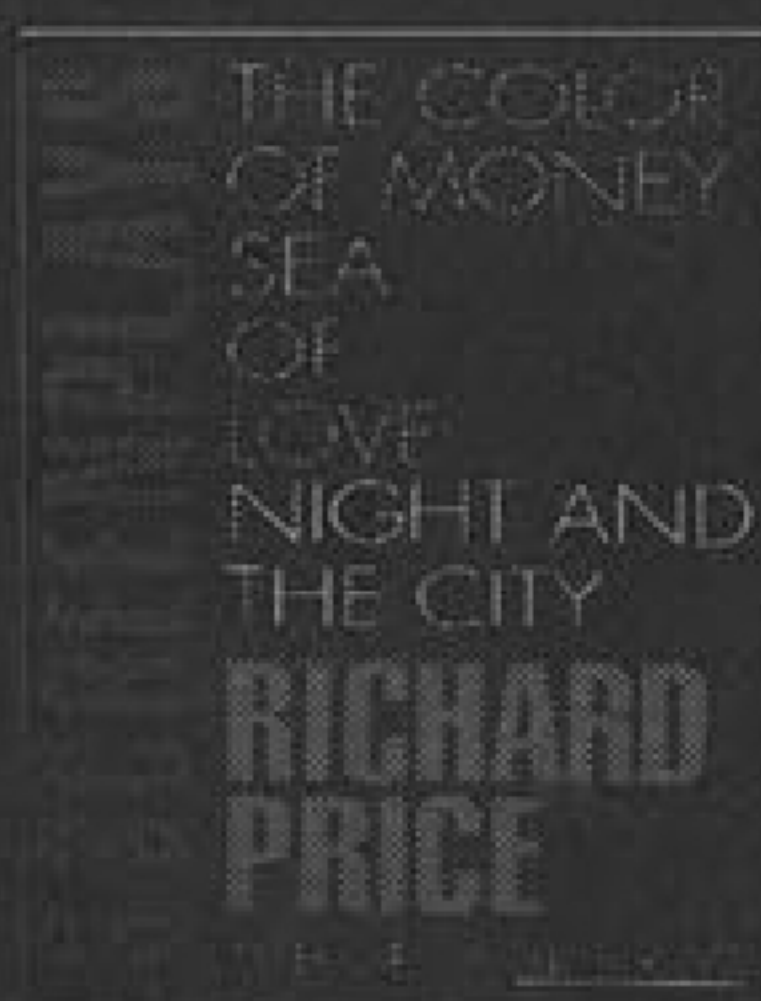
THE MOVIE BOOK OF FILM NOIR
Ian Cameron
'For anyone interested in film as an evolving art form, it's a "must read".'
VOX
£8.99 PB



THE NEW HOLLYWOOD
Jim Hillier
'engrossing and admirably up-to-date'
Geoff Brown, The Times
£16.99 HB



THE OSCAR MOVIES
Roy Pickard
'gives you all the details you need to know about the American Academy Awards from 1927... worthy of an award!'
Daily Mail
£17.99 HB



3 SCREENPLAYS
Richard Price
'He has a wild and singular gift for the kind of dialogue that synthesizes the commonplace, the crude and the lunatic to create something that sound both authentic and completely original'
Vincent Canby, New York Times
£10.99 PB

MIDSUMMER RELEASES FROM DTK



Prepare to enter a world of magic, a world of astounding erotic beauty.

Lindsay Kemp has enthralled international audiences with his renowned production of **A Midsummer Night's Dream**

This magical world is beautifully captured on film by Celestino Coronado, a film

unlike anything you will ever have encountered before... **"Staggering..."** Time Out
"Pure Magic..." The Guardian

When Coronado's adaptation of **Hamlet** premiered at the 1977 London Film Festival, the audience and critics were astonished, the film rapidly achieved cult status.

"Pure, unhampered vision... a film not like any other."

The Times

"A triumph..." The Guardian

"Stunning..." Sunday Times

"Masterpiece...seductive...the nearest thing to magic in town" The Evening Standard



Available from Virgin Megastores, HMV, Our Price, Adrians Video or by mail order from

DANGEROUS
TO KNOW
PO Box 1701,
London SW9 OXD

Name

Address

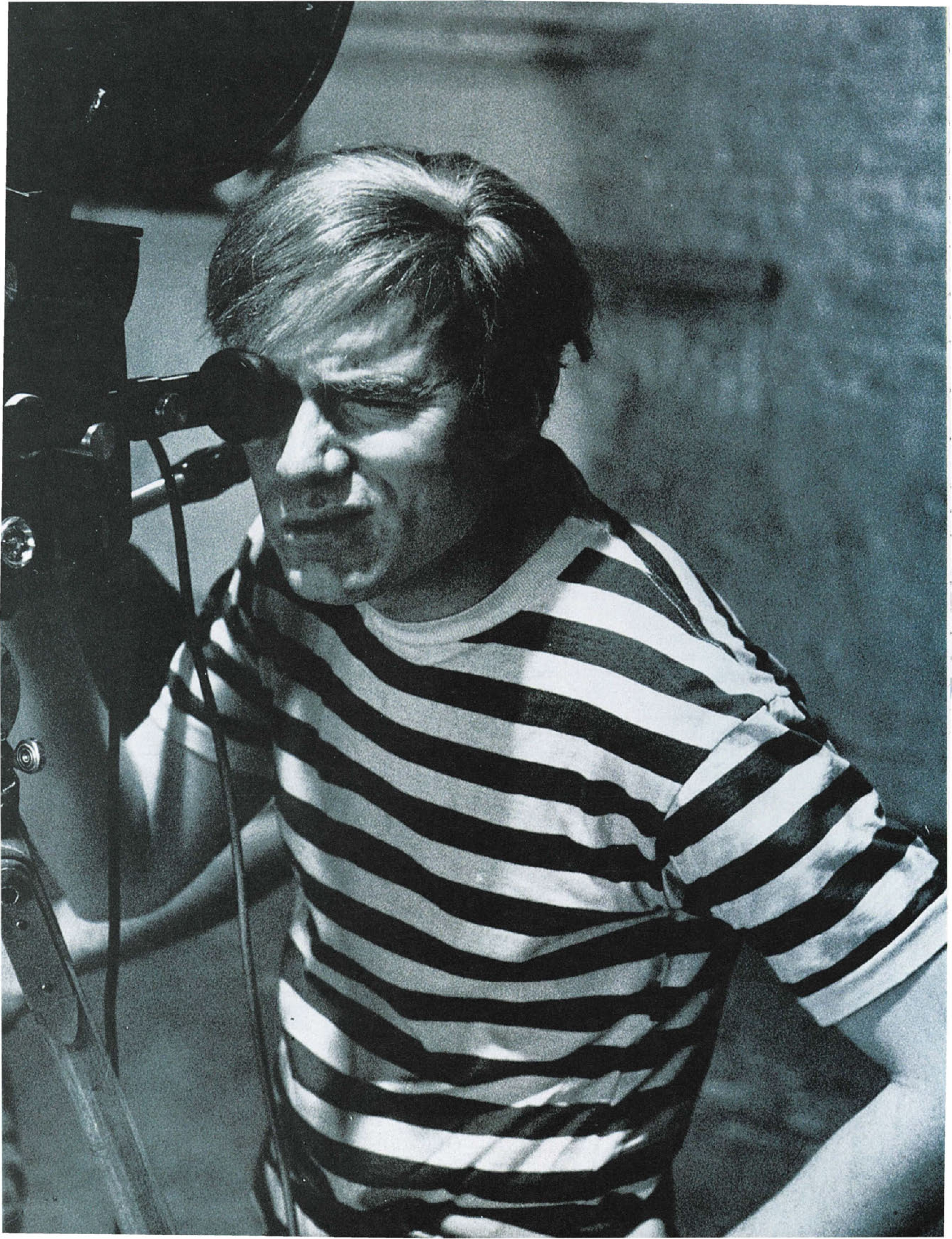
Post Code

A Midsummer Night's Dream	£14.99 ☐
Hamlet	£10.99 ☐
Glitterbug	£15.99 ☐
Being At Home with Claude	£14.99 ☐
Forbidden Love	£14.99 ☐
Boys On Film 1,2 & 3	£39.99 ☐
Claire Of The Moon	£14.99 ☐
For A Lost Soldier	£14.99 ☐

P & P £

Total £

Make cheques & PO's payable to Dangerous To Know, postage & packing £1.50 first tape, £1.00 each subsequent tape



● In 1963, several years after I'd become a devotee of underground cinema, I saw a film that showed me what my late-adolescent obsession was all about. Unannounced and untitled, Andy Warhol's *Kiss* (then dubbed *The Andy Warhol Serial* because it was shown in weekly four-minute instalments) flickered on to the screen of the Grammercy Arts Theater on West 27th Street. Its black and white was as deep and impenetrable as archival nitrate, its motion slower than life. Framed in tight close-up, two faces lunged at each other, mouth on mouth, sucking, nuzzling, merging, devouring. Some kisses were erotic, some comic, some verged on abstraction – less the oscillation of orifices than a play of light and shadow. Never in the history of the movies had the invitation to look but *do not touch* seemed quite so paradoxical.

During the months that followed, *Kiss* was succeeded by the meditative *Eat*, the torturous *Sleep*, the cock-teasing *Blow Job*, the vaguely threatening, flagrantly gay *Haircut*, and the monumental *Empire*. Nothing if not the measure of their own time, they needed to be seen to be believed. Like the best of his painting (the *Disaster* series, the *Marilyns*, and the *Elvises*), Warhol's silent films and some of the sound films that followed in 1965 and 1966 existed in the tension between presence and absence, assertion and denial. Fetishistic in the extreme, they allowed the receptive viewer access to the fundamentals of cinematic pleasure. Their surfaces opened on to the depths of your psyche.

Warhol's films were hardly *sui generis*. Their sources were in both Hollywood and the avant-garde. In the early 60s, Warhol had trolled the underground from 'pasty' drag shows to minimalist dance/performance at the Judson Church. He had spent weeks at the Filmmaker's Cooperative looking at films by Jack Smith, Ron Rice, Kenneth Anger, Stan Brakhage, Gregory Markopoulos, Willard Maas and Marie Menken. At some point, although it has never been mentioned in the reams of diaries and reminiscences of the period, he must have seen *Rose Hobart*, Joseph Cornell's collage film which had been discovered and was being presented (with significant alterations) by Ken Jacobs and Jack Smith. It's all there in *Rose Hobart*: the paring down of a mass-culture object to its fantasy essence (Cornell extracted from a print of the 30s B picture *East of Borneo* all the shots in which the actress Rose Hobart appears and edited them together); the fetishisation of the female star; the single-minded title; the phantasmal effect that results when film shot at sound speed (24 frames per second) is projected at the slightly slower speed of silence (16 frames per second).

More generally, Warhol learned from the avant-garde how to produce a (per)version of Hollywood in his own studio for little more than the costs of a roll of 16 mm film and its developing. In 1964 I was introduced to Warhol's Factory (then on East 47th Street) by the rapidly fading, early superstar Naomi Levine. Like all newcomers, I was screen-tested. (I was escorted into a makeshift cubicle and positioned on a stool. Warhol looked through the lens, adjusted the framing, instructed me

MY TIME IS NOT YOUR TIME

Opening in stillness and running at strange speeds, Andy Warhol's films are an extraordinary perversion of Hollywood. By Amy Taubin

to sit still and try not to blink, turned on the camera and walked away.) My screen test was included in one or another version of *The Thirteen Most Beautiful Women*. Later that day I was drafted into the ongoing 'Banana' series which was at some point incorporated into *Couch*. (Contrary to published description, *Couch* is not totally pornographic. I sat on a couch with superstars Levine, Baby Jane Holzer and Gerard Malanga, and for 2½ minutes each of us masticated her/his/our own banana.) I was fascinated by Warhol's work process but otherwise found the scene as unpleasant as high school – people with outlandish expectations all competing for a piece of the master. Although I made only one or two more visits to the Factory, I followed the films religiously until *The Chelsea Girls* and was a regular at The Exploding Plastic Inevitable (Warhol's presentation of the Velvet Underground, plus films, performance and dancing) when it took up residence in the Dom on St Mark's Place.

Framing time as it passes

In 1972 Warhol withdrew his films from distribution, leaving available only the Paul Morrissey-directed *Andy Warhol Productions*. The reasons (directly and obliquely stated at various times by various people, including Warhol himself) reveal the typical, perhaps irreconcilable

Warholian oppositions between aesthetic and economic value, high and mass culture. There was the art-market notion that the films would gain in value from their unavailability. There was the Hollywood industry notion that the films depressed Warhol's potential value as a commercial film director. Hollywood types, it seemed, were incapable of the kind of selective vision practised by the art world, which managed to ignore the films entirely, although during the period of his greatest work (1961-68) Warhol devoted as much time to film as he did to painting. The only serious studies of Warhol as a film-maker are Peter Gidal's blind-sided *Andy Warhol* (1971), Stephen Koch's brilliant *Stargazer* (1973), and *Andy Warhol Film Factory* (1989), a collection of essays edited by Michael O'Pray which is all the more impressive considering how few of the writers had access to the films themselves. Left to moulder in the Factory and various laboratories, the films became merely an absence, a camp con job, until, in 1982, John Hardhardt, film and video curator of the Whitney Museum, convinced Warhol to turn all the existing material over to the Whitney and the Museum of Modern Art so it could be catalogued, preserved and rereleased.

To date, 25 films have been reissued; most of them are now available for non-theatrical distribution through the Museum of Modern Art. (Theatrical exhibition and electronic media licensing is handled by the Andy Warhol Foundation, which owns the films.) In the past six years, there have been three exhibitions of Warhol films in New York: two at the Whitney (in 1988 and 1994) and one at the Museum of Modern Art (in 1989 as part of a major Warhol retrospective). The confusion, defensiveness and outright hostility exhibited by most museum-goers towards the films are no less marked today than when they first appeared three decades ago.

At the Whitney screenings this spring, reverential silences quickly gave way to out- ▶



Waiting for the fall: 'Empire' (1964)

THE ANDY WARHOL FOUNDATION FOR THE VISUAL ARTS, INC.

◀ raged heckling and noisy walkouts. Who knows what these viewers expected – the ones who expressly came to see a film by the notorious Andy Warhol, or the casual drop-ins from the main attraction – a Richard Avedon retrospective which coincidentally included his 1969 photograph of Warhol's scarred torso and his huge mural of Factory superstars, among them the transvestite Candy Darling with cascading platinum hair and penis in full view. Whatever it was they were looking for, it certainly wasn't this: a pudgy-faced man in a rumpled, buttoned-to-the-neck white shirt, self-consciously facing down the camera for 99 minutes (*Henry Geldzahler*) or superstar Edie Sedgwick filmed for 33 minutes with a lens so severely out of focus one could barely distinguish the outlines of her lace bikini panties and bra (*Poor Little Rich Girl*).

"I'll be your mirror"

When asked in 1987, during the last interview of his life, if he was excited about his upcoming film exhibition at the Whitney, Warhol responded in the negative. "They're better talked about than seen," he said. It's terribly sad to think that Warhol had lost faith in the films as films, that he was unaware that the intervention he had made in the society of the spectacle was as profound as what Godard had done in roughly the same extended 60s moment. But if Godard framed his psychosexual obsessions within a political analysis of global economic power, Warhol, the American anti-intellectual, transformed his psychosexual identity into a world view.

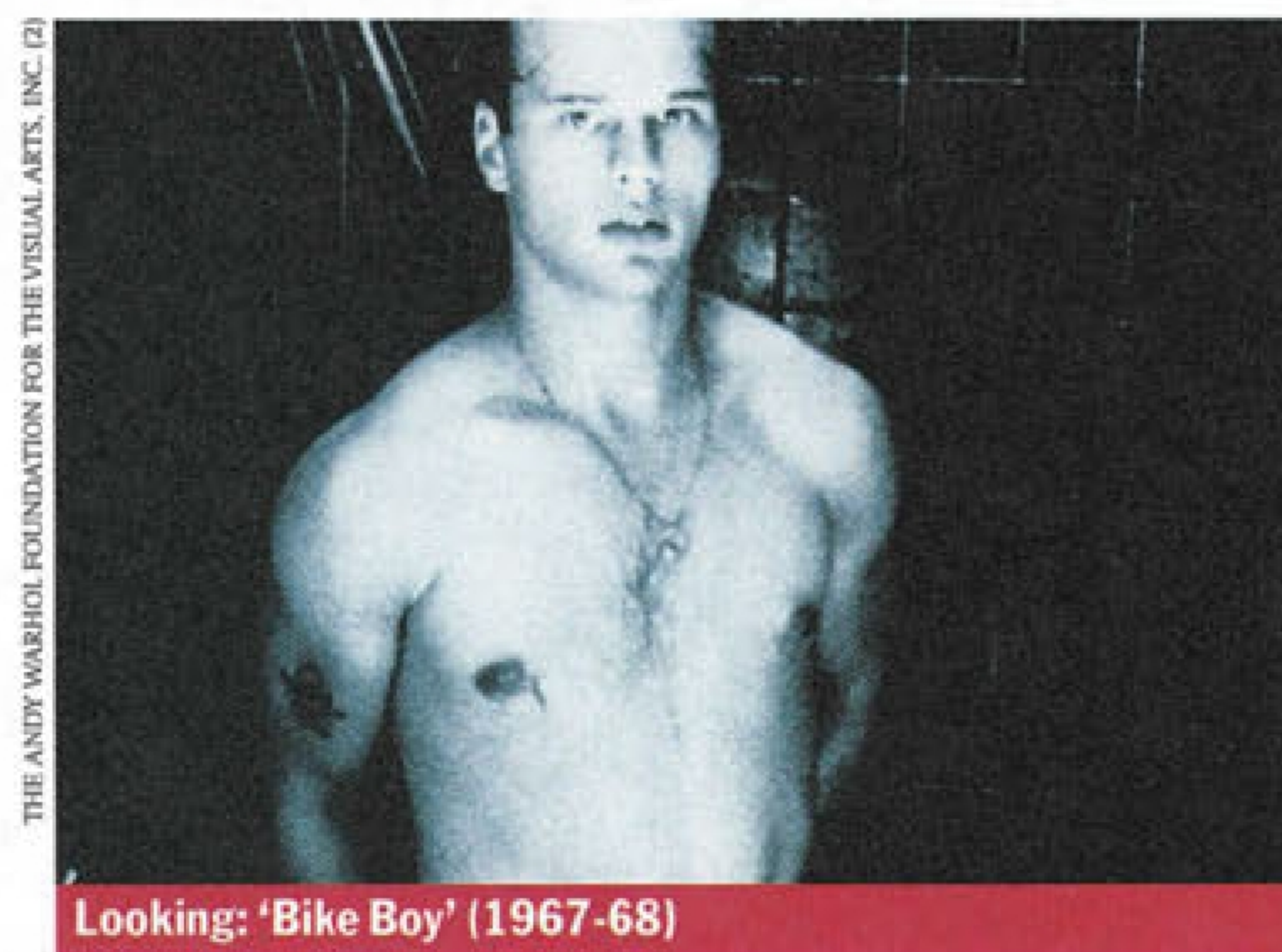
What Warhol threw up on the screen was basically a single shot removed from the editing language that facilitates narrative in the movies. And it's the absence of narrative that is so off-putting to viewers conditioned by Hollywood. Warhol's cinema frames time as it passes. (The films thus invert the strategy of the silkscreen *Disaster* series, in which time, stopped dead, is framed – over and over again.) Warhol described his silent films of the early 60s in terms of their extraordinary duration: *Sleep*, intended as an eight-hour film of a man sleeping (which actually turned out to be only 5 hours 21 minutes at 16 fps); *Empire*, an eight-hour film of the Empire State Building framed from a single camera position. The minimalists were making very large paintings and sculptures; Warhol made very long films.

It would be a mistake, however, to think that Warhol was interested in real time. "My time is not your time" is the message of the silent films, from *Sleep* (1963) to *Henry Geldzahler* (1964). By being shot at sound speed and projected at silent speed (i.e. slowed by a third), the films unwind at a pace that is out of sync with the rhythms of the viewer. This disjunction – between the body clock of the person as image and the body clock of the person watching – heightens the viewer's alienation from the image. It makes us aware of the image as 'other' and therefore unknowable. Hollywood codes of realism elide the gap between seeing and knowing; Warhol's films reinforce it.

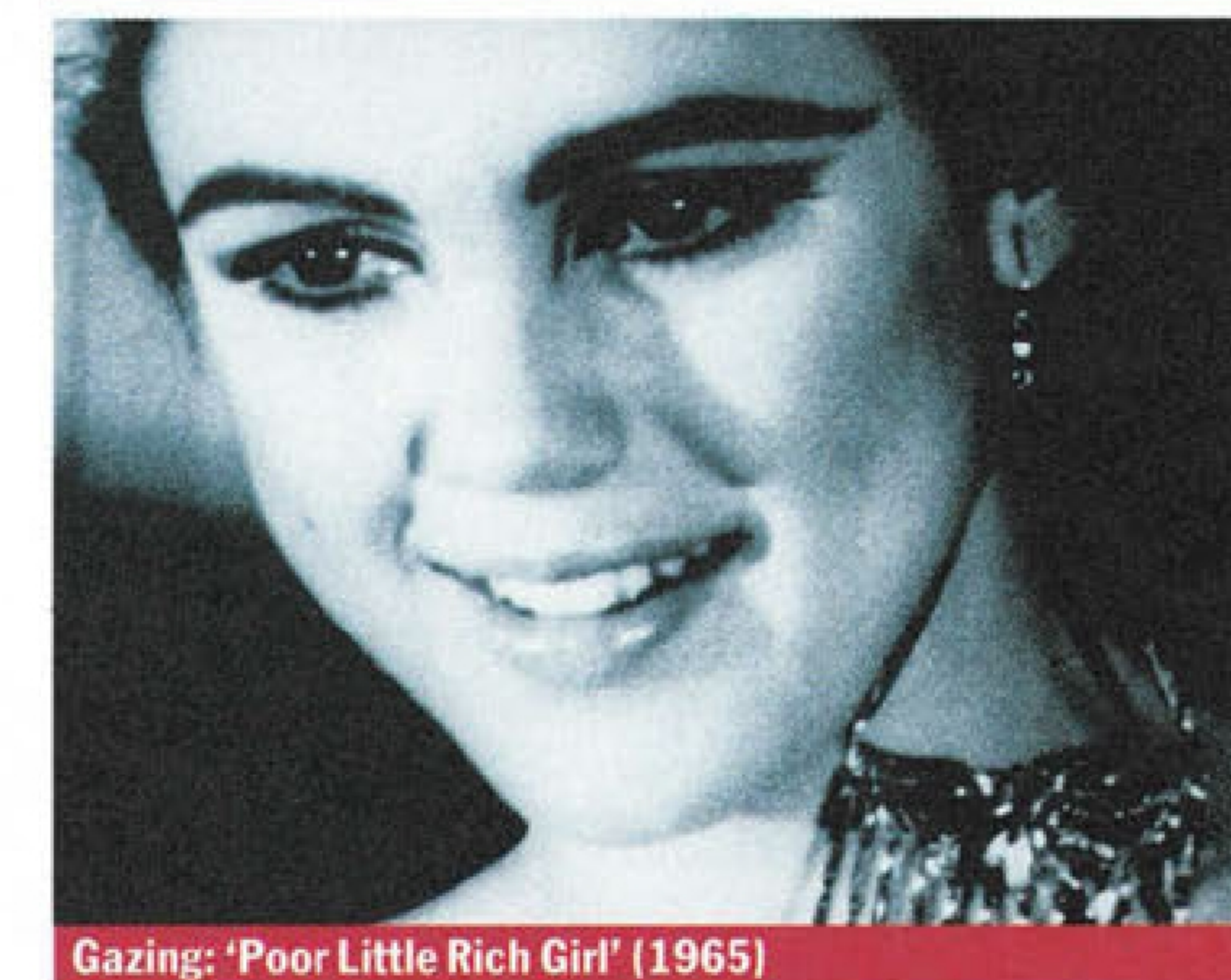
"My time is not your time" is also the message of the double-screen talkies, of which the



Watching: 'Eat' (1963)



Looking: 'Bike Boy' (1967-68)



Gazing: 'Poor Little Rich Girl' (1965)

best known is *The Chelsea Girls* (1966). Prior to making *The Chelsea Girls*, Warhol had begun to show most of the talkies from 1964 and 1965 (the Ronald Tavel-scripted films, the Edie Sedgwick films) as double-screen projections. Thirty-three-minute reels that had been filmed sequentially (using a single-system sync-sound Auricon camera) and, indeed, in 'real time', were shown simultaneously. By splitting the viewer's attention between two shots, real time is effectively cancelled. Warhol's double-screen experiments climaxed with the 25-hour film **** (aka *Four Stars*), shown only once in 1968 and not yet reconstructed.

Most Warhol films open in stillness. Initially, one feels as disoriented by the image as when unexpectedly catching sight of one's reflection in a mirror on the street. The image seems both incomprehensible and strangely familiar, distanced and confrontational. Certain areas are too dark to read (notably in *Haircut #1*, *Vinyl* or *Beauty #2*); when a part of the body is framed in close-up, it's difficult to make out exactly what we're looking at (as in *Sleep* or *Lupe*). What's most disconcerting, however, is the marked frontality of the image, our sense that the performers, though operating in some radically different time zone, are directing their attention not at us, but at least towards us, or rather towards something that once occupied a place

isomorphic with the place in which we are seated. In other words, the camera.

All Warhol's films celebrate the presence of the camera. The great Warhol 'superstars' – Mario Montez, Fred Herko, Edie Sedgwick, Nico, Viva – never concealed their awareness of the camera and often played directly to it, thus undermining a fundamental rule of Hollywood realism. The intensity of their relation to the camera – their unmistakable libidinal investment in the image they project for it – mirrors the viewer's libidinal investment in the image on the screen. In *Stargazer*, Koch analyses the profoundly narcissistic dynamics of Warhol's art: "So narcissism means dividing the self to obviate the threat of needing others. All its energy, all its eros, all its sweetness, all its rage are directed toward this repressive end, which is almost never recognised as repression, because it is a repression that takes the form of desire... it is desire as frustration.

"The narcissist yearns for wholeness because he feels himself divided, and his self-division finds its very image as he stands before the mirror. His divided autonomy is preferred to a wholeness of self. Yet that wholeness – obscurely intuited, loved as another is loved, mysteriously immanent in the mirror – is also his most dire image of self obliteration. That is his dilemma."

"I'll be your mirror" sang the Velvet Underground and Nico in 1965, a decade before the Lacanian take-over of film theory. Warhol's camera was the mirror of the Warhol scene, but the scene also reflected on him. The scene was as much Warhol's product as were the films it inspired. It is still extraordinarily strange to imagine a person turning out some of the major works of twentieth-century art in a studio filled with people, most of them strangers to him. There was a core group of assistants, art-world powerbrokers, collectors, current and aspiring superstars. And then there were all these others coming and going – pop and underground celebrities, socialites, poets, photographers, models, drug dealers, hustlers, transvestites, beautiful boys and girls. "Knock and announce yourself" read the sign on the door of the 47th Street Factory. People came to score sex, drugs, fame. The primary sexual orientation was gay; the drug of choice was speed. Some came to see the freaks, others to freak out. But primarily they came because the camera was always running. The camera inspired 'acting out'.

Death at work

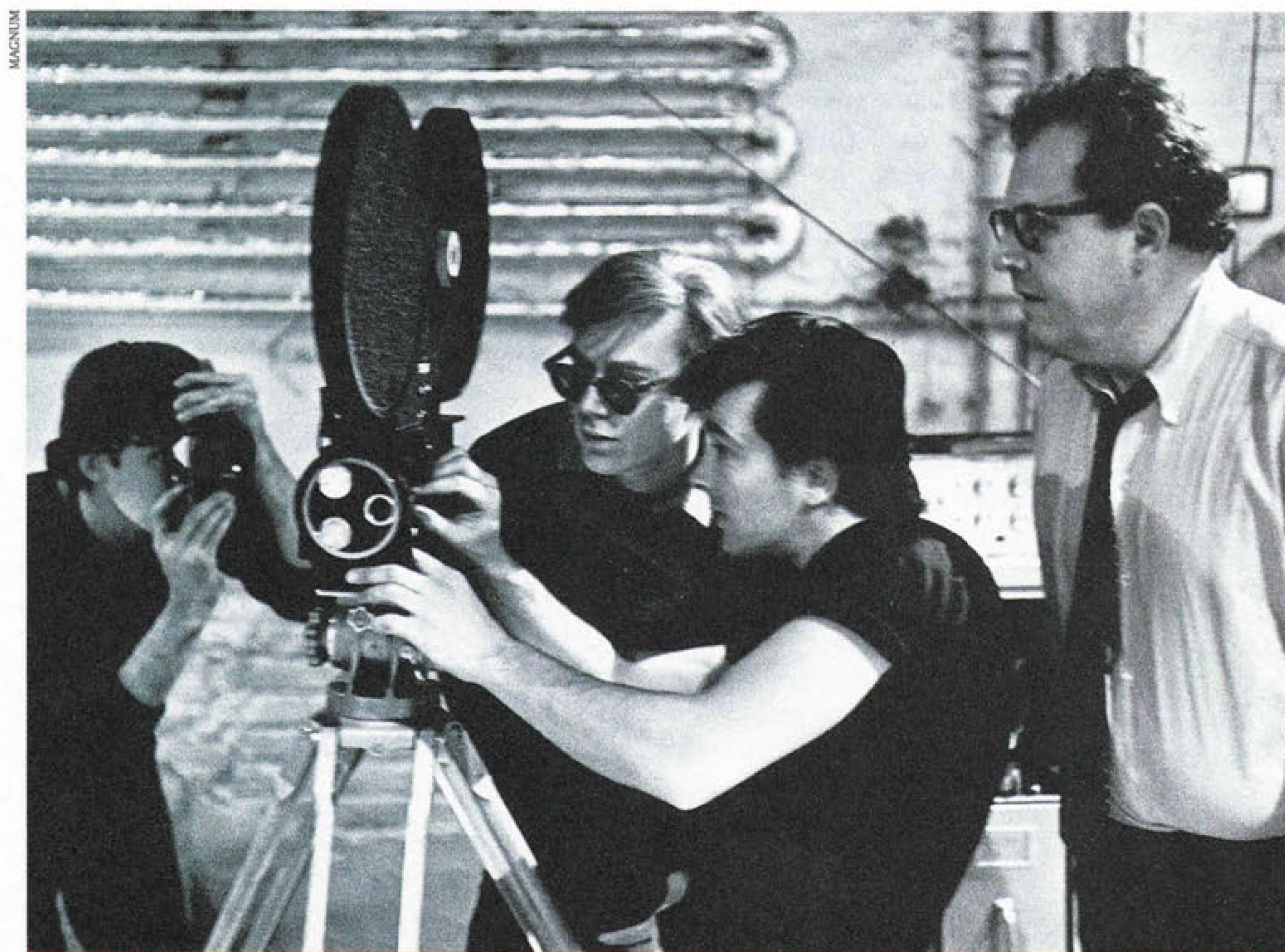
Warhol presided over this alternative family like an inaccessible, inverse father figure: a father who in gesture and voice, as Victor Bockris notes in *The Life and Death of Andy Warhol*, was the incarnation of his childhood idol, the eight-year-old Shirley Temple; a father who licensed behaviours that were taboo, even to the imagination, in the conservative, working-class Catholic immigrant family of his 'real' childhood; a father who, despite his seeming passivity, was all-powerful. Warhol was the sole arbiter of whose concepts or scenarios were made into movies, of who became a star and who languished in the shadows. He almost

never said no, but given the numbers of people clamouring for his attention, he seldom said yes. For those vying to be noticed, the scene was a perpetual audition. Most of them took out their frustration on one another, until Valerie Solanis, who couldn't get Warhol to commit to her screenplay, pumped the master himself full of lead. Warhol didn't die but the scene did. He had exhausted it anyway; what came next was by invitation only.

In Koch's terms, Warhol became a star by being a "stargazer", which is not precisely the same as being an auteur, although the 60s infatuation with auteurism contributed to Warhol's conflating of the artist with the film director. (It wasn't until the 70s that he replaced both models with that of the producer. "After I did the thing called 'art' or what ever it's called, I went into business art.")

It's an oft-remarked-upon paradox that the most recognisable image Warhol produced was his own, that the star power of the shy voyeur eclipsed that of the under- and above-ground celebrities who were the ostensible subjects of his work. Appropriately, the first image one sees upon entering the new Andy Warhol Museum in Pittsburgh (the most ambitious single-artist museum in the world except perhaps the Picasso museum in Paris), is of Warhol himself. It's one of the death-head-like 1986 self-portraits: hair standing on end in petrified spikes, skullbones outlined through thin skin that glows as if radioactive, gaze frozen in bewildered horror before what it sees – which is nothing more or less than its own reflection in the lens of the camera. One thinks, of course, of Cocteau: "The camera shows death at work." But one is also struck by the historic specificity of the image; it's the face of someone trapped between Hiroshima and the age of Aids, someone for whom death has the luminescence of the television screen. In any event, as Koch wrote in 1973 at the end of *Stargazer*: "We are left with nothing but the works and their Theme... It is death alright, so let it be death, and I think we'd better take a good, long look."

Awesome in their emptiness, the late self-portraits are less evocative than the occasional snapshots taken of, but not by, Warhol during the Factory film years. Peering through the viewfinder of his 16 mm camera or sitting next to the projector during a screening, Warhol's face has the absorbed, disassociated look of a child sitting in front of a television set or a hacker contemplating the computer screen. "The charm of the child lies to a great extent in his narcissism, his self-content and inaccessibility," wrote Freud. "Indeed, even the great criminals and humorists, as they are represented in literature compel our interest by the narcissistic consistency with which they manage to keep away from their ego anything that would diminish it." How better to contain the danger immanent in the factory scene than to make it into an image – a virtual world, exciting but never threatening. Once the camera rolled, Warhol never intervened in the action taking place before it. He merely watched through the viewfinder, responding with an occasional zoom, tilt or pan. One imagines that if Warhol, for whom the telephone was a life-



The presence of the camera: Eve Arnold's shot of Warhol making one of his sound films

line, were alive today, he'd be trolling the Internet, lurking in MUDS, enthralled by other people having virtual sex, absorbing on-line conferences about, say, the horror of Rwanda.

"In Warhol's view," writes Callie Angell (who since 1991 has been working on a *catalogue raisonné* of the films) in her essay for *The Andy Warhol Museum* catalogue, "television and his movies were 'just one big thing' – 'a lot of pictures of cigarettes, cops, cowboys, kids, war, all cutting in and out of each other without stopping.' Eventually, once the preservation of the Warhol film and video collection has been completed, it will be possible to consider Warhol's films and videotapes together as a single prodigious body of work, the results of three decades of non-stop effort in which the artist seemed to be laboring to create his own version of the omnipresent media culture".

Crumbling masquerade

Unquestionably, the films are part of a project that's bigger – and longer – than any of them, but viewed individually, they prove singularly resistant to assimilation. There's something archaic about *Haircut*, or *Beauty #2*, or *Henry Geldzahler*. They reference a world before television, when the body, fetishised in celluloid, was projected larger than life. They're a response to the Hollywood films Warhol grew up on, the films that were available to every American, just like Campbell Soup. They're a camp send-up and furious attack on the Hollywood myth of sexual normality – that men are men and women are women, that sexual identity is naturally determined by genitalia, that men desire women (and act on their desires) and that women desire only to be desired by men (and therefore are allowed certain artifices to make their femininity more alluring and thus give men more pleasure).

Warhol's films, from *Sleep* to *The Chelsea Girls* (excluding the sexploitation films that begin with *My Hustler* and continue in collaboration

with Paul Morrissey) are made from a deeply transvestite position, from the position of the boy who identified with Shirley Temple. Warhol understood that the distinction between identification and desire is not as clean-cut as Hollywood pretended. He took Hollywood's great subject – sexual identity – and destabilised it, turning it inside out and every which way. In Warhol's films, sexual identity is never naturalised. Constructed as masquerade, it is an imperfect shield for a terrible anxiety about sexual difference. The Warhol superstars are either drag queens (Mario Montez, Fred Herko, Candy Darling), or women who exaggerate their femininity out of the fear of being mistaken for boys (Edie Sedgwick, Viva), or studs (Gerard Malanga, Joe Dallesandro) whose obsessive focus on their own groins suggests a secret suspicion things might not be in order.

For all its seeming passivity, Warhol's camera is a weapon. Before its impassive gaze, the sexual masquerade crumbles, revealing raw narcissistic wounds and pathological insecurities as great as Warhol's own (and even greater when magnified by the projector). No one – not the most beautiful women nor the most beautiful boys, not the rich nor the famous – was immune from the fear that the camera would find something wrong. The would-be superstars flocked to the Factory to have their narcissistic investment in their own sexuality confirmed; the camera left them in shreds. One can remember no more than a dozen moments in all those hours of film when the performers are *not* in an agony of self-consciousness – though desperately pretending otherwise. Billy Linich and Fred Herko, co-conspirators in the castration metaphor implicit in *Haircut #1*, turning to the camera and laughing at the audience for being taken in; Viva cooking in *Blue Movie*, relaxed once her ordeal of fucking on camera is over, are among the exceptions.

The only subject to remain totally impervious to Warhol's camera was the Empire ►

◀ State Building. The most infamously conceptual of the films, *Empire* is actually one of the most visually subtle and richly reflexive. The longer one watches, the stronger the desire one feels to witness some structural collapse, some disturbance of that phallic monumentality. "The Empire State Building is a star," said Warhol, mocking the model to which no man can measure up.

Contagious boredom

Certainly not Henry Geldzahler. The morning after he shot *Empire*, Warhol used the rented camera and two left-over 1,200-foot magazines to shoot a silent, 99-minute portrait of the then Curator of Contemporary Art at the Metropolitan Museum – who was also a personal friend and power-broker for his art-world career. Like *Empire*, *Henry Geldzahler* is a silent, single-shot film. Geldzahler is positioned in medium shot at one end of a curving velvet couch facing the camera. His initial pose, as Callie Angell notes, "bears a remarkable resemblance to Picasso's 1906 portrait of Gertrude Stein which was on display in the Metropolitan Museum. In both portraits the solid shape of the sitter, formally posed with hand on hip, is enthroned within the curve of an equally solid piece of furniture." According to Angell, Warhol turned on the camera and left the room, returning some 35 minutes later to reload and then departing.

Left to his own devices, Geldzahler begins by nonchalantly staring down the camera. He has armed himself with sunglasses and a large cigar which is not, on this occasion, "just a cigar" – Geldzahler is one of the few intellectuals to appear before Warhol's camera, and he makes sure that we know he means to outsmart it. For the first 20 minutes or so, it looks as if he is pondering the entire history of Modernist portraiture and the place of the motion picture within it. But no sooner does one impose this narrative on the film than one begins to question the basis for the assumption. Is it something in the way he flicks his cigar or tilts his head? Or is this imagined narrative suggested by what one knows about Geldzahler in the real world rather than what one perceives in the image? It's possible that Modernist aesthetics are nowhere in his mind. And yet...

Geldzahler passes his hand across his brow. Unlike his earlier magisterial gestures, this one is involuntary. It takes him by surprise. It upsets him. He carefully rearranges himself, takes off his glasses, puts them back on, as if to show he's in control of the image he's presenting. But the involuntary gestures keep coming. Now there's something decidedly swish about them. And Spanish. Is he following a train of associations that began with Picasso? Or has Geldzahler been inhabited by Mario Montez, the Factory's reigning drag queen?

In any event, he is beginning to look unnerved. He sinks into the couch, feigns sleep, twitches, sweats – and then, suddenly, he seems to give up. He disengages from the power struggle with the camera and sits slumped over, an expression of total boredom on his face. The boredom is contagious. But how can that be? How can one feel empathy with an image that's so distant, so locked within its own



Ready: Warhol with Nico shooting 'The Chelsea Girls'

time zone – 1964, flickering on the screen, eight frames per second slower than life?

Geldzahler starts to move around on the couch, more anxious than ever. He stubs out the last of the cigar. His hands move restlessly between his face and his lap. Then suddenly his arms fly up, he clasps his hands behind his head, he straightens his neck – and finds himself as Manet's *Olympia*. Could this indeed be his fantasy, or is it this viewer's projection? In any event, the brief moment of triumph fades. Geldzahler scrunches down into the couch, curled in foetal position, his hand over his face. A few minutes later, the film is over.

The antithesis of *cinéma vérité*, *Henry Geldzahler* demonstrates the power of the camera to transform its subject, to instigate a narcissistic splitting in which the self becomes totally invested in its own image, an image which is both excessive and never enough. Warhol pursued this line of attack the following year in the sound portraits of Edie Sedgwick (*Poor Little Rich Girl* and *Beauty #2*) and in *Paul Swan*, a portrait of an 80-year-old former Isadora Duncan dancer who continued to perform the 'aesthetic' dances he'd choreographed at the turn of the century long after his limbs turned arthritic and his flesh spread through every gap in his costumes. Warhol filmed Swan's performance on a tiny, torn-tapestry-draped stage illuminated by four hardware store floodlights. As Swan plods through his atrophied routines, one imagines Warhol peering through the lens at his possible future, especially when Swan reveals a shoe fetish that Drella (Warhol's Factory nickname, a combination of Dracula and Cinderella) could relate to. At one point Swan leaves the stage to poke about for 20 minutes in the wings, looking for a shoe without which he can't continue.

If Swan seems painfully (or perhaps blissfully) unaware that the film unfolding in his head has nothing to do with the film Warhol is shooting ("You'll cut all this out anyway, won't

you?" he queries when an on-stage costume change proves awkward), Sedgwick, in *Beauty #2*, drunk and stoned though she is, realises she is being set up and fights back. Seated on her bed, clad in a black lace bra and bikini pants, she is pulled in three directions at once. To her left on the bed is Gino, a dumb hustler type whom she has ostensibly brought home for a quick fuck. Facing her, but off-screen, is her former lover Chuck Wein, who keeps needling her about her looks, her voice, her mannerisms, her self-involvement – and anything else he can think of. And to her right is Warhol's envious camera, waiting for her to break. The camera is placed so that the tiny strip of Sedgwick's bikini is dead centre in the frame. Twisting nervously on the bed, she keeps her thighs pressed together as she shifts her legs from left to right and back again. As the film wears on, one realises that its objective is to destroy the upper-class social poise which is her only source of power and the only protection for her fragile sexual identity. Only if she loses herself completely will she spread her legs, and it's this sign of defeat that the camera waits to capture. It never comes.

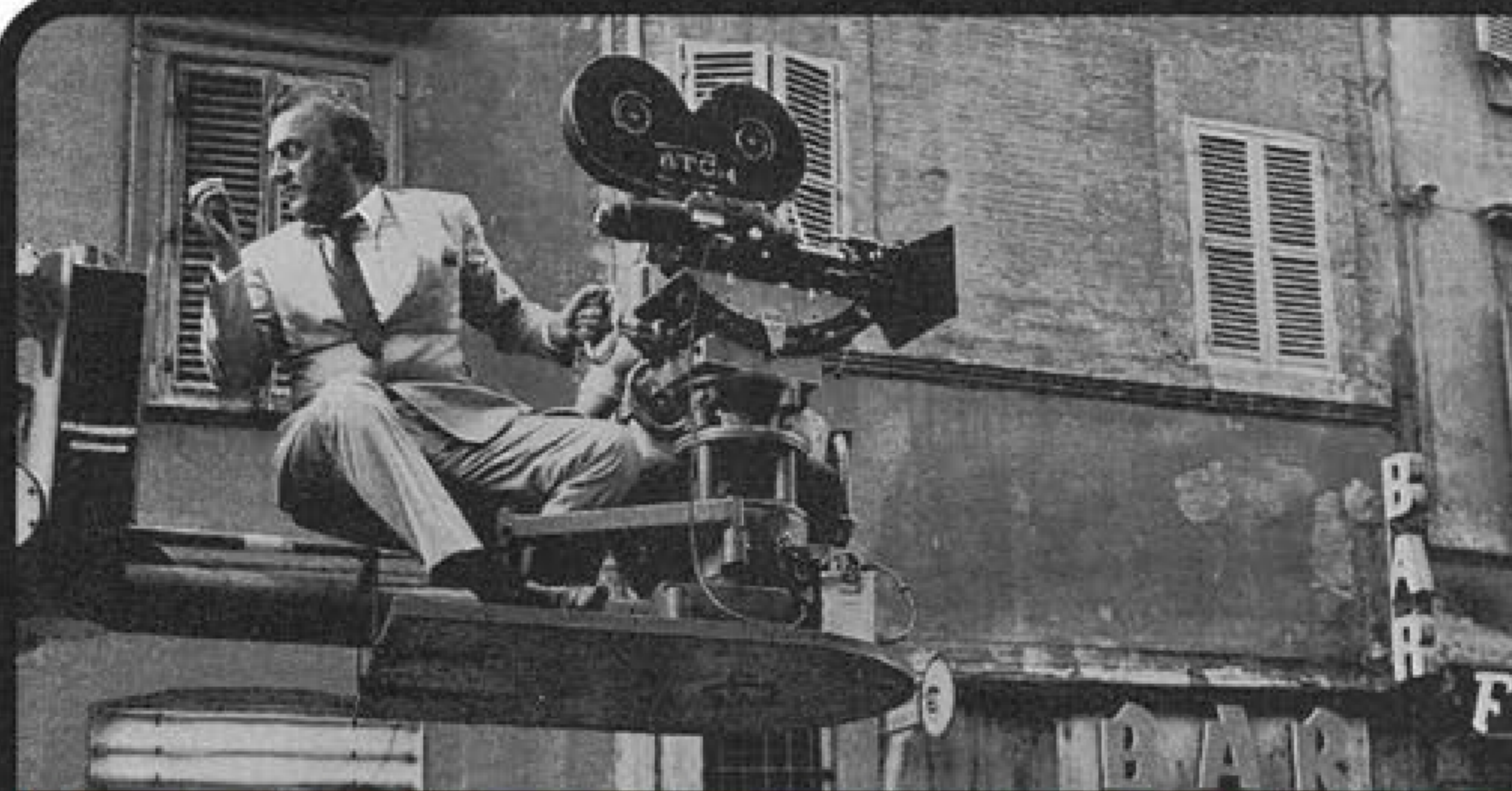
These extended portraits are among the most extraordinary films in the history of cinema. And it's possible that there are other comparable films in Warhol's collection that haven't yet been restored. Considering that the collection comprises over 4,000 reels of film, the preservation and cataloguing could take 20 years. Approximately one-third of the material is original (camera original or printing masters); the rest is prints and out-takes. Many of the films exist in multiple versions; some come with detailed notes that function as clues to Warhol's working methods.

Vested interests

In death, as in life, Warhol is surrounded by a number of vested interests: MoMA, the Whitney, the Warhol Foundation (all of which are involved in the preservation work); the Andy Warhol Museum (which has acquired about 60 film prints but also plans to show videotape transfers of the films); and, of course, former collaborators and associates, all of whom want to preserve their place in the legend. The Warhol Foundation intends to generate income from the films by releasing them on video, laser discs and interactive media. The foundation recently licensed a version of *The Chelsea Girls*, which preserves the double-screen format by cropping half of each screen, to be shown on Channel 4 television.

Watching a film like *Henry Geldzahler* on video is like walking into a museum and seeing an 10 x 8 magazine reproduction hung in place of a painting (or whipping through the Prado on CD-ROM, a likely possibility in the near future). If there was anything Warhol understood, it was how 'presence' is medium-specific. Of course, 'presence' is an art issue. Unfortunately, what is still being debated is whether these films are art or business. That Warhol would have claimed to love the confusion is totally beside the point.

'The Films of Andy Warhol: Part II' was screened at the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York



LEARN FILM MAKING

WRITE • SHOOT • DIRECT • EDIT

YOUR OWN SHORT FILM IN OUR HANDS-ON INTENSIVE EIGHT WEEK WORKSHOPS USING 16MM ARRIFLEX CAMERAS. LEARN CONCEPTS OF DIRECTING, STORY, CAMERA, LIGHTING, SOUND AND EDITING IN A TOTAL IMMERSION COURSE DESIGNED AND TAUGHT BY AWARD-WINNING INSTRUCTORS.

"CARPE DIEM"

TUITION \$4000

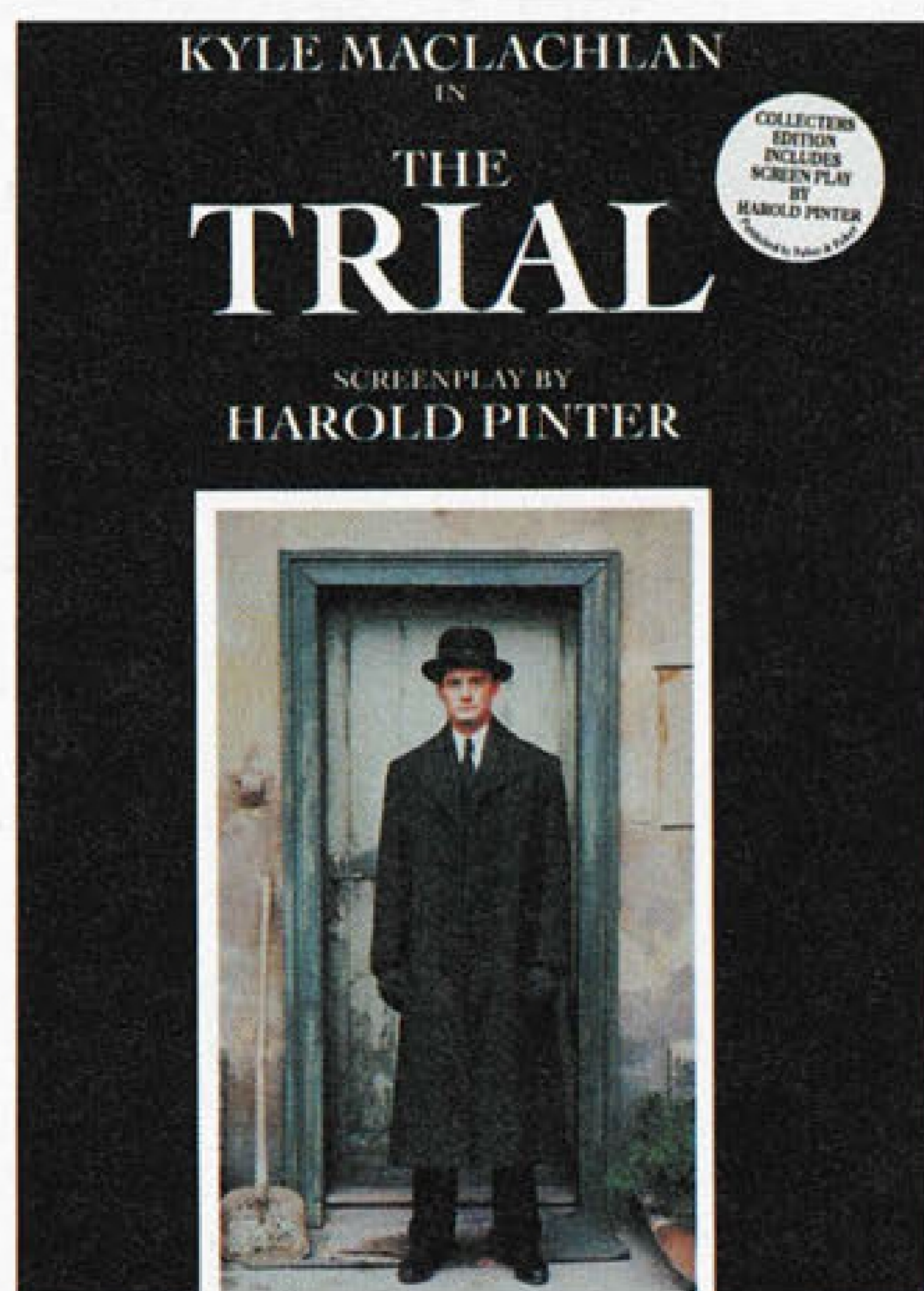
NEW WORKSHOPS BEGINNING EVERY MONTH

**NEW YORK FILM ACADEMY
TRIBECA FILM CENTER**

375 GREENWICH STREET NYC 10013 TEL: 212-941-4007 FAX: 212-941-3866

**"The \$9 Million production with A GILT
EDGED CAST" The Evening Standard**

**COLLECTORS
EDITION**



Includes screenplay (published by Faber and Faber) and the original video inlay.

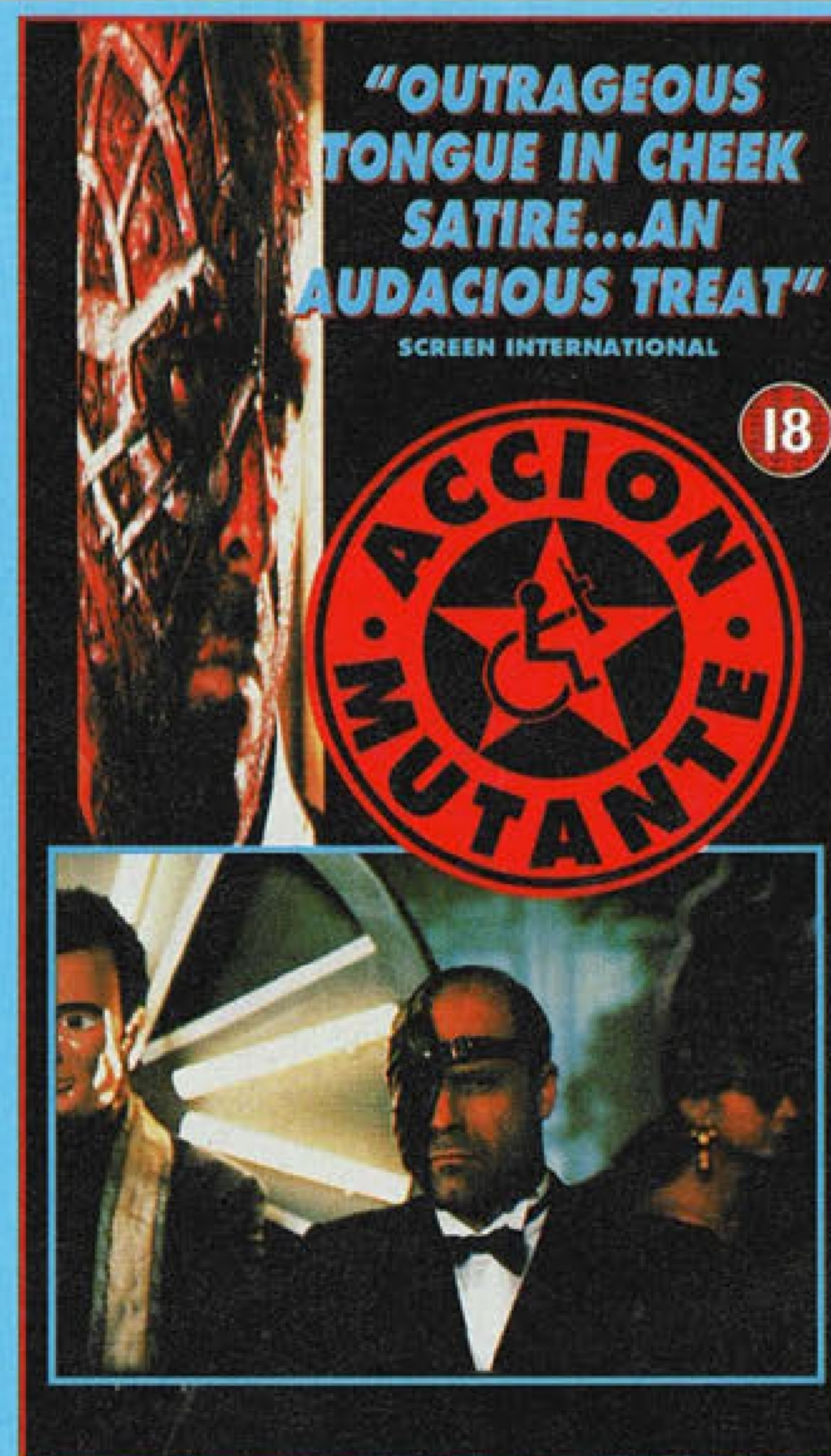
Available from WHSmith, Virgin Megastores, HMV, Tower. S.R.P. £19.99

**"Wild Grossed
out and Steamy"
The Scotsman**

**"Mad Max on a
couple of
thousand pesetas"
The Guardian**

**"Outrageous
tongue in cheek
satire" Screen
International**

**"Delirious bad
taste" Empire**



Available from WHSmiths, Virgin Megastores, HMV, Tower.

Price £15.99

'Shopping' is one of a new wave of British films made by the multiplex generation. Are they a cause for celebration? By Nick Roddick

● "If the United States spoke Spanish," the late Leon Clore, producer of *The French Lieutenant's Woman* said despairingly to me some time around 1982, "there would be a British film industry." Today, the words 'British' and 'cinema' seem to be back in vogue, linked as though their juxtaposition added something to both. The ostensible reason is the arrival of the 'multiplex generation' of film-makers – a movement which seems to have gone from non-existence to accepted sound-bite without having had to recruit members or issue a manifesto.

The middle months of 1994 have seen – or

will see – the release of four films loosely associated with this generation: Chris Jones' *White Angel*, Vadim Jean's *Beyond Bedlam*, Ngozi Onwurah's *Welcome to the Terrordome* and Paul Anderson's *Shopping*. "We're part of a new wave of British film-makers who are not afraid of saying we like *Lethal Weapon* and are impressed by big action directors," says *Shopping*'s producer Jeremy Bolt. "My aim," adds director Anderson, "has always been to make a movie that would kick some ass in this country – the sort of film you could open in Leicester Square rather than a couple of art-house cinemas. But also a movie that would play abroad as well."

In historical terms it seems an impossibly tall order. Elsewhere in Europe – Holland and Switzerland for instance, where they have lots of money but not much cinematic tradition – attempts to produce American-style movies

(films that would "kick ass") have been more or less unmitigated disasters. Nothing seems able to alter the fact that outside its country of origin, a non-American film equals an art film.

Like most cultural developments, the multiplex generation didn't come out of nowhere. Assuming that one of the subtexts of Bolt and Anderson's claim is that they want to make films that will be commercially as well as (or even rather than) critically successful, then *Absolute Beginners* – if not the whole history of Palace Pictures – belongs to the same tradition. So do films as different as Beban Kidron's *Vroom*, Mike Figgis' *Stormy Monday* and David Cohen's *The Pleasure Principle*. Indeed, film-makers who set out specifically *not* to make money are mercifully rare, even in Britain.

But the adjective 'multiplex' is a significant qualifier, not just a trendy catchphrase. Multi-

WELCOME TO THE MULTIPLEX



A rarity among British movies: Ngozi Onwurah's 'Welcome to the Terrordome', with its mix of political ambition and popular styles

plexes, which transformed the US theatrical business in the 70s, began to do the same for Europe in the 80s. In Brussels, the 28-screen Kinopolis doubled the city's attendance figures in the first year it was open. In France – a country which resisted the multiplex phenomenon for longer than any other in the (probably correct) belief that it would accelerate the Americanisation of the French way of life – the Pathé Grand Ciel, which opened last year outside the southern industrial city of Toulon, boosted local admissions by 60 per cent. In Britain such statistical comparisons may not be possible, but no one disputes the fact that the turnaround in film-going (1994's admission figures look set to double those of 1984) has happened as a result of the building of multiplexes.

What this means is that any film-maker in his or her 20s or early 30s is likely to have spent

the formative moviegoing years of, say, 18 to 25 in a numbered box with anonymous acoustic wall coverings rather than in a converted music hall with cast-iron seats and a noisy toilet. In the 80s and 90s, art films have played on BBC2 and Channel 4. Cinemas, on the other hand, have been screening *Lethal Weapon*, *Die Hard*, *The Terminator* and *Beethoven*. The cinematic culture created by this experience is bound to be different from that of the 60s. What is more, given the coolly cynical mood of the times – inevitably reflected in mainstream Hollywood movies – it is likely also to be different from that of the 30s, the last period in which Hollywood set the cultural trends.

Of course, the aims of the multiplex generation are not just to gatecrash the mainstream: they also set out to make films for and about the main moviegoing audience, that all-perva-

sive Club 18-30 to whom Godard and Wenders (and even Tony Richardson and Karel Reisz) also once appealed. And they intend to do this in a style that will be recognisable to that audience: the spot-welded style of modern American movies rather than the seamless one of classic Hollywood, as practised by European directors such as Paul Verhoeven and Renny Harlin, not John Ford and Howard Hawks – and certainly not Eric Rohmer and Bille August. The influence of music videos goes without saying.

The four films mentioned above are different in content but similar in approach. *Shopping* is essentially an action movie about a group of disaffected kids who get their kicks stealing cars and ram-raiding. *White Angel* is an ingenious entry into the serial-killer-movie stakes, bringing together a woman who has murdered her husband and bricked up his ►



Kinetic energy: Paul Anderson's 'Shopping', a ram-raiding action movie with social concerns

◀ body in the living room and her lodger (the serial killer of the title) who does the deed in drag and a long blonde wig. *Beyond Bedlam*, from the same team that produced the gently comic *Leon the Pig Farmer*, is a Grand Guignol horror movie about a psychopath who can enter the dreams of his victims and also confront them with murderous hallucinations. And *Welcome to the Terrordome* is an ambitious, angry allegory of race relations (or rather, non-relations) set in the futuristic ghetto of the title, but with a prologue that explicitly links modern-day racism to the history of slavery.

While *Shopping* relies on expertly handled kinetic energy and *Beyond Bedlam* follows the well-worn trick of using genre as a path to artistic freedom, *Terrordome* is that rarity among British movies: a serious political argument that draws on a range of styles (*Boyz n the Hood*, rap videos, Sergio Leone, experimental cinema) with wildly varying degrees of success to hit its target audience. It is difficult to detect a style of any kind in *White Angel*, other than the bland efficiency of a TV Movie of the Week. But *Shopping*, *Beyond Bedlam* and *Terrordome* all set action and atmosphere above motivation, camera movements before characterisation. As in *Lethal Weapon* and *Basic Instinct*, impact is all.

And all four films (although again the effect is less marked in *White Angel*) create worlds and rules of their own in much the same way as modern Hollywood action movies do: worlds in which dialogue is an exchange of terse semi-sentences and wisecracks and motivation is indicated at best by shorthand (Billy in *Shopping* comes from a deprived background, therefore he steals cars), at worst by a nod to genre convention (an alienated, foul-mouthed male cop and a vulnerable female scientist involved in a dangerous experiment are flung together in *Beyond Bedlam*). Narrative cohesion and a developing drama are clearly not primary concerns. But then an audience used to reading the extreme juxtapositions and narrative leaps of a music video is unlikely to demand either.

All of this scarcely adds up to an approach designed to endear the films to the critics in the quality press, almost all of whom come from the pre-multiplex generation. Indeed, the response to *Shopping* when it premiered at the Sundance Festival in January was one of outrage. *Variety*'s Todd McCarthy, who is among North America's most perceptive and 'open' reviewers, lost his bottle entirely. "A candidate for cultdom in theory only," he thundered, "these would-be rebels without a cause will remain rabble without applause." We shall see, since *Shopping* has yet to open commercially. But McCarthy's point of reference may well be the most significant part of his comment: none of the principals in *Shopping* – nor, I would guess, any of the other films – was even born when *Rebel without a Cause* was released.

But the killing irony for the multiplex generation in the UK is that their work is far more likely to win critical attention than it is to have commercial success. Neither *White Angel* nor *Beyond Bedlam* came within hailing distance of the box-office top ten in their opening weeks. Both did indeed play in multiplexes quite close to Leicester Square, but neither lasted long.



Chris Jones' 'White Angel': more than a TV movie?

Playing the commercial card – the "kick ass" approach – is always tricky, since the box office is in the end far harsher than the critic's word.

Moreover, the 'multiplex generation' label carries a formidable sting in its tail. Multiplexes are part of the machinery of mainstream cinema, designed to enable the product to reach as many shelves as possible before it passes its sell-by date – that is, before the short-term effect of the launch publicity has worn off. They are designed for the real thing – Hollywood movies – not the wannabes, however good (and *Shopping* is undeniably that). Eight weeks is a lifetime in a multiplex. After that, even the most successful movie is shunted off into two shows a day (when I saw it, *Beyond Bedlam* was playing split days with *The Aristocats*).

Not, of course, that the figures for Jean's film are worse than those for any number of critically acclaimed British art films, least of all those produced – to a very different agenda – by the BFI. *Young Soul Rebels* won a prize at Cannes but not so many votes at the British box office. *Anchoress* was similarly in official selection at Cannes last year, but found a UK theatrical home for only a few weeks at the Everyman in September. In the end, it will be the quality – the energy? the passion? – of the films that means they succeed or fail, regardless of whether they are British or not, whether they are made for multiplexes or for art houses, whether they are designed to kick ass or to contribute to ongoing critical debates.

In Hollywood they make movies to make money – around 500 of them a year – but only perhaps 50 cover both their production and marketing costs. In Britain we can't afford that kind of batting average, so making movies to make money is not, in itself, a particularly useful starting point. What we do need is a variety of approaches – not just the traditionally British *Remains of the Day* model (made, of course, by a US director and an Indian producer from a script by a German based on a Japanese novel), nor the alternative strand represented by the BFI, where ideology and economics are constantly at war with occasionally bizarre results, as in the as-yet unreleased *Psychotherapy*.

The Britishness of the Merchant-Ivory films is a left-hand-drive export model, though it is curious to note that the house style has not changed since the Boston-set Henry James ada-

ptations of the early 80s and presumably will not change for the piece of earlier Americana, *Jefferson in Paris*, which is now in production. Even a British viewer is a cultural tourist in a Merchant-Ivory film. At the other end of the spectrum, the BFI model is also for export, though generally only as far as the European film festival circuit, and as such falls into the same category as 90 per cent of current European production: films which have every reason to be made except that of being wanted by an identifiable audience. I know because as a member of the BFI Production Board for three years I have been in part responsible for quite a few of them.

It is, in most respects, an unsolvable dilemma, between whose horns British cinema has been tossed for as long as anyone can remember: make indigenous films like *On the Black Hill* which do not particularly interest the indigenous population but have a certain folkloric attraction for foreigners; or make commercially conceived films like *Dust Devil* and fail to pull them off. It has been said before, but remains as true as ever: the best people for making American films are Americans.

The concept of the multiplex generation (if not necessarily the achievements of the first batch of films) does, however, point in a direction which may be newer than it seems: that of a generation of visually sophisticated film-makers whose experience is of a Britain far removed from the niceties of *This Happy Breed*, but who view that world as subject matter, not social problem. The most encouraging aspect of the phenomenon is that its film-makers wholeheartedly embrace the popular, from a distinctly British perspective. Equally encouraging is that the main UK partner in *Shopping* was Channel 4, long the bastion of a very different kind of British film production.

In purely commercial terms, the problem with most of *Film on Four* has been that the stories they tell are at once too limited and too complex. In the grand old tradition of British television, they consistently put meaning before entertainment. But no one could say that of *Shopping*. Anderson's film is no *Reservoir Dogs*, but it does belong to a tradition in which the story is told through action and in which meanings are there for the taking, as they were in the films of Howard Hawks.

The decisive factor will be whether Anderson and Onwurah and Jean can continue to work in the UK – unlike Alan Parker, Ridley Scott and Tony Scott, to name but three British directors from the Saturday-matinée generation who have managed to combine commercial success with a recognisable style, or more recent émigrés such as Mick Jackson, Michael Caton-Jones and Danny Cannon. My guess is that they won't: it's hard to resist when somebody offers you the means to do what you have always wanted to do, only better. But if they do, their take on the film-making process may just turn out to be the critically unfashionable, populist burst of energy that British cinema needs to take it out of its comfortable defeatism.

'*Beyond Bedlam*' and '*White Angel*' are currently on release; '*Shopping*' opens on 24 June and '*Welcome to the Terrordome*' on 29 July

INDEPENDENT FILM WORKSHOP
PRESENTS

DIRECTING LOW BUDGET FILMS

June 25, 26, The Electric Cinema, London

A unique opportunity to hear the acclaimed
guru of low budget films, Jon Jost
...participants will see a short film shot on
June 25 and see the rushes on Sunday, June 26.

★ SUCCESSFUL FILMMAKING

How to make and launch your first movie.

Bristol June 11, Southampton June 18,
Blackpool June 15.

★ WRITING SCREENPLAYS THAT SELL

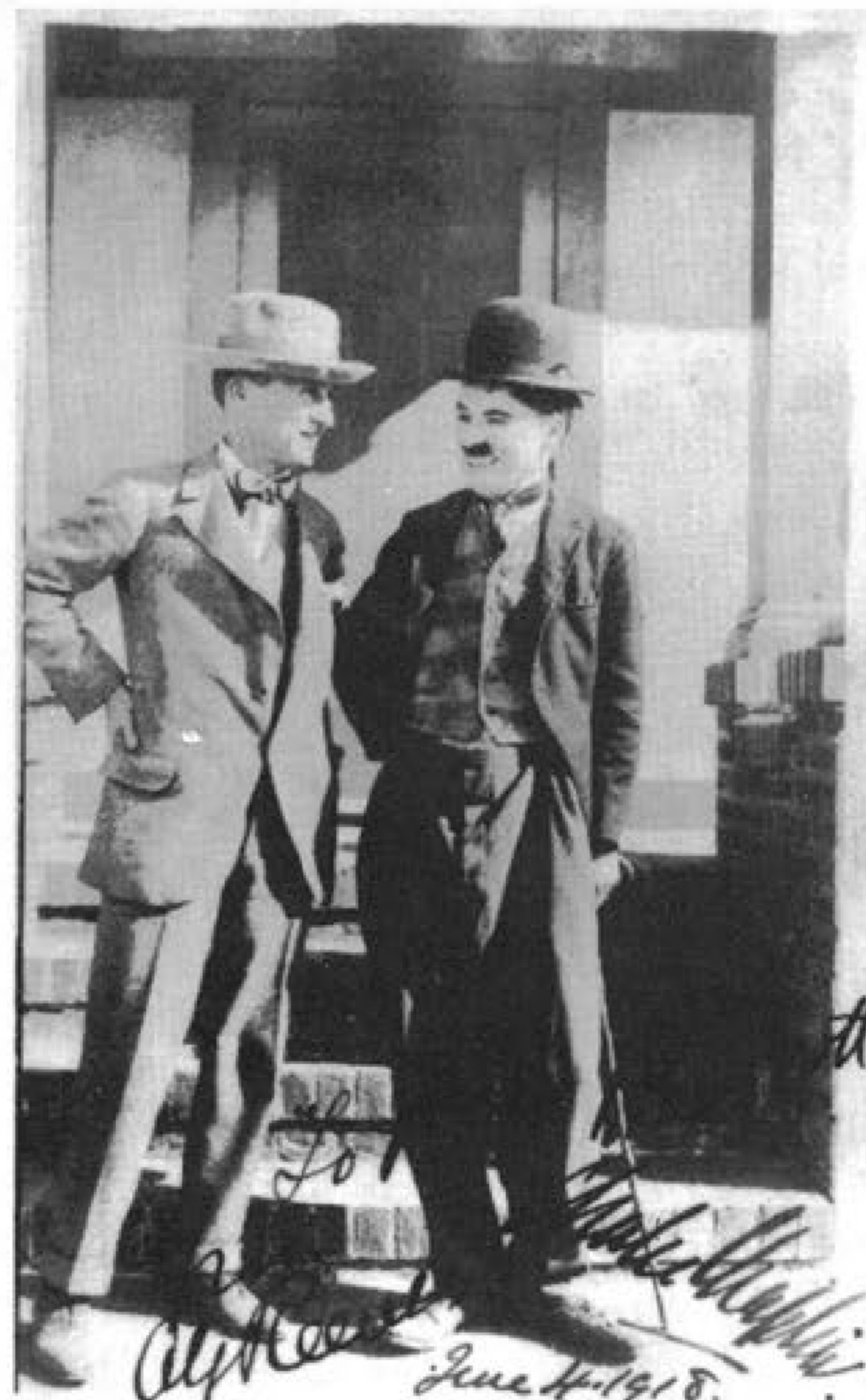
July 16, 17.

★ THE 2 DAY FILM SCHOOL

With Dov S-S Simens September 3,4.

071 351 7748

Now *starring* IN OUR SALEROOM



We are currently accepting
entries for our forthcoming
sale and are particularly
interested in original props
and costume, signed items or
other material relating to the
legends of the silver screen.

For free advice on buying or
selling, please contact Stephen
Maycock (071) 408 5206
Fax (071) 409 0507

A postcard of Charlie Chaplin as
The Tramp, signed by him and
dated 1918. Estimate £200-£300

A SALE OF *Film Memorabilia* AND *Animation Art*
LONDON, THURSDAY 15TH SEPTEMBER 1994.

SOTHEBY'S, 34-35 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON W1A 2AA

SOTHEBY'S
FOUNDED 1744



CANTERBURY
CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE

MA IN MEDIA PRODUCTION

The Department of Radio, Film and Television
Studies offers a one year taught MA in practical
production in video, 16mm film and radio.
The course also has a theoretical component.

The course will commence in October 1994 and run
for 12 months.

Bursaries of £1000 will be available to UK/EC
students paying their own fees.

For further details and an application form,
please telephone or write to

The Admissions Office, Canterbury Christ Church
College, Canterbury, Kent, CT1 1QU
Tel: 0227 782 420

OR

Philip Simpson, Head of Radio, Film and Television
Studies, Canterbury Christ Church College,
Canterbury, Kent, CT1 1QU
Tel. 0227 767 700 ext 237

Vancouver Film School

If you seek intensive hands-on industry
based training in the motion picture
arts, we offer 4 of the best foundation
programs in North America:

- ★ Film Production Techniques
- ★ Digital Post-production
- ★ High-end 3D Computer Animation
- ★ Classical Animation



For detailed information call:

1-800-661-4101

or write: #400 - 1168 Hamilton Street,
Vancouver, B.C. Canada V6B 2S2

CLOCKING THE CENSOR

Will the new digitalised world be pornography led? And is there a place for the censor in it? By Tom Dewe Mathews

● A little story recently appeared on the back page of a film trade weekly. It announced that a multiplex cinema in Westwood, Los Angeles was now receiving its films directly from the distributor via digitalised transmission down a phone line. Not only did this technological short-cut put film projectionists on notice, it also implied that, in a future of digitalised information, the film censor could easily join the sprocket-men on the long line of post-industrial redundancies.

If our current film censors are determined, on the other hand, to patrol the 'digital information superhighway' so that excessive cybersex and ultra-violence can be pulled over to the kerb, they will have to become super-computer-literate within the next two to three years. Accessibility acts like salt on the tail of a censor in that it denies him or her the opportunity to intervene between a medium and its audience. But of the two technological innovations which will affect the viewing of films over the next five to ten years, the more immediate could provide the censor with a point of intervention. Compact discs – whether CD-i's, Philips' CD-i's, CD-ROMs, Mega CDs or Commodore Amiga CD 32s – are concrete products that you insert into a computer. They are, therefore, censorable.

Indeed, they are already being censored. Philips has recently released a Compact Disc Interactive called 'Voyeur' which is the first computer game to incorporate original video footage into computer-generated images. The game itself could best be described as a soft-core version of Hitchcock's *Rear Window* – needless to say, the voyeur of the title is oneself. As the disc unravels, the player is offered the option of blackmailing, informing on or colluding with a corrupt, over-sexed congressman (played by Robert Culp) seeking higher office. More importantly, though, 'Voyeur' looks like a video rather than a pixellated, Pac-Man computer game. "We're putting real video into video games to create a totally new entertainment experience," comments Simon Turner, a vice-president of Philips Media Distribution. And that is why 'Voyeur' is open to censorship.

King Kong mated to Marilyn Monroe

The game comes under the 1984 Video Recordings Act precisely because it does contain "real video", and it therefore had to be submitted to the British Board of Film Classification for certification. Once there, it probably caused more irritation than wonder, since all its options had to be played through and examined. In this instance, there were only seven, and the total running time was less than three hours. But a compact disc can contain up to 10,000 hours of running time, and within that period, a hidden code releasing a more violent version, such as the "gore code" of 'Mortal Kombat', can easily be buried. So besides the necessity of being given 'full coding' so that its employees can automatically ascend a game's various levels or scour through its sex and violence combinations, the BBFC is going to need a lot of computer hardware if it continues to censor video games in the future. Otherwise, it won't even be able to play most of the games,

since nearly all of them are manufactured for different systems.

Britain's film censors have always had an ambivalent attitude towards technology. After complaining that "the better it [the cinema] is, the worse it is," the Chief Constable of Brechin told the 1917 Cinema Commission that he wasn't particularly worried about the link between juvenile crime and the screen in his district because "this novelty will exhaust itself in the course of the next two or three years." Ten years later, presumably, the official censors at the BBFC believed that the talkies would also be a passing fad, since they didn't bother to install the Warner Bros Vitaphone system until four years after it was invented in 1927. Even then, the unhappy discovery that cutting dialogue from a soundtrack ruined all subsequent continuity meant that for a while films were either passed intact, or – if they required a cut of any kind – banned outright.

The hectic chase between the film censor and the censored wound down in the 60s, when television superseded film as the primary mass medium, only to speed up again two decades later with the arrival of home video. In the 90s, with CD computer games such as 'Voyeur', it is not so much the content which carries crucial implications for the future of media regulation as the way such products are made. And in order to understand how and why method has become more important than content, one has to follow the 30-year-old romance between film, video and the computer – a long-term, tripartite relationship that is about to end in a group marriage of sorts.

Simply put, moving film and the computer have never been able to join up because their means of transmission – their bandwidths – are mutually incompatible. While it is relatively easy for a personal computer to store and transmit static high-resolution images, it still takes about 40 minutes to download a mere minute's worth of moving film. Or to put it another way, to transmit a single channel of television down a phone line in real time requires the equivalent of 40 phone lines. So the electronic information on a film has to be compressed before it can be 'squeezed' into the more narrow bandwidth with which personal computers transmit to each other. Without that compression, if you wanted to watch a feature-length film on a computer screen, you would be facing a five-figure phone bill.

This lack of correlation between the two media has meant, for instance, that the five options offered by the CD version of *The Lover's Guide* occupy a 'window' which makes up barely a quarter of the whole computer screen. But 'Voyeur' is a 'full motion' video. It takes up the whole screen, and it has achieved that capability because Philips has employed a digital compression technique known as MPEG (Moving Pictures Expert Group) – a method that has presumably been learned from animation techniques, since it works by recording only the key differences between picture frames rather than relaying all the information.

It isn't only Philips that is joining the queue to close down the gap between the computer and television. Apple is introducing another

digital compression method this summer called Quicktime, which will give computers the facility to show full-size video clips at a conventional 30 frames per second. Microsoft is developing 'smart TV', which will pick your favourite movies out of the airwaves, tell you when one of them is on, and, if you don't want to watch it at that particular moment, record it for you. But what does it matter if the gap is being closed, you might ask? Whatever system a film is being shown on, the censor will still be able to censor the film itself.

But that isn't necessarily the case. Once a computer becomes a television, or vice versa, both will be able to receive their programming down a telephone line. From there, the only way to control what somebody is viewing is either to examine their phone bill or to ban the modem which will connect TV-computers to all the international video film services that will undoubtedly be on offer. And even that won't necessarily work, because it is all too easy to encrypt computer data with unbreakable

secret codes. In other words, the decentralised non-regulation which currently rules international computer traffic will soon apply to television too.

Unfortunately for the censor, at this stage another layer of potential mystification has to be added to the technological brew. As the images on the TV-computer will be transmitted digitally, they will also be capable of distortion. Employing Apple's Adobe PhotoShop editing kit – which is used on over 90 per cent of television advertising – you can, according to computer writer Chris Kane, "do anything. Put Ronald Reagan in Scunthorpe. Create a woman with three heads and three breasts, that's no problem." And personal computers don't only receive images, they also transmit them – though before would-be censors are carried away by scenarios of King Kong being mated to Marilyn Monroe, it should be remembered that pornography accounts for less than 1 per cent of worldwide computer traffic.

George Stone, one of the creators of 'Max

Headroom' and an adviser to computer companies on interactive technology, confirms that like the VCR and VHS, the TV-computer will be "porn-led". Initially, he says, "the titles which sell the hardware will be sex, horror and violence." But he also believes that to dwell too insistently on pornography is to miss the point. "This revolution is about exchanging views and information in as fast and as flexible way as possible. The point is the interactivity and the 'decision tree' that will provide the next stage of choice – and from there, the next stage, and so on. The programming – and programme-making – options will be unlimited, and it will require more than a flexible wrist to enjoy the range of possibilities."

History of hierarchies

Aside from the communications potential of TV-computers, the imminent prospect of dial-a-video services being beamed into the nation's living rooms confronts Britain's film censors with a flagrant breach of their present rules. James Ferman, the current director of the BBFC, has intrepidly declared that he intends to remain at the head of the board so he can challenge a future in which, he says, "the possibilities are endless".

As the recent acceptance by the government of the principles underlying MP David Alton's amendment to the Criminal Justice Bill shows, the strength of Britain's defence of film and video censorship should not be underestimated. Whether or not the digital highway will change how and what we see, the ideological imperative of censorship will remain the same. The need to separate what Alton calls "irresponsible viewers" from their "more mature" counterparts underpins censorship's move to corral the "irresponsible" among the general population. The more mature, presumably, will be allowed to roam the digital highway freely, safeguarded from the danger of collisions and blow-outs caused by other, more reckless drivers.

The BBFC has something of a history of this kind of selective censorship. After all, the board was not worried in 1926 that liberal intellectuals such as Bertrand Russell and other members of the Film Society saw *Battleship Potemkin* – what the censor wanted to prevent was the film's general release, its agit-prop influence reaching the "less educated". For the same reason, subtitled films which appeal to art-house audiences – such as Oshima's *In the Realm of the Senses* – are less likely to be censored today than their English-language equivalents.

Such a history of hierarchies points to the likelihood that the BBFC will try to co-opt the main telephone and satellite companies into the film censorship system. It will be helped in this by the fact that film images have to be transmitted on a broad bandwidth, so phone companies will be aware of a signal's source. Admittedly, the loophole of direct transmission from satellites in more liberal countries will probably be available for those who can afford high phone bills. But the censor will be able to tell his political paymasters that programming for the mass audience is still overseen.



The new world looking much like the old: an image from 'Voyeur', a marriage of computer game and video

Was Graham Greene right to believe that Shirley Temple appealed to middle-aged men? If so, why? By Bret Wood

LOLITA SYNDROME



From the earliest days of Hollywood, the depiction of childhood on screen has reflected a strange fascination on the part of audiences and industry alike with carefully constructed representations of sexuality – particularly where female stars are concerned. America's sweetheart Mary Pickford played the virginal waif until age 33, her grown woman's libidinal appeal cloaked in a mawkish display of childish playfulness that encouraged viewers to lose themselves in a romantic fantasy unsullied by adult anxieties. Later incarnations of pubescent heroines were often less idealised, though they have much in common with Pickford's masquerade of innocence. In such films as *Taxi Driver*, *Pretty Baby* and *Lolita*, little girls Jodie Foster, Brooke Shields and Sue Lyon reversed the Pickford formula by donning grown-up drag and boasting a sophistication and sexual experience beyond their years.

Somewhere between these two phenomena resides one of Hollywood's most peculiar creations, a star whose mingling of sensual precociousness and childish naïveté has been all but lost in a sea of simplistic nostalgia: Shirley Temple. At age three, she was by far the youngest actress to be not-so-subtly eroticised, yet it was her very youth – her irrepressible innocence –

that exempted her films from criticism. Not even the moral watchdogs of the industry, it seems, dared look upon so sweet a child as a sexual icon (lest they be branded lascivious), though some of the wanton situations Temple was placed in would rival those of her elder counterparts decades later.

Curiously, it was an Englishman who first called attention to the American starlet's unorthodox appeal. When novelist Graham Greene reviewed *Wee Willie Winkie* for London's struggling highbrow entertainment weekly *Night and Day*, he concentrated his acerbic wit less on the dramatic attributes of John Ford's adventure than on the curious display of the film's nine-year-old star. "Infancy with her is a disguise, her appeal is more secret and more adult. Already two years ago she was a fancy little piece... In *Captain January*, she wore trousers with the mature suggestiveness of a Dietrich: her neat and well-developed rump twisted in the tap dance: her eyes had a sidelong searching coquetry. Now in *Wee Willie Winkie*, wearing short kilts, she is a complete totsy..."

Twentieth Century-Fox's well-publicised indignity and subsequent lawsuit caused the 28 October 1937 issue to be the biggest seller of *Night and Day's* brief life. When the case was

heard before the High Court of Justice, the counsel for the plaintiff found Greene's opinions too troubling to be read aloud in public. On the basis of a poster circulated to advertise the issue (reading bluntly "Sex and Shirley Temple"), the case was settled in favour of the young actress' benefactors. The Lord Chief Justice deemed the libel "a gross outrage".

Imitating Dietrich

By today's standards Greene's review seems hardly inflammatory enough to warrant a lawsuit, but how much truth was there in the cynic's poison pen? Viewing Temple's classic "On the Good Ship Lollipop" sequence from *Bright Eyes* (1934) – where the diminutive sparkler prances down the centre aisle of a moving bus under the appreciative gaze of a carload of adult men – in the light of Greene's words is enough to cause a reconsideration of the context in which the actress was often placed. Temple had already performed a suggestive imitation of Dietrich as a character known as Morelegs Sweetrick in the 1932 *Kid'in' Hollywood*. A closer look at the early films which launched her career reveals that before she became the embodiment of homespun American values – a perfect, sweet, obedient child-woman – her image in the marketplace was less than wholesome.

It all began at Ethel Meglin's Dance Studio, an establishment that fed off the dreams of parents who hoped to escape the financial horrors of the Depression by selling their children to Hollywood. A three-year-old Temple was recruited by two men (one "with slicked black hair" and the other with a "moon-shaped, jowly, and moist-looking face" she recalled in her 1988 autobiography *Child Star*) to appear in a series of children's comedies conceived by Earle Woolridge Hammons, founder of Educational Films Corporation, to be produced by Jack Hays and written and directed by Charles Lamont. To Gertrude Temple, who had begun to groom her daughter for a stage and screen career with what she called "prenatal preparation" (Robert Windeler in his 1976 biography quotes Shirley's mother as saying, "Long before she was born I tried to influence her future life by association with music, art and natural beauty"), the opportunity seemed a golden one.

The would-be star's recollection of her first audition, cited in Anne Edwards' 1988 biography *Shirley Temple: American Princess*, offers a clue to the dubious intentions of Educational, a

Shirley Temple, a stunted figure of female sexuality in the Code era. She entertains the boys in 'Bright Eyes' (1934), opposite, and is down and dirty, but still cute, in 'Kid'in' Hollywood' (1932), right



company that had long since abandoned instructional shorts in favour of the more lucrative business of skid-row comedies: "Mr. Hays wanted us all to get undressed... In the picture they were going to make, [we] had to wear... diapers, with great big safety pins in front. So all the mothers undressed their children, and Mom undressed me, and we all ran around in our panties... I had to stand in front of the camera in [my panties], and smile, and wink my eye, and shake my shoulder two or three times." Her description of the films as "heavy-handed spoof... cynical exploitation of our childish innocence" is an understatement. The eight one-reel shorts exploited their actors (none of whom was over five years of age, reportedly) in a variety of ways.

The title of the series, *Baby Burlesks*, is enough to raise an eyebrow. The name refers more to the form of burlesque that thrived in American music hall in the 1910s – none-too-subtle spoofs and parodies, pie-in-the-face slapstick and jokes shamelessly stolen from more reputable acts – than to the bump-and-grind striptease the word connotes today. But even in its earlier manifestation, burlesque contained a degree of sexual tease. No company was without its brigade of chorus girls, quick-changing into suggestive costumes during the comic routines, or its seductive songstress warbling the innuendo-ridden lyrics.

Temple was foregrounded as the star of these shorts, in which the toddling performers parodied popular cinematic genres such as the Western (*Pie Covered Wagon*), the boxing film (*The Kid's Last Fight*), the newspaper picture (*The Runt Page*) and the exotic adventure movie (*Kid'in' Africa*). The romantic leads she played were sometimes innocent maidens, but more often than not seasoned trollops.

In *Polly Tix in Washington* (1933) – dressed in black and draped in jewellery – she is a professional seductress assigned to corrupt an idealistic politician and opponent of the Nipple Trust. "Boss Flint-Eye sent me over to entertain you," she tells the naive senator before cocking her hip, sashaying to him and planting a series of loud kisses on his lips (and this a full decade before she delivered her wildly publicised, supposed first screen kiss). The nature of her business is made clear by the dialogue.

Clodbuster: I think you're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. You're gorgeous. You're ravishing. I'm nertz about yez.

Polly: Ahh... I'm expensive.

Clodbuster's daughter condemns Polly: "Why don't you leave my father alone? He's not your kind. You're not a good woman." Polly responds by gesturing to her jewels and rejoining à la Mae West: "You're crazy! You've got to be good to get stuff like this in these hard times." As the prurient references pile up, it becomes increasingly difficult to excuse the treatment of the child actress as purely whimsical.

In *War Babies*, a parody of *What Price, Glory?*, Temple plays a comely French barmaid fought over by two First World War soldiers. At one point she embraces one while kissing the other, ruthlessly collecting as many lollipops as her sugar daddies can provide. The eventual victor gloats over his triumph by picking his teeth with the oversized safety pin that in previous scenes had fastened Temple's diaper. In *Kid'in' Africa*, her sexualisation is signalled by her character's name: Madame Cradlebait.

Much of Temple's treatment in the *Baby Burlesks* arose not so much from a co-ordinated effort to exploit her sexually as from the general bad taste of Lamont and Hays, who seem endlessly amused by the scatological (when a politician is asked if he is wet or dry, he inserts his hand into his diaper and responds, "Bone dry... so far") and the racist (during one musical number, a dancing African-American child strips to his underwear, which is emblazoned with images of dice). For Lamont and Hays, even exposed buttocks are always a reliable source of comedy. Other routines tread a fine line between the satirical and the vulgar, as when a child on all fours sucks milk from an udder fashioned out of a rubber glove, or when a boy bites into a pickle that spews a spurt of juice into Temple's face.

Sinister punishments

In its press materials Educational contended that "special instructors are 'on the set' to keep the youngsters up in their kindergarten classes when they are not actually before the camera." In reality, Hays and Lamont preferred to keep even parents well away, so there would be no confusion as to whose directions to follow. Visiting social workers were placated with impromptu displays of parental involvement, but when no such figures were around the filmmakers used more sinister means to coach their cast. In one instance, piano wire was strung across the path of the running children to obtain the desired pratfall ("Shins were bleeding," recalls Temple, "Lamont was laughing

above the wailed chorus of pain"). Difficult children were placed in a soundproof "black box", their diapered buttocks perched on a block of ice.

When Temple reported these punishments to her mother, "she brushed off my weird tale as if make believe all day had overstimulated my imagination." Chances are, Gertrude wouldn't have objected even had she been there. She was firmly complicit with Hays and Lamont and willing to turn a blind eye to the violation of California's child-labour laws in the confidence that the sacrifice would be rewarded by a major studio contract. Mrs Temple shrewdly earned an extra fee to supplement the weekly \$50 received by her daughter by grooming her child's hair and sewing her costumes, including the black lace lingerie she wore as the prostitute in *Polly Tix in Washington*.

Once she found fame in Hollywood, Shirley's benefactors put the unabashed licentiousness of the *Baby Burlesks* behind her as it became apparent that her appeal lay not in her mock worldliness, but in her innocence. To meet demand, she was quickly transformed into a sprightly model of clean virtue and Horatio Algeresque self-confidence. But while nothing she did in her prime rivalled the *Baby Burlesks* for vulgarity, there were still indicators of sensual exploitation and significant, if ill-defined, elements of sexualisation at the hands of the various studios for whom she worked.

Curly Top (1935) is loaded with scenes in which the seven-year-old becomes a visual fetish for a wealthy, single male (John Boles). After crooning a love song, he looks dreamily at the paintings that line his den (including Thomas Gainsborough's *The Blue Boy*), which become *tableaux vivants* with Temple in the famous poses. In the musical number "When I Grow Up" she is decked out as a 16-year-old girl and then as a 21-year-old woman in a bridal gown (complete with falsies, according to Temple). There are scenes of wrestling on a bed, horsey-back rides and a coy conversation about marriage ("I want Mary and me to get married to you," she sweetly tells him). The bored lawyer is so inspired by the waif that he adds Curly and her sister Mary to his luxurious menagerie via adoption.

Temple's sultry rendition of a torch song in *Little Miss Marker* (1934), her breakthrough film at Paramount, was the subject of some well-publicised criticism from a number of women's groups. In 1936, at the age of eight, she was ►



Three faces of Eve: Temple's roles stretched from the kid dressed for action in 'Kid'in' Africa' (1932), above, through the Dietrich pastiche of 'Kid'in' Hollywood', below, to the seductress in 'Polly Tix in Washington' (1933), bottom



◀ told she "looked chunky" and was required by Twentieth Century-Fox to go on a diet, the child thus subject to the same feminine standards as her elders. In many such ways the young actress was coerced into adopting a precocious masquerade of adulthood, including adult sexual appeal.

Temple's studio films were much like other romances of the day, in which women resourcefully struggle to win the affection of men – and the reliable domestic futures that come with it – sealing the pact with hugs, kisses and vows of faithfulness. Temple's characters also apply their ingenuity to win the same handsome male leads and are similarly rewarded with domestic happiness (in the form of adoption, not marriage) which they greet with physical expressions of devotion. The fact that they are frequently orphaned conveniently eliminates the problem of parental interference.

While there is nothing overtly sexual in Temple's hugs and kisses, there was little carnal implication in the embraces of adult Hollywood couples of the period either. In an effort to purify the industry's loose morals, the Production Code Administration was campaigning to desexualise romance to the point where there was little difference between the affection of an innocent child and a mature woman. In *From Reverence to Rape: The Treatment of Women in the Movies*, Molly Haskell notes that this "whitewashing of women characters... produced... deviates in disguise." For the protectors of good taste and family values, Temple was "an ideal post-Production Code sex kitten".

Everything a man could want

She was, indeed, everything a Code-era man could want in a woman: attractive, charming, witty, a good singer and dancer. But more significantly, she was modest and generous, someone who had to be protected. Temple's popularity was a distinct backlash against the pre-Code gold-diggers played by Mae West and Jean Harlow, staunchly independent women who had little use for men beyond the payment of the rent. Such women were too intimidating to the conservative, upper-middle-class male, so Temple stepped in, a stunted figure of feminine sexuality in an era of economy and restriction. In many of her films she is rescued by a man from a life of poverty, her virtue rewarded with prosperity. But because her characters are supposedly devoid of sexual interest, members of the male audience could lower their

moral guard and unselfconsciously enjoy the role assigned them.

Precise demographic breakdowns of Temple's audiences are impossible to attain, but there is plenty of evidence to support Haskell's contention that "she was always a greater favorite with adult males than with children" and Greene's description of her admirers as "middle aged men and clergymen". Certainly there was little for "real" children to relate to in her wind-up-toy animation and saccharine optimism, qualities that are culturally defined prerequisites of wifely charm.

It is always the Adolphe Menjous, Gary Coopers, Victor McLaglen, Robert Youngs, Joel McCreas, Arthur Treachers, Jimmy Dunns, Bill "Bojangles" Robinsons and Lionel Barrymores – never female co-stars – whose hearts are warmed by her girlish antics. In her autobiography she describes the laps of the numerous male celebrities she was coddled on ("[J. Edgar] Hoover's lap was outstanding as laps go. Thighs just fleshy enough, knees held calmly together, and no bouncing or wiggling. One arm circled me protectively, and mine curled around his neck as I rested my cheek against his"). Kenneth Anger implies that Will Rogers was so enamoured of her that he drilled a peephole in her dressing-room wall; Gary Cooper's nickname for his six-year-old co-star was "wiggle britches". The famous photograph of Temple receiving an Oscar and a kiss from Irvin S. Cobb in 1935 is a startling exposure of the subtext of her films, the writer glancing guiltily over his shoulder at the camera as if caught in a naughty act, his lips incriminatingly puckered. Sometimes her supposed protectors failed to heed the barrier of innocence: she writes of being flashed by producer Arthur Freed at age 12, chased around an office by David O. Selznick at age 17 and crudely propositioned by Kirk Douglas at the legal age of 18, by which time her commercial appeal had long since evaporated.

Once Temple lost her girlish innocence, the image of the Depression-era princess fractured. The real Shirley married and valiantly struggled with a withering acting career before involving herself in conservative international politics. The idyllically pure Shirley lived on without change, thanks to manufacturers of children's merchandise. Today she has ceased to be a recognisable real person or even a Hollywood actress, but has become a marketable commodity, a shining but hollow symbol of an otherwise dark bygone age.

SCREENWRITER'S HANDBOOK 1994

The Screenwriter's Handbook is the most definitive and up-to-date "who's who and where" in the UK and US motion picture and TV industries.

It includes the very latest information on:

- Production companies, studios and networks in the UK and US - their addresses, phone/fax numbers, studio deals, produced credits, current staff and their job titles.
- Literary Agents in the UK and US with current addresses, phone/fax numbers, current staff and job titles.
- Associations/Organisations: Development /Production Funding and International Festivals.

Example Listing:

CAROLCO PICTURES **310-859-8800**
Type: Motion Pictures
8800 Sunset Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90069-2105
Fax: 310-657-1629

Mario Kassar.....Chairman & Producer
Lynwood Spinks.....President, Production
Kathryn Sommer.....Sr. VP, Creative Affairs
Janice Sirkin.....Dir. Development

CREDITS: Cliffhanger - Basic Instinct - Rambo I, II
& III - Terminator II - Total Recall

"Packed with plenty of well researched and up-to-date information. The Screenwriter's Handbook will prove invaluable to anyone who really wants to know who's who in the motion picture industry and how to reach them"

Mark Litwak US Producer, Attorney
Author of: "Reel Power: The Struggle For Influence And Success In The New Hollywood" & "Self Defence For Filmmakers"

Ordering Instructions:

The Screenwriter's Handbook is just £39.95 and available from:
**Translloyd Publications, Enterprise House, Cathles Road,
London SW12 9LD.**

Name:

Address:

Phone (day) Phone (night)

Please send me copy/copies of The Screenwriter's Handbook 1994 @ £39.95 each. (prices include UK postage and packing, rest of Europe please add £4.00 per copy)

Paying by Cheque /Postal Order

All orders must be paid in pounds sterling only. Please send payment by cheque, eurocheque or postal order made payable to **Translloyd Publications**. We do not advise sending cash or coins and are not responsible for any payment that does not reach us.

***Paying by Credit Card - or Call Our Credit Card
Hotline on : 081-673 3192***

☐ Payment enclosed (cheque or postal order made payable to Transloyd Publications)

☐ Access ☐ American Express ☐ Visa
☐ Diner's Club ☐ Switch Issue No.....
☐ Eurocard ☐ Mastercard ☐ Delta

Authorised signature

[illegible]

Exp. Date Valid From

■ SPECIAL OFFER ■

■ *Buy Before 31st May and Get a 10% Discount* ■

“A CLASSIC OF ITS KIND”

THE HOLLYWOOD REPORTER



LUCK, TRUST & KETCHUP:

Robert Altman in Carver Country

Master filmmaker Robert Altman and his all-star cast take us behind the scenes in this acclaimed, feature documentary about the evolution of *SHORT CUTS*.



“EXHILARATING. A classic portrait of a film artist at work”

NEWSDAY

Featuring ROBERT ALTMAN, TESS GALLAGHER,
ANNE ARCHER, ROBERT DOWNEY Jr., JENNIFER JASON LEIGH,
JACK LEMMON, LYLE LOVETT, MATTHEW MODINE,
TIM ROBBINS, MADELEINE STOWE, LILY TOMLIN and others.

Directed and Produced by MIKE KAPLAN and JOHN DORR.

An EZTV/CIRCLE ASSOCIATES Production.

From June 10

NFT South Bank, SE1
071 928 3232

From July 1

everyman
CINEMA
Tel: 071-435 1525

**Also From
June 28**

Manchester
CORNERHOUSE
061 228 2463

Distributed by

*Mainline
Pictures*

**Sight
and
Sound**

Sight and Sound Film Review Volume January 1993 to December 1993

The third *Sight and Sound* Film Review Volume is now available, containing the complete film reviews from the third volume of *Sight and Sound*. With an index by film title and director, the *Sight and Sound* Film Review Volume is the only reference source to provide an in-depth review, synopsis and full credits for every film given a theatrical release in Britain, every film made directly for British television, and selected re-releases. This volume is made available to current subscribers to the magazine at a substantially reduced rate. 256pp, 213 b/w illustrations.

Special rates for 'Sight and Sound' subscribers

- UK: £10.95
- Europe/surface mail: £13.95
- Airmail: £21.95

BFI members rates

UK: £20; Europe/surface mail: £25; Airmail: £33

Individuals/institutions

UK: £31; Europe/surface mail: £34; Airmail: £42

Prices include postage and packing

Available in the US/Canada, price US\$55, from
Indiana University Press, 601 North Morton Street,
Bloomington IN 47404-3797 USA

Telephone (800) 842-6796

Return to BFI Publications,

29 Rathbone Street, London W1P 1AG

Please send me..... copies of the *Sight and Sound* Film Review
Volume January 1993 to December 1993 at the following rate:

- ☐ £10.95/£13.95/£21.95

My *Sight and Sound* subscription number is:

- ☐ £20/£25/£33. My BFI membership number is:

- ☐ £31/£34/£42

- ☐ My cheque for £..... payable to the BFI is enclosed

- ☐ Please charge £..... to my VISA/AmEx/Access card

Card number

Expiry date

Signature

Name

Address

Credit card hotline: 071 636 3289



New Internationalist magazine



FROM **Maggie** TO **Mandela**

Get a grasp of the events and the ideologies that shape an ever more complex world. Read the NI magazine and join the 65,000 people worldwide who now subscribe. Each month we tackle one subject in depth. It could be *Food* or the *Arms Trade*, *Africa* or the *Amazon*. The ideas, the facts and the arguments are all carefully edited with clear charts, lively articles, high quality colour photos and vivid graphics. An instant monthly briefing plus regular features such as news updates from around the world, reviews and a country profile. Quicker to read than a book, right up-to-the-minute – and all for just £22.70 a year.

But you don't have to take our word for it. Fill in the box below and we will send you three months' issues absolutely **FREE**, plus a full-colour world map poster – all yours to keep whether or not you subscribe. ■

*'The NI's analysis is
informed, thoughtful and
compassionate'*

JONATHAN DIMBLEBY, Journalist

'A remarkable magazine'

JOHN PILGER, Journalist and broadcaster

'I warmly recommend it'

DAVID BRYER, Director of Oxfam

Send this coupon to: New Internationalist, FREEPOST CN2283, Mitcham CR4 9AR

NO-RISK TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION

YES please send me my 3 free issues and free map. If I decide to cancel, I will write and tell you within 10 days of receiving my third issue. If I wish to continue, I need do nothing. Starting from the 1st of the following month, you will charge my account annually, until cancelled, the NI subscription price (now £22.70).

DIRECT DEBIT INSTRUCTION

To my bank manager: I instruct you to pay direct debits at the request of NI. Amounts are variable and may be debited on various dates. But NI may only change them after giving me prior notice. I will tell the bank in writing if I wish to cancel this instruction. If any direct debit is paid which breaks the terms of this instruction the bank will refund me.

Originator's No 984442. New Internationalist Publications Ltd. Reg in England No 1005239. Reg Office 55 Rectory Road, Oxford, UK. Offer applies only to direct debits and in the UK.

Name (BLOCK LETTERS please) Bank/Building Soc. account in the name of:

Address

Bank address

Postcode

Bank account number

Signed

Bank sort code number

Date

Banks may decline to pay direct debits from some kinds of account.

To: New Internationalist, FREEPOST CN2283, Mitcham CR4 9AR

6M2MH

The fat man within

Derby College of Art, 1962. Figure Composition Class. The composition should contain a minimum of three full-length figures (with visible feet) within a perspective setting of buildings of brick or stone (including a clock tower) and at least two trees. Predominant colours to be burnt umber and yellow ochre. Title: *Autumn Evening*.

I'm painting quickly after coming back late from an extended lunch hour in the Regent Snooker Hall at the back of the college. The best of three frames I'd played against Dave had been delayed while we argued about whose turn it was to play the role of Minnesota Fats, the king of the Pittsburgh pool shooters, who was eventually dethroned by the upstart Fast Eddie Felson in the film *The Hustler*, which had recently come to our local cinema and held us in its thrall.

Neither of us wanted to be brash, good-looking Paul Newman (Fast Eddie). We both yearned to be honey-talking, wise old Fats (Jackie Gleason) who enters Ames' Pool Hall every evening at 8pm on the nose through double doors deferentially opened by a limping flunkey. Fats is immaculately dressed in a Homburg hat and six-buttoned overcoat with a double-folded silk handkerchief in the breast pocket and a duplicate in the same pocket of his three-piece suit, in the button-hole of which is a carnation. With a silver lighter he lights a cigarette taken from a silver case, twirling it in his jewelled fingers like a conjurer, then proprietorially surveys the poolroom like a priest in his church. The Church of the Good Hustler.

So today it was my turn to be the Fat Man. Now Fats was big, heavy, like an elegant

bear. Whereas I was so thin that the seven-stone weakling who got sand kicked in his face by the hunk in the Charles Atlas body-building advertisement actually looked physically better than me. Within two years, hollow-cheeked, scrawny youths with northern accents would become pin-ups as the beat groups swept the charts. But not yet – so for me to impersonate Fats required a vivid imagination, and that at least I had.

Fats was just one of our numerous role models. They had in common an idiosyncratic style: Mose Allison, Thelonious Monk, Bo Diddley, Nat Jackley, Edward Burra. Eccentric individuals who lived by different rules from those represented by the stifling conventions of the Composition Class. And none of them lived in Derby, we knew that for sure.

A second difficulty was that in 60s England pool was an unknown, foreign game. The balls were bafflingly numbered, the cue bridged under the index finger, and shots were played without fully lowering the head. Yet pool was recognisably related to the game we knew: snooker, which still awaited its discovery by television and was considered a disreputable pastime of mispent youth, played by pale-faced wasters in dimly lit saloons above Burtons Tailors shops. In the Regent Snooker Hall the sustenance was Spam rolls and stewed tea, the clientele ex-footballers, spivs and layabouts, but the ambience was not too far from Ames' Pittsburgh Pool Hall: the shaded lamps over the baize tables, the dark wooden cue racks, the signs saying "Don't sit on the tables. Use the rest." We could easily imagine that Ames' had the same



Artist and writer Ian Breakwell recalls replaying 'The Hustler' in Derby, with its pool tables, money and suave artistry



Jackie Gleason as Minnesota Fats in 'The Hustler', above; the thin Ian Breakwell, top

miasma of unventilated cigarette smoke, chalk dust and fetid toilets as the Regent.

Thirdly, in a lunch break we couldn't hope to duplicate the film's epic, 36-hour game, which we knew, literally, frame by frame, shot by shot. Fats gets off to a flyer, watched by an admiring Eddie: "Woooo, he is great! See that old Fat Man, look at the way he moves, like a dancer. And those fingers, those chubby fingers, that stroke, like he's playing a violin or somethin'."

Then the game ebbs and flows, first Fats then Eddie holding sway, against a jazz-scored montage of cigar-chomping faces and hypnotic incantation: "Seven ball in the corner." Kerchunk. "Six in the middle." Kerchunk. "One twenty five. Game. Thirteen. Five. Ten. Game. Two in the corner. Thirteen. Ace in the side. Three ball. One twenty five. Game. Rack 'em."

Now Fats is \$18,000 down and sits impassively like Buddha, as the inspired Eddie lines up another plant before lifting his eyes and saying to Trevor, who is watching our game in the role of George C. Scott:

"Hey mister."

"The name's Gordon. Bert Gordon."

"Mister. You've been sitting in that spot for hours, now would you mind moving, it bothers me."

Trevor takes off his wraparound shades, sips his glass of milk, moves his chair one inch to the left and drawls to me out of the side of his mouth: "Fats, stay with this kid, he's a loser." Then with mimed hand gestures and no props, I enact the film's most magical scene, where Fats, after 25 hours of the match, takes time out to wash and brush up, dusts his hands with talc, sets a fresh carnation in his button-hole, then pink and powdered like a big, dimpled baby, ambles back to the table, fixes Newman with his piggy little eyes and smiling benignly says: "OK Fast Eddie, let's play some pool."

And you just know he's going to take back every last dollar with interest, except that Fats is a gent and, 12 hours later, having reduced Eddie to a beaten, drunken wreck, he refuses to take his last \$200, declares the game over and exits in Homburg and overcoat through the same doors which he had entered a night and a day earlier: the epitome of savvy, cool artistry and style. Everything we aspired to.

Meanwhile, so help me, this Composition Class is chronic, and only 15 minutes left to get this third figure right. Maybe if I give him a Homburg, yes that's better, and an overcoat with six buttons, yeah, easy, and just in time, it's 5 o'clock, time to go home.

At the bus station I climb on to the Long Eaton bus and Dave on to the one for Belper. We wave from the steps and Dave shouts: "Fat Man, you shoot a great game of pool."

"So do you, Fast Eddie", I respond, raising an imaginary whisky glass. There's a free seat next to a woman with a blue-rinsed perm who shifts up and says: "Plenty of room for a whippet like you."

I grin: "Ah, but you know what they say, in every thin person there's a fat one trying to get out." She gives me a funny look and stares hard out of the window.

BOOKS

Life of exile

Charles Barr

Joseph Losey: A Revenge on Life

David Caute, Faber and Faber, £20, 591pp

Film directors have become as attractive a subject for major biographies as writers. Hitchcock, Capra, Welles, Nicholas Ray and now Joseph Losey are among those who have been given the posthumous treatment, their stories researched with awesome thoroughness, told with unflinching frankness, and aimed at a market wider than the specialist film one. In the Faber output, the Losey book, like those on Capra and Ray, is equal in weight (literally and metaphorically) to Andrew Motion's biography of Philip Larkin. Whether the scale of the enterprise is justified in this case is open to debate.

I don't mean that Losey was an unimportant figure. His journey from America to England and Europe, from radical public theatre through Hollywood and British cinema to become, late in his career, an icon of European art cinema, was a remarkable one. At each stage he adapted, with rare skill, to his surroundings, and attracted passionate partisanship, both for what he produced and what he represented. By 1960 he had come to stand, among a new wave of auteurs, for the possibility of creating a dynamic and personal popular cinema not just in Hollywood, but in Britain. By 1970, thanks mainly to his collaboration with Harold Pinter, he stood for a more consciously artistic kind of British cinema, and by 1980 he had become the embodiment of a particular Euro-strategy of adapting to changing markets through an eclectic set of projects based on adaptations of works with a high cultural profile (Mozart, Brecht, Proust). There is material here for a compelling study of one man and his films, as well as of crucial changes in the structures and cultural status of cinema. Caute gives us a very full picture of the man, and a conscientious, if rather stodgy, account of the films. But he is weak on the wider picture – or perhaps just not very interested.

This is not the first Losey biography. Attentive readers may recall Caute's own review in these pages (October 1991) of an earlier, less ambitious, unauthorised work

by Edith de Rham. Declaring his own interest, Caute laid into her with a sharpness that in retrospect looks unwise. He dismissed her listing of some 60 books as a "toytown bibliography", but himself provides neither a bibliography nor (unlike her) a filmography, just a bare list of titles and production companies. He attacked her casual deployment of sources, but despite 25 pages of end-notes, his own reference system is erratic and sources are often hard or impossible to track down. One example: the actress Jill Bennett, now dead, is not on the impressively long list of people who helped Caute's research, yet on page 114 he describes her memories of the affair she had with Losey soon after his move to Britain. No source for these reminiscences is identified, though they correspond closely to material on page 99 of de Rham's book. Bennett did talk to de Rham, and one assumes, therefore (in the absence of other indicators), that de Rham is Caute's source. His refusal in his own study even to acknowledge the existence of her book is an off-putting kind of scholar's pettiness, matching the pettiness he repeatedly exposes in his subject.

Press reviews have emphasised the exposé angle of the book ("Lousy Losey", to quote one headline). Losey told Michel Ciment (1979) that he posted back to *Variety* an article from his 1935 Moscow visit which it published on the front page; Caute has had all the front pages of the period searched and has found no such article. The lives of few of us, I fear, would emerge unscathed from such relentless scrutiny. There is plenty more on these lines, while a range of larger-scale evasions, betrayals, vanities and acts of meanness are chronicled just as unsparingly. At one level, the book is a morality tale of the left-winger who clung tenaciously to his progressive status but grew obsessed with avoiding taxes, flying first class and eating and dressing expensively, while treating people in a less than brotherly manner. All this makes compulsive reading, but it's not the whole story and we hear also about the vulnerable and generous side of Losey. Nor should the failings of the man be used to downgrade his work. Introducing his Larkin biography, Andrew Motion refers to "the beautiful flowers of his poetry... growing on long stalks out of pretty dismal ground". There is a case to be made for Losey – as for Hitchcock – in terms of such a metaphor, and up to a point Caute's book makes it.

Caute is clear about his estimate of the films. *The Servant* (1963) is the turning point: before that, Losey was offered "not a single screenplay of genuine literary distinction". His American and early British work is for the most part "blatant melodrama", however imaginative its filming. Literary is good, melodrama is bad: it does seem to be as simple as that. The Pinter influence is beneficent, and *Accident* (1967) is "Losey's best film", with screenplay, direction and Bogarde's acting all "close to perfection". The later years of increasingly rarified projects contain their high points, and *Mr Klein* (1975, in French) is among his finest works.

There is, of course, a reading of Losey's career that is diametrically opposed to Caute's. In this version, *The Servant* is still the turning point, but as an entry into a much less vital kind of cinema than that represented by *The Prowler* (Hollywood) or the

British *Time without Pity* and *The Criminal*. For David Thomson, in his *Biographical Dictionary of the Cinema*, *The Servant* marked Losey's "coming of age among the artistic elite", with baneful results. By the time of *Accident*, "Losey had fallen into thinking of himself as an intellectual; whereas his best films show that he is a passionate melodramatist, torn between ideas and feelings... The deterioration has been one of the saddest spectacles in modern cinema."

My own sympathies, on the whole, lie with Thomson. One of the pleasures of critical reading is laying oneself open to fresh perceptions and judgments, but Caute's book is unlikely to change anyone's mind. He is too secure in his structure of oppositions, too sealed off from any real engagement with issues of film culture. He does quote Thomson briefly, but without tackling his basic thesis – or, indeed, spelling his name right (not a pedantic comment, since there is also a David Thompson who writes about cinema). Likewise, he quotes several times from Raymond Durgnat's vigorous defence of the early work, and from Thomas Elsaesser's eloquent appreciation of the late work, but in a take-it-or-leave-it fashion: the quotes are a way of evading discussion rather than entering into it.

Caute gives no sense of the role played by Losey's work in the critical struggles of the 60s, the key decade of change for British film culture and education, nor indeed of later debates. Lest my perspective seem too narrow and academic, it's worth pointing out that he ignores, equally, that indispensable journalistic account of 60s cinema written shortly after the event, and including a lot of material on Losey and his collaborators: *Hollywood England* by Alexander Walker. One wonders why. One is also left wondering whether, as a left-wing intellectual of an appropriate age, Caute saw and responded to the films as they came out, or whether he is excavating unfamiliar territory. Curiously, the book gives no hint of this, nor indeed of what motivated the author to devote so many years to writing it.

Gender benders

Claire Monk

Vampires and Violets: Lesbians in Film

Andrea Weiss, Jonathan Cape, £12.99, 184pp

Hollywood Androgyny

Rebecca Bell-Metereau, Columbia University Press, \$18.50, 345pp

"When you watch the film *Vertigo*, are you Scottie wanting Madeleine, or are you Madeleine wanting Scottie to want you? Or both alternately and simultaneously? In what proportions and intensities?" This graffiti in the women's loos at New York's Lesbian and Gay Community Center is quoted by Andrea Weiss at the start of *Vampires and Violets*. With its instinctive understanding that the equivocal pleasures found by female (let alone lesbian) spectators in 'classic narrative cinema' owe something to a messy but creative process of make do and mend, it poses the kind of freewheeling questions that would not have gone down well with some 70s theorists.

While historically lesbian spectatorship has been near-invisible, as Weiss points out, the very fact of its continuing existence

Cinematic chameleon:
Joseph Losey moved
from Hollywood melodrama
to become an icon of
European art cinema



flouts deterministic theories of audience identification and object choice. What she does not admit is that this hardly makes the lesbian spectator unique. *Vampires and Violets* wants to claim that lesbians have a special relationship to cinema – but while creative cross-identification, adopting and adapting taboo role models and gazing at unsanctioned erotic objects are undoubtedly a way of life for lesbians, I'd argue that the same is true for most other female, non-WASP or non-hetero and even straight white male filmgoers too.

If such anarchic tendencies are as ubiquitous among audiences as ambiguous images are on screen, fewer films actually sanction multiple gender readings than contemporary Hollywood's quaint preoccupation with role reversal (men doing child-care, bankable male stars in drag) would have us believe. Ambiguity and self-interrogation are the last things the bulk of movie representations of lesbian identity or 'androgyny' (in the limited lifestyle-swapping sense foregrounded by Rebecca Bell-Metereau in *Hollywood Androgyny*) seek to achieve. From *The Killing of Sister George's* pathologised butch/femme stereotypes in the 60s, via the lesbian sado-vampires served up for soft-porn consumption by Hammer in the 70s, to *Tootsie's* liberal, feel-good delivery of the message that anything an 80s biological woman can do a female impersonator can do better, for the most part, the prescriptive repertoire of such depictions has functioned to bolster rather than to bust the gender-power status quo.

In this context, it's easy to see why the question of positive images in one sense or another is an issue for both Weiss and Bell-Metereau. The fact that this is also a hurdle at which both authors stumble testifies to the absurdities that can result when 60-odd years' worth of films from diverse cultural contexts and genres are squeezed through the same critical sieve. Before Stonewall researcher Weiss' terse, tart, intelligent and very enjoyable critical history is fired by a search for images of lesbians on screen which lesbians in the back row might identify with, and for films which succeed in offering visual pleasure to women. Not surprisingly, given the long history of demonised, punitive or voyeuristic depictions, she finds few films that pass muster (though she has time for Ulrike Ottinger's insurrectionary all-woman pirate adventure *Madame X* and Lizzie Borden's *Born in Flames*). En route she produces persuasive readings of films from Pabst's *Pandora's Box* to Su Friedrich's *Damned If You Don't*.

A strength of *Vampires and Violets* is that every production sector is fair game: European art cinema for producing representations of women that are no less addressed to the male gaze than Hollywood's; feminist film-makers such as Diane Kurys and Chantal Akerman for doing no better than *Silkwood* in reducing lesbian relationships to pre-Oedipal mother-daughter bonding. Most crucially, Weiss rejects the notion that 'positive' (that is, sympathetic) images are a goal in themselves regardless of who produces and consumes them: the glossy bodies of 80s Hollywood movies such as *Personal Best*, more ripe for heterosexual conversion than lesbian identification, deservedly are given short shrift.

The flaw is that many of her readings are dogged by an over-investment in dated



Kiss the boys goodbye: desire between heterosexual women in 'The Hunger' has a powerful erotic appeal for lesbian viewers

determinist claims that the spectator is "positioned" by "dominant" cinema – a perspective which conflicts with the anti-essentialist recognition of diversity and difference among women which she expresses elsewhere. Though she does belatedly dispense with such arguments, this contradiction produces claims that don't ring true. If the fact that "the typical [lesbian movie] vampire and her victim are both visually coded heterosexual and feminine" blocks their erotic appeal for lesbian viewers, how does Weiss explain the heated lesbian interest in Catherine Deneuve's seduction of Susan Sarandon in *The Hunger*, which she describes in the same chapter?

As a woman who has been known to have relationships with men, I was disappointed to learn from *Vampires and Violets* that the anarchic, satirical *A Question of Silence* – a favourite of mine – can have no appeal for me because it shows marital rape occurring within "enlightened" middle-class heterosexuality. The complex pleasures of 'straight' female spectatorship clearly await another book – and *Hollywood Androgyny*, written by a Professor of English at Southwest Texas State University, isn't it. Favouring precisely the feel-good, Hollywood-friendly positive stereotypes that Weiss rightly rejects, but remaining silent on the issue of exactly who these images address, this lazy second edition (new preface, flabby extra chapter) of a surreally inept 'study' whose most enlightening analyses are lifted from other works can't even manage to define its own central terms.

A prime motivation for writing about androgyny is surely the term's slipperiness in both theory and application. Sally Potter's *Orlando* – which both of these books are, frustratingly, slightly too old to discuss – points to the near impossibility of representing its blurred gender boundaries on screen: the film's effectiveness has little to do with persuading us that Tilda Swinton was ever physically a man, while Virginia

Woolf's designation of the female Orlando's husband Shelmerdine as in some sense a woman is lost on viewers feasting their eyes on Billy Zane. Unperturbed by such conceptual problematics, Bell-Metereau simply equates androgyny with cross-dressing – except in later chapters, where films supposedly featuring "reversal of gender roles" and just about any films featuring gay male characters, camp or not (*Longtime Companion*, Almodóvar's *Law of Desire*, and – seriously – Kenneth Branagh's *Peter's Friends*) are thrown in.

It will be clear from this list that Bell-Metereau's grasp of the production category Hollywood is a little wobbly. A fifth of the films discussed are not even American, though you'd never know it from the book's culture-blind, genre-blind title-dropping (in what is only the worst of many cases, the blatantly London-based *Performance* and Warhol's *Lonesome Cowboys* are treated as linked products of the same US counterculture). Possibly the "Hollywood" of the title refers to the book's mainstream US critical orientation rather than to its movie content – though Bell-Metereau's grip on cultural debates closer to Tinseltown is equally weak. Aids activists and *Philadelphia's* publicists, for instance, will be amazed to hear that Hollywood responded rapidly to the Aids crisis with a plethora of films on the subject and that "more and more performers [are addressing] publicly their sexual orientation."

It might be possible to pay such views more serious attention if they did not appear in a text whose factual inaccuracies verge on the bizarre. If you believe that the melodrama starring Jessica Lange as 40s actress Frances Farmer is called *Francis*, that Brian's mother in *Monty Python's Life of Brian* is played by Peter Cook, that *Performance* is a "homosexual film" or that the German lesbian director Ulrike Ottinger is a man, *Hollywood Androgyny* is the book for you. It is also a disgrace.

Pixellated

Jonathan Romney

Atom Egoyan

Carole Desbarats *et al*, translated by Brian Holmes, Editions Dis Voir, £23.25, 125pp

Over five cinema features, Canadian director Atom Egoyan has tirelessly pursued the theme of people's everyday intimacy with, and dependency on, video. It would be only too easy to pigeonhole him as either a moralising prophet decrying post-modern dehumanisation or the hippest of nerd new-agers urging us, like his compatriot David Cronenberg, to hail the New Flesh of the pixel image.

In fact, Egoyan's relentless deglamorising of video – captured in its most banal domestic manifestations – has formed the backbone of the most interesting attempt in years to revitalise the 60s modernist tradition of fractured narrative. His films put all the old Antonioni tropes of dislocation to scabrously suggestive use, scrutinising the family as a consumable fiction akin in construction to pornography. In particular, his recent film *Calendar* came across as both a *summum* and a breakthrough; here, Egoyan made his ambivalence about his Armenian origins the basis of an economical essay on cultural identity, directorial narcissism and sexual objectification. Enough here to be getting on with, you'd think.

Nevertheless, this slim set of essays – bolstered by some nice colour stills – does not begin to allay the impression that it's all a bit premature. The sense of thinness stems mainly from the fact that the authors seem to have had access only to Egoyan's five cinema features, when there is a lot more material in the filmography that begs discussion: a number of shorts, an episode for the *Alfred Hitchcock Presents* TV series, a 1992 true-life television drama about ice hockey and murder entitled *Gross Misconduct*, and a contribution to the *Montréal vu par...* portmanteau film, alongside Patricia Rozema, Denys Arcand *et al*.

Most disappointingly, these essays operate in a void. Carole Desbarats' workable introduction briefly touches on the so-called 'Ontario New Wave', but the book doesn't begin to locate Egoyan in terms of national cinema, beyond superficial parallels with Cronenberg (a serious omission, I'd have thought, is Peter Mettler, director of the comparably self-reflexive *The Top of His Head*, and Egoyan's former director of photography). Nor does it put Egoyan's videophilia (or -phobia) in any global context. There's a fleeting mention of Soderbergh and "the far more disturbing Hanecke (*sic*)" of *Benny's Video*; but at a time when the video image in celluloid has become a ubiquitous mainstream fetish (from *Blade Runner* to *Sliver*), it seems absurd not to contextualise Egoyan's much more thoroughgoing phenomenology of video as a bugbear of everyday life. It is surprising, for example, that there is no mention of Wenders' maligned *Notebook on Cities and Clothes*, which would make an instructive double-bill with *Calendar*. Both films feature directors from the art-house mainstream finding themselves with a camcorder in hand and asking "What's this for?"

The first thing that frustrates about these pieces is that the shaky translation from



Monstre sacré: Jean Gabin, icon of classic French cinema

French makes them at times barely penetrable. The second thing is a sense that they're largely barking up the wrong tree. Desbarats' intro usefully scratches the surface, and punctures the notion of Egoyan as a video romantic looking beneath the image for an 'authentic' notion of the self. But Jacinto Lageira's rather less sanguine disquisition on Egoyan's work as a sift through the *membra disjecta* of memory and subjectivity gets us nowhere. It is hermetically fixed on Egoyan's features and the specular play of roles within them, barely acknowledging that the primary mirror-play in Egoyan's work is with other narrative cinema. Still, it's more coherent than Danièle Rivière's genuinely loopy piece, which namechecks Hephaestus, Apollo, Dionysus and those hoary demiurges Eliade and Bachelard to invoke an archetypal thematics of fire through which "Egoyan invites us to come closer to the hearth, to dilate and regenerate our bodies at the focal point."

After all this, it is a relief to come to the closing piece, a brief exchange of video letters between Egoyan and Paul Virilio in which our "videast" offers some incongruously pragmatic responses to Virilio's apocalyptically toned queries. Virilio asks Egoyan what he feels about "the end of the notion of 'intervals'"; Egoyan replies with a coolly lucid exposition of the contemplative nature of the video image, as opposed to celluloid with its more mystificatory associations. This is where a study of Egoyan's work could profitably start – in the very fact of his staging encounters between cinema, with the particular history of power and subjectivity it entails, and the supposedly democratising medium of video, which comes with its own proliferating set of connotations – surveillance, sexuality, domesticity. Egoyan is not the only film-maker to address this question; he simply does so with confident idiosyncrasy. He is one of many combatants on an animated battleground; this book does him a disservice by presenting him as if he were the only participant in a singularly arid symposium.

Daddy's cinema

Ginette Vincendeau

The Classic French Cinema, 1930-1960

Colin Crisp, Indiana University Press, £50, 485pp

The striking cover of Colin Crisp's new history crystallises its project. The poster for *Les Enfants du paradis* set against a bold tri-colour signals a traditional idea of 'classic' French cinema, while the title, with its oblique reference to Bordwell, Staiger and Thompson's 1985 *The Classical Hollywood Cinema*, cues the book's investigative impulse. It is not part of Crisp's brief to enter into debates about 'classicism'; instead, he sets out to discover whether there is such a thing as classic French cinema along the lines established by Bordwell *et al* for Hollywood. Taking roughly the same period, he applies their criteria – the existence of a coherent, integrated set of film-making practices – to the much more fragmented, even anarchic, French industry.

Crisp's meticulous account of areas such as political economy and industrial structures, plant and technology, personnel and work practices between the coming of

sound and the arrival of the New Wave will undoubtedly provide an invaluable resource. As he readily admits, he draws extensively on French scholars – Jeancolas, Léglise, Chirat and Courtade among them – and his 30-year time span allows him to go into more detail than other recent books such as Susan Hayward's *French National Cinema* or Alan Williams' *Republic of Images*. His close study leads him to the (qualified) conclusion that classic French cinema does indeed exist: "The bulk of film production, although written, directed and edited by widely different individuals and groups (some of whom [Carné, Grémillon] are commonly credited with distinct personal 'styles'), working in different studios, in fact conformed to a system-wide norm which was changing over time." This approach, breaking with the overwhelmingly auteurist bias of so much writing on French cinema, is just the kind of work we need. It's a pity, therefore, that Crisp does not deliver enough textual analysis to substantiate his claims, and that his sample of films is so selective.

This means that the passages on stars and acting, for example, are unilluminating and confusing: Jean Gabin and Jules Berry may both have been *monstres sacrés* in terms of fame and stature, but they were so far apart in every other respect – training, image and performance style – that to bracket them together is meaningless. Similarly, when talking about camera movements and editing, Crisp falls back on a small number of titles which belong to the canon of sanctioned classics. So the claim that Renoir's films between 1935 and 1939 are less intensely edited than those of other directors begs the question of who the others were; a comparison with mainstream boulevard comedies, for instance, would yield different results. Crisp's general conclusions – that there was a tendency towards more camera movements but faster editing, and a shift from a community-based universe to individual psychology in both decor and subject-matter – may still hold in a wider, random sample of films, but one would like confirmation. These omissions are ironic, given Crisp's aspiration to countering the absence of rigorous methodology in existing analyses, and his reference to Barry Salt's statistical work.

The pay-off comes in the conclusion. Crisp argues vigorously that the New Wave, far from running counter to the 'classic cinema' that came before, is rather a logical outcome and continuation of it. New Wave film-makers simply foregrounded a tradition of art cinema deeply rooted in French classical cinema – indeed, their films were generated by the same financial and industrial mechanisms as the mainstream cinema they hated. And, contrary to received wisdom that the New Wave injected new blood into a moribund institution, Crisp shows that waves of new practitioners had emerged throughout the classical period.

Crisp's arguments, couched as they are in purely institutional terms, do leave many aesthetic and ideological questions unanswered. But they offer a very necessary corrective to established views that the New Wave was a definitive break with the *cinéma de papa*, and will undoubtedly stimulate a long overdue reassessment of the most famous, yet still relatively unexplored, French cinema movement.



**UNIVERSITY
OF OXFORD**
Department for
**CONTINUING
EDUCATION**

in
collaboration
with the

**Open
University**

**CERTIFICATE IN
FILM STUDIES**

*open to continuing education and
Open University students*

This Certificate is based in Oxford and consists of 2 separate modules each requiring one year of part-time study running from January to December. Each module includes a one week summer school which is held at Rewley House in Oxford.

Subjects covered in recent modules:

**Gender - Film Form - Authorship - Genre
Comedy - National Cinema - Realism**

For each module successfully completed, students can also receive a full Open University credit at second level. These credits will be graded and can count towards honours degree classification. Credits will also be transferable in the CNAA Credit Accumulation and Transfer Scheme.

For information on the 1995 Film Studies module, please contact

The Registry, OUDCE
1 Wellington Square, Oxford OX1 2JA
Tel: Oxford (0865) 270360; Fax: (0865) 270309

CHANNEL VIDEO FILMS

WORLDWIDE MAIL ORDER

WE CAN SUPPLY ALL NEW RELEASES AND VIDEO FILMS REVIEWED IN SIGHT AND SOUND

There we are John	1900 (Novocento) 2 Tapes	19.99	Spartacus (ext uncut version) W/S	12.99
Derek Jarman in interview	2000 Maniacs	10.99	Blade Runner- Directors Cut W/S	12.99
Manufacturing consent: Noam Chomsky	Accion Mutante	10.99	Dances with Wolves Ex225MinsWS	12.99
and the media	Dekalog: Parts 1-5 (2 Tapes)	22.49	A Few Good Men W/S	14.99
Triumph of the Will-German Doc	Dekalog: Parts 6-10 (2 Tapes)	22.49	Goodfellas W/S	12.99
The Harem-Marco Ferreri	Dunkirk (Full length collectors ed)	12.99	Naked Lunch W/S	12.99
Wonderful Visit (Carne)	The Bridge at Remagen	10.99	Taxi Driver (Robert DeNiro) W/S	10.99
Life on a String (Kaige)	Khartoum (Charlton Heston)	10.99	Killer (John Woo) Subtitled W/S	12.99
Turkish Delight (Rutger Hauer)	Obsession (Brian De Palma)	10.99	Killer-Box Set Subtitled/Booklet	19.99
Les Biches (Chabrol)	7 (Costas Gavras)	15.99	Abyss-Special ed(Extra 28 mins)	12.99
Rouge (Anita Mui)	La Balance	15.99	The Cook, The Thief, his Wife... W/S	5.99
The True Glory-Doc oscar win'45	Made in Britain (Tim Roth)	12.99	Mash, W/S	12.99
Farewell my Concubine (Kaige)	Dust Devil	10.99	Patton, W/S	12.99
Heatwave-Australian thriller	King of Comedy (Robert DeNiro)	9.99	The Blue Max W/S	12.99
La Guerre est fine	Kes (Dir Ken Loach)	10.99	Sand Pebbles W/S	12.99
Touche pas a la femme blanche	Zazie dans le metro	15.99	Baraka W/S	15.99
Three men and a cradle(fr orig)	Ten Days Wonder (Orson Welles)	15.99	Thelma and Louise W/S	12.99
State of siege(Uruguay thriller)	Tony Hancock....Very Best of...	12.99	The Firm Ex-Rental	25.00
Le Jour se Leve	Richard III (Laurence Olivier)	9.99	Hard Boiled John Woo Ex-Rental	25.00
It happened here(GB 1963)	Kurosawa's dreams (Widescreen)	12.99	In the Line of Fire Ex-Rental	25.00
Crush-New Zealand suspense	Blow up (Vanessa Redgrave)	9.99	Groundhog Day Ex-Rental	25.00
Allegro non Troppo-Anim feature	Short film about Killing/Love-Set	24.99	Last Action Hero Ex-Rental	20.00
Cup Final-TruestoriesfromLebanon	Lovers (Victoria Abril) Spain 1990	15.99	Man without a Face Ex-Rental	25.00
Le Jeune Werther	Betty Blue (Ext Version W/S)	19.99	Real McCoy Ex-Rental	25.00
Marriage of Maria Braun	Aliens- Special edition/ex version	12.99	Rising Sun Ex-Rental	25.00
Effi Briest	The Big Blue Ext version W/S	19.99	Sliver Ex-Rental	25.00
Went the Day Well(GreeneThriller)	Last Temptation of Christ	13.27	Tina-Whats love got to do with it	
Monty Python series 1/EP 1-4	Stolen children (Italy 1992)	15.99	Ex-Rental	25.00
Monty Python series 1/EP 5-7	Like Water for Chocolate	15.99	The Vanishing(Jeff Bridges)Ex Rent	25.00
Matter of Heart (Jung)	Repulsion (Polanski)	10.99	Young Americans Ex-Rental	25.00
Falling down (Michael Douglas)	Bittermoon (Polanski)	10.99	Malcolm X Ex-Rental	25.00
Better Gay Sex (Educational Tape)	Frantic (Polanski)	10.99	Body of Evidence Ex-Rental	15.00
AIDS-The reality and the myth	Psych out (Jack Nicholson)	10.99	Many more available, send SAE for list	

For more information on other titles, please contact Channel Video Films, 58 Sakusbury Road, London NW6 6ND Tel:071 372 2025

POST & PACKING U.K.: £2-1 Tape Europe: £6.50 up to 3 tapes Outside Europe: £12 up to 3 tapes All orders recorded delivery.
(50p each additional tape) (£2 each additional tape) (£3 each additional tape)

CATALOGUE Film availability and prices subject to change without notice. Please allow 14 days for delivery.
Comprehensive catalogue: £1.99. Over 12,000 titles (90 subject headings), including: Sport, Music, Opera, Ballet, Wildlife, Travel, Documentary, Television Drama/Comedy, Teach-yourself, Cookery, Gardening, Children's and Adult subjects. We also specialise in Foreign, Cult and Classic movies.
All prices include VAT. VAT Reg. No. 501 476 767

CREDIT CARD ORDER LINE

TEL. OR FAX.

071-372 2025

Office hours:
Monday-Friday
10am-6pm

cinegrafix

**SPECIALISTS
IN RARE FILM
POSTERS
AND STILLS**

**SHOP OPEN
MONDAY - SATURDAY
11.00 a.m. - 7.00 p.m.
Telephone: 031-228 9966**



**ILLUSTRATED
CATALOGUES OF
RARE FILM POSTERS, £3
AND STAR PORTRAITS, £2
AVAILABLE FROM -**

**Cinegrafix,
36 Marchmont Road,
Edinburgh EH9 1HX**

**FILM PRODUCTION
COURSE**

Learn by shooting a film under the supervision of top professionals at London's major production centre.

**Prominent Studios is the only
feature film production centre
where training is available.**

The "Future in Films" course comprises of intense, practical evening and weekend sessions. You will learn the essential aspects of film making by writing and shooting your own production with other students.

PANICO WORKSHOP

On successful completion of the course, you may join the "Panico" Workshop. This will give you access to the equipment, facilities and advice, enabling you, together with other students, to make your own productions.

Course Unit, Prominent Studios,
68a Delaney St, London NW1 7RY.
Tel: 071 284 1163



**BRIT
PERFORMING ARTS & TECHNOLOGY
SCHOOL**

BTEC NATIONAL DIPLOMA IN MEDIA

The Media Department offers a two year, full-time BTEC National Diploma in Media (TV, Film and Video specialism).

The course is practically based, but also has a theoretical element.

Applicants will be 16 - 18 years old by August of this year. The course will commence in August 1994 and will run over two years.

All places are free.

For further details and an application form, please write to:

Ms Katrina Sharpe,
BRIT Performing Arts & Technology School,
60 The Crescent, Croydon CR0 2HN

REVIEWS

Reviews, synopses and full credits for all the month's new films and new British TV films

Blink

USA 1994

Director: Michael Apted

Certificate

18

Distributor

Guild

Production Company

New Line productions

Executive Producers

Robert Shaye

Sara Risher

Producer

David Blocker

Production Executive

Carla Fry

Production Associate

Sandra Tomita

Production Controller

Paul Prokop

Production Co-ordinator

Margi Johnson

Unit Production Manager

Scott White

Location Manager

Stephen Andrzejewski

Executive in Charge

of Post-production

Joe Fineman

Post-production

Supervisor

Ric Keeley

2nd Unit Director

David Blocker

Casting

Linda Lowy

Associate:

John Brace

Voice:

Barbara Harris

Consultant Chicago:

Sandra Grand

Assistant Directors

David Sardi

Maggie Murphy

Randall Newsome

Screenplay

Dana Stevens

Director of Photography

Dante Spinotti

Scope

Colour

DeLuxe

prints by:

Filmhouse

Camera Operators

Gary Jay

Gerrit Dangremond

Steadicam Operator

Gerrit Dangremond

Visual Effects

Supervisor:

Art Durinski

Consultant:

Rene Daalder

Computerised Imaging

Metrolight Studios

Executive Producer:

Dobbie Schiff

Line Producer:

Barry Watkins

Digital Effects Art

Director:

Kerry Colonna

Production

Co-ordinator:

Paula Stein

Opticals

Cinema Research

Corporation

Matte Artist

Jennifer Law

Graphics

Tracy Lucas

Supervising Animation

Jerry Weil

Animation

Joe Alter

Jeff Hayes

David Meny

Susan Oslin

Editor

Rick Shaine

Production Designer

Dan Bishop

Art Director

Jefferson Sage

Set Design

Amy J. Smith

Set Decorator

Dianna Freas

Set Dresser

Roger G. Anderson

Special Effects

Sam Barkan

Music

Brad Fiedel

Music performed by

Violin/Mandolin/Viola:

Sean Cleland

Guitar/Mandolin/

Vocals:

Michael Kirkpatrick

Bass/Vocals:

David Callahan

Drums/Percussion/

Vocals:

Jackie Moran

Percussion/Trombone/

Vocals:

Winston Damon

Music Editor

Allan K. Rosen

Music Consultant

Dawn Soler

Violin Instructors

Sean Cleland

Cait Reed

Songs

"Insulated Man",

"When Fortune Turns

Her Wheel", "Love

Won't Be", "Is Craig

Here", by Michael

Kirkpatrick, "The Boys

and the Babies" by

Michael Kirkpatrick,

David Callahan, Jackie

Moran, Kathleen

Keane, performed by

The Drovers; "My Ban

Chnoic Eiranno (The

Fair Hills of Ireland)"

performed by Sean

Cleland; "Jerusalem

Ridge" by Bill Monroe,

performed by Kevin

Burke

Costume Design

Susan Lyall

Costume Supervisor

Susan Kaufmann

Make-up/Special Make-up

Effects

Jeff Goodwin

Hair stylist

Frances Mathias

Title Design

Phill Norman

Titles/Opticals

Pacific Title

Supervising Sound Editors

Lucy Coldsnow-Smith

John A. Larsen

Dialogue Editors

Alison Fisher

David Arnold

Andy Kopetzky

Foley Editors

Mark Pappas

John Edwards-Yonger

John Joseph Thomas

Sound Recordists

Chris Newman

D. Webster Hill

Jeff Ward

Music:

Tim Boyle

ADR Recordist

Dean Drabin

Foley Recordists

Dean Drabin

Ann Hadsell

Dolby stereo

Sound Re-recordists

Paul Massey

Adam Jenkins

Don Digirolamo

Charlene Richards

Sound Effects Editor

Rodger Pardee

Foley Artists

Robin Harlan

Sarah Monat

Stunt Co-ordinator

Tim A. Davison

Cast

Madeleine Stowe

Emma Brody

Aidan Quinn

Detective John

Hallstrom

James Remar

Thomas Ridgely

Peter Friedman

Doctor Ryan Pierce

Bruce A. Young

Lieutenant Mitchell

Laurie Metcalf

Candice

Matt Roth

Crowe

Paul Dillon

Neal Booker

Michael P. Byrne

Barry

Anthony Cannata

Ned

Greg Noonan

Frank

Heather Schwartz

Young Emma

Marilyn Dodds Frank

Emma's Mother

Michael Stuart Kirkpatrick

Michael

Sean C. Cleland

Sean

Craig Winston Damon

Winston

David Callahan

David

Jackie Moran

Jackie

Mary Ann Thebus

Mrs Davison

Joy E. Gregory

Valerie Wheaton

Lucy Childs

Margaret Tattersall

Blake Whealy

Mark Tattersall

Tim Monsion

Mr Tattersall

Shirley Spiegler Jacobs

Grandmother

Don Forston

Priest

Debra Dusay

Detective

Lia D. Mortensen

Reporter

Mario Tanzi

Cuchetto

Kate Buddeke

Mrs Whitney

Adele Robbins

Davison Doctor

Rick Lefevour

Driver

Darryl Rocky Davis

Forensics

Sam Sanders

Bobby

Dallas J. Crawford

Kid

Mark Nagel

Parking Guard

Les Podewell

Old Man

Lucina Paquet

Mrs Goldman

Glendon Gabbard

Mr Goldman

Gene Janson

Mr Getz

Renee Lockett-Lawson

Admitting Nurse

Mary Seibel

Records Nurse

Valerie Spencer

Kathryn Miller

Children's Nurses

Donna Alexander

Veterinarian

Jackie Samuel

Conductor

Kevin B. Swerdlow

Receiving Cop

Kevin Matthews

Man on Train

Ted Gilbert

Ted

Chantal Wentworth

Backup Singer

Joe McConnell

Bob Lanier

Basketball Announcers

Ray Clay

Stadium Announcer

Louie

Ralph "the Dog"

bank of thriller tropes. Its only missing organ is a brain.

Ever since *Peeping Tom*, thrillers have often gleefully dwelt on the sadistic side of scopophilia. Paralleling the omniscient viewpoint of the camera or the audience, the killer always has the best views. Victims are punished for their inability to see, sometimes literally as in the case of *Wait Until Dark*. By this token, blind or sight-impaired characters make the best victims in movies. It is as if, in some twisted pseudo-Freudian way, they are being punished for their inability to appreciate films fully.

Bang on genre convention, *Blink* plumbs all the depths of these metaphoric permutations on primal scene anxiety. By focalizing through Emma's distorted vision, *Blink* might be seen as an attempt to restore the balance of viewpoints, even though she is to some extent punished by the film for 'daring to look'. Psychoanalytic readings such as this are positively invited by the film, which helpfully supplies a *Marnie*-ish flashback to Emma's childhood when she was blinded by her mother for wearing make-up. Later on, the moment when, at Hallstrom's insistence, she keeps her eyes open when they make love symbolises her acceptance of the visual economy and transition to sexual and emotional maturity. On the other hand, it might be a pathetic attempt at 'sensitivity' in an otherwise typically lecherous sex scene.

To render the blurry harsh world Emma sees, cinematographer Dante Spinotti and special effects expert Art Durinski use a combination of special lenses, filters and computer imaging. The effect is mildly interesting, like a demonstration at an electronics trade show. More than anything else, 'Emmavision' is reminiscent of the images generated by the device in *Wenders' Until the End of the World* that could record visual perceptions for the blind. Like the Jeanne Moreau character in that film, who dies of despair after finally seeing the world, Emma, surrounded by a grey, seedy-looking Chicago, is unsurprisingly saddened by the gift of sight. The best a friend can offer her after she asks to see something beautiful is Michael Jordan playing basketball – admittedly a thing of beauty, but hardly compensation for years of blindness.

Overall, *Blink* is so numbingly banal and predictable it might as well have been called *Wink*, of which you need 40 to get through it. Even Madeleine Stowe and Aidan Quinn as the leads seem to be sleepwalking, exchanging gestures of tough vulnerability and vulnerable toughness respectively.

Director Michael Apted sloshes it all together with perfunctory anonymity, half-heartedly tossing in the obligatory nods to Hitchcock and Powell. The diegetic soundtrack, by the frighteningly 'real' band The Drovers, is a twee sub-Levellers folk-pop which spoils the pleasure of pretending you are blind for the film's entirety.

Leslie Felperin Sharman

A Business Affair

United Kingdom/France/Germany/Spain
1993

Director: Charlotte Brandstrom

Certificate
15

Distributor
Entertainment
Production Companies
Film and General
productions (London)/
Osby Films
(Paris)/Connexion
Films (Hamburg)
(Madrid)
With financial
assistance from
Eurimages Fund of
the Council of Europe
The European
Co-production Fund
Canal +
Podeve
Sofiar 2

Executive Producers
Martha Wansborough
Willi Baer

Producers
Clive Parsons
Davina Belling
Xavier Larere

Line Producer
Olivia Stewart
Associate Producer
Diana Costes Brook

Production Co-ordinator
Lesley Stewart
Production Managers
Spain:

Mark Egerton

Russia:

Harriet Earle

Location Manager
Martell

Casting
Simone Reynolds

Assistant Directors
Christopher Newman

Keith Young

Carl Oprey

Spain:

Charlie Lazaro

Screenplay
William Stadiem

Story
William Stadiem

Charlotte Brandstrom

Inspired by the books

Tears Before Bedtime,

Weep No More by

Barbara Skelton

Additional Dialogue
Lucy Flannery

Director of Photography
Willy Kurant

In colour

Camera Operators
Bob Smith

2nd Unit:

Stefan Stankowski

Russia:

Sergei Astahov

Editor
Laurence Méry-Clark

Production Designer
Sophie Becher

Art Directors
Kave Naylor

Spain:

Claire James

Music
Didier Vasseur

Music Conductor
Harry Rabinowitz

Music Performed by
London Studio

Orchestra

Bandoneon:

Juan José Mosalini

Orchestrations
Hubert Bougis

Music Extracts/Song
"Making Rainbows"

by Boris Bergman,

Didier Vasseur, Paul

Yves, performed by

Paul Yves; "Symphony

No. 5 in C minor, Op.

67" by Ludwig van

Beethoven, performed

by Czech Philharmonic

Orchestra; "Stabat

Mater Doloroso" by

Giovanni Battista

Pergolesi, performed

by Frantisek Xaver

Thuri, Czech

Philharmonic Chorus

Costume Design
Tom Rand

Wardrobe Supervisor
Patrick Wheatley

Make-up Artists
Morag Ross

Jacques Clemente

Hairstylist
Paulo Mantini

Title Design
Capital FX

Sound Editors
Rodney Glenn

Dialogue:
John Downer

Foley Editor
Philip Alton

Sound Recordist
Chris Munro

Dolby stereo

Sound Re-recordists
Ray Merrin

Cast
Christopher Walken

Vanni

Carole Bouquet
Kate Bolton

Jonathan Pryce
Alec Bolton

Sheila Hancock
Judith

Anna Manahan
Bianca

Fernando Guillen Cuervo
Angel

Tom Wilkinson
Bob

Marisa Benlooch
Carmen

Paul Bentall
Drunken Man

Bhasker
Jaboul

Roger Brierly
Barrister

Allan Corduner
Marian McLoughlin

Dinner Guests
Miguel de Angel

Spanish Taxi Driver
Christopher Driscoll

Policeman
Beth Goddard

Fergus O'Donnell
Students

Richard Hampton
Doctor

Togo Igawa
Japanese Golfer

Susan Kyd
Fawn

Annabel Leventon
Literary Guest

Patti Love
Prostitute

Simon McBurney
Salesman

Usha Patel
Natalie Sherman

Indian Women
Geraldine Somerville

Saleswoman
William Stadiem

William King
Robert Swann

Maitre d'
Peter van Dissel

Boat Guest
Jerome Willis

Moderator
Alfonso Galan

Bullfighter

9,158 feet
102 minutes

British author Alec Bolton signs up with a brash American publisher, Vanni, who has promised to make his fortune. Alec, however, is suffering from writer's block. As he struggles with his new book, his wife Kate, an unemployed model, works on a novel of her own. Alec tells her it is hopeless. Nonetheless, she sends the novel to Vanni. He immediately recognises its potential and agrees to publish it. Vanni and Kate start an affair.

Alec, cuckolded and furious, reneges on his agreement with Vanni. Kate, torn between the competing attentions of the two men, flies off to Spain for a secret holiday. Both Alec and Vanni pursue her. Alec hires a handsome matador to pretend to be a suitor and to take Kate's mind off the American. But the scheme backfires, and Kate ends up returning to London with Vanni, whom she subsequently marries.

The literary world is horrified by these incestuous conspiracies, the critics savage Kate's novel and Vanni's business suffers. Kate soon discovers Vanni is just as egotistical a husband as Alec had been. He also seems threatened by her writing and wants her to stay at home and look after the house. Matters worsen when his Italian mother, who disapproves of everything about her, moves in. Alec, meanwhile, has overcome his writer's block and completed a bestseller.

Kate leaves Vanni, moves into a bed-sit, and finishes her second novel. She sends this off on spec and soon finds a publisher. The book proves to be a terrific success. Alec turns up at a signing in a London bookshop and tells her how impressed he is by her writing. The couple take a walk and end up kissing in Trafalgar Square. Eventually, Kate disappears into the crowd, telling him not to call her. If they ever get back together, it will have to be on her terms.

At least in sartorial terms, *A Business Affair* is a 'smart' comedy: Christopher Walken's suits were made in Savile Row while Carole Bouquet, who goes through more than 50 changes of costume in the course of the film, borrowed most of her clothes from Chanel. Thematically, too, the film hints at sophistication. Set in the rarefied world of London publishing, it abounds in book launches and dinner parties where characters indulge in all sorts of high-faluting discussions about literature, love and money.

Unfortunately, though, no amount of high-culture dressing can conceal the threadbare nature of the script. For all its literary chatter and musings on the nature of creativity, this is essentially a whimsical love-triangle saga with the production values of a mineral water commercial. A European co-production, it lacks any sense of national identity, instead offering tourist-eye views of Britain and Spain. Locations range from the Ritz Hotel and Trafalgar Square to bullfights and Spanish carnivals, and sometimes verge on the eccentric (it's not clear, for instance, why Bolton, the reclusive



Let's do lunch: Christopher Walken

author, should want to live above the Ann Summers sex shop in Wardour Street).

Charlotte Brandstrom has a reputation as an 'actors' director', but the performances she elicits here from her leads are largely disappointing. Pryce and Walken are both associated with intense, brooding drama. Neither has ever shown much aptitude for light comedy. "Do not expect Vanni to be a psychopath or manic oddball just because he's played by Christopher Walken," the production notes warn us, but this is precisely what we do expect, and, at least initially, the American actor doesn't let us down. Even if he is supposed to be more buffoon than mafioso, he manages to mix icy charm and bristling menace in the usual measures. However, while he is trying to play the publisher as an urbane, sophisticated anglophile, and perhaps to parody some of his own previous work in the process, the script continually pushes him toward broad slapstick. Jonathan Pryce also struggles in his one-dimensional role as the 'great writer'. His character is so earnest, and so given to sententious, egotistical utterances, that he soon forfeits any sympathy. Caught between these two cardboard suitors is Carole Bouquet as Kate, who wants her independence as a woman and a writer – in fact, wants the right to earn as much money and behave as self-indulgently as the men in her life. Hers is a cheerful, if slightly bland, performance, but she can hardly be blamed for the saccharine nature of the material.

Producer Clive Parsons claims he sees the film as following in the tradition of *A Touch of Class*, but it often seems even more old-fashioned than that. If anything, it harks back to all those vapid, slightly risqué Mayfair comedies the British used to make in the 30s, where the manners and milieu were blithely assumed to compensate for any shortcomings in terms of narrative or character development. Aiming to be light-hearted and clever, it ends up merely smug and routine.

Geoffrey Macnab

The Crow

USA 1994

Director: Alex Proyas

Certificate
18

Distributor
Entertainment

Production Company
Edward R. Pressman production
In association with Jeff Most productions

Executive Producers
Robert L. Rosen
Sherman L. Baldwin

Producers
Edward R. Pressman
Jeff Most

Co-producers
Caldecot Chubb
James A. Janowitz

Associate Producers
Gregory A. Gale
Grant Hill

Production Co-ordinators
Jennifer Roth
Carri Durose

Production Manager
Grant Hill

Unit Production Manager
Ric Rondell

Location Manager
Vick Griffin

2nd Unit Director
Andrew Mason

Casting
Billy Hopkins
Suzanne Smith
Associates:
Kerry Barden
Diana Jaher
Jennifer Low Sauer
Voice:
Barbara Harris

Assistant Directors
Steve Andrews
Randall LaFollette

Screenplay
David J. Schow
John Shirley
Based on the comic book series and comic strip by James O'Barr

Director of Photography
Darius Wolski

Colour
DeLuxe

Miniature Photography
Michael Talarico

Producer:
Robert Stadd

Camera Operators
David Crone
Ken Arlidge

Visual Effects
Supervisor:
Andrew Mason
Editor:
Derrick Mitchell

Optical Effects
International Creative Effects

Digital Compositing
Motion Pixel

Executive Producer:
Mark M. Galvin

Producer:
David K. McCullough

Production Manager:
Melissa Cira Taylor

Technical Supervisors:
Howard Burdick
Tim Landry

Roto Artists:
Oliver Sarda

Digital Matte Artists
Karen de Jong
Bob Scifo

Editors
Dov Hoenig
Scott Smith

Production Designer
Alex McDowell

Art Director
Simon Murton

Set Design
William Barclay

Set Decorator
Marthe Pineau

Storyboard Artists
Peter Pound
Hannah Strauss

Special Effects
J.B. Jones
James Robert

Models
Co-ordinator:
Gus Ramsden
Chief Modelmaker:
Eric Skipper

Music
Graeme Revell

Orchestrations
Tim Simonec

Music Supervisor
Jolene Cherry

Music Editor
Richard Bernstein

Songs
"Burn" by Robert Smith, Simon Gallup, Boris Williams, Perry Bamonte, performed by The Cure; "Big Empty" by Dean DeLeo, Scott Weiland, performed by Stone Temple Pilots; "Dead Souls" by Ian Curtis, Peter Hook, Bernard Sumner, Stephen Morris, performed by Nine Inch Nails; "Ghost Rider" by Martin Rev, Alan Vega, performed by Rollins Band; "Time Baby II" by Jim Goodall, Brad Laner, Jim Putnam, Ed Ruscha, Beth Thompson, performed by Medicine; "Milktoast" by Page Nye Hamilton, performed by Helmet; "Slip Slide Melting" by and performed by For Love Not Lisa; "Golgotha Tenement Blues" by Scott Benzel, Mike Fisher, Stuart Kupers, performed by Machines of Loving Grace; "Color Me Once" by Gordon Gano, Brian Ritchie, performed by Violent Femmes; "Darkness" by and performed by Rage Against the Machine; "Snakedriver" by William Reid, Jim Reid, performed by the Jesus and Mary Chain; "After the Flesh" by Buzz McCoy, Groovie Mann, performed by My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult; "The Badge" by Tom Roberts, Jerry Lang, performed by Pantera; "It Can't Rain All the Time" by Graeme Revell, Jane Siberry, performed by Jane Siberry

Costume Design
Arianne Phillips

Wardrobe Supervisor
Darryl Levine

Make-up Artists
Sharon Ilson
Herita Jones

Special Make-up Effects
Lance Anderson

Hairstylists
Michelle Johnson
Mary Campert

Supervising Sound Design
Joseph Phillips

Sound Design
Brian McPhearson

Music:
Brian Williams

Supervising Sound Editors
Dave McMoyler
John J. Miceli

Dialogue Editors
Patrick Sellers
Jeff Watts
Glenn T. Morgan
Dan Hegeman

Foley Editor
Robert Batha

Sound Recordists
Buddy Alper
Robin Johnston

ADR Recordists
Marilyn Graf
Paul Zydel
Brian Smith

Foley Recordists
Eric Hoeschen
Brian Smith
Dolby stereo consultant:
Dan Sperry

Sound Re-recordists
Matthew Jadarola
Gary Gegan
Gover Helsey

Sound Transfers
Acme Soundworks

Sound Effects Editors
Peter Lehman
Chris Assells
Scott Mosteller
Amy Hoffberg

Crow Voice Design
David Kneupper

Foley Artists
Joe Sabella
Doug Reed

Weapons Specialist
Jim Moyer

Crow Wrangler
Gary Gero

Animal Trainers
Roger Schumacher
Larry Madrid

Cast
Brandon Lee
Eric Draven
Michael Wincott
Top Dollar
Rochelle Davis
Sarah
Ernie Hudson
Albrecht
David Patrick Kelly
T Bird
Angel David
Skank
Bai Ling
Myca
Lawrence Mason
Tin Tin
Michael Massee
Funboy
Bill Raymond
Mickey
Marco Rodriguez
Torres
Sofia Shinas
Shelly
Anna Thomson
Darla
Tony Todd
Grange
Jon Polito
Gideon

9,123 feet
101 minutes

In an unnamed inner city, Halloween is known as Devil's Night because of the amount of violent crime, especially arson, it inspires. One Devil's Night, rock guitarist Eric Draven is murdered and his fiancée Shelly raped and left for dead by a gang of four heavies – Tin Tin, Funboy, T Bird and Skank – sent by local crime lord Top Dollar to evict them from their apartment. Shelly subsequently dies in hospital.

Exactly one year later, Eric is brought back to life by a crow which then leads him to the four culprits in turn. Confronting Tin Tin in an alley, Eric proves invulnerable to his assaults with a knife and leaves him stabbed to death. Eric is then led by the crow to a pawn shop where Shelly's effects had been sold by Tin Tin. He tells the owner to warn the others he is coming for them, before destroying the building.

Eric seeks out Albrecht, the cop who had investigated his murder and is now investigating Tin Tin's; he surprises him with the revelation that, far from being dead and buried, "I'm dead and I move!" In a dark alley, Eric rescues Sarah – a young friend and the film's narrator – from the path of a speeding vehicle. In Funboy's apartment, Eric discovers Funboy in a passionate embrace with Sarah's drug addict mother Darla. Eric shoots him in the leg, orders Darla to give up drugs and be a better mother, and kills Funboy with an overdose of morphine.

Eric asks Albrecht about the exact circumstances of his and Shelly's death. He then appears in T-Bird's car and sends it exploding off a dockside. Top Dollar convenes a meeting of his gang above the Pit nightclub to finalise their Devil's Night plans. Eric appears in search of Skank. In the fight that follows, Skank and most of Top Dollar's men are killed.

Top Dollar's half-sister and incestuous lover Myca suggests capturing the crow as a way of harnessing its mystical power and destroying Eric. In the subsequent ambush, the crow is wounded and captured, and Eric loses his invulnerability; fortunately, Albrecht arrives in time to help him. The crow pecks out Myca's eyes. Eric and Top Dollar confront each other on the roof where Sarah is held captive. Eric overpowers him and impales him on a statue. Eric returns to the graveyard, to be reunited with the ghostly Shelly. They lie under Eric's gravestone, on which Sarah puts Shelly's wedding ring, declaring, "Love is forever."

Based on a comic strip, *The Crow* adequately conveys the hard-edged, two-dimensional look of comic book artwork. Unfortunately, it also conforms to the most basic kind of comic book characterisation in which psychological complexity is suppressed in favour of simply moving the hero on to the next set-piece battle.

Despite the repeated brief flashbacks to Eric's death, the story's outcome is numbingly obvious from the outset: Eric comes back from the dead and gets his revenge. The feathered how and why of his quest, indicated by the title, is blithely explained as the routine manifestation of a cosmic moral order. Sarah's opening voice-over helpfully explains that "people once believed" that a crow carried off the souls of the dead and in exceptional cases would also help a wronged person obtain justice. So, even in a crazy world beset by anarchy, violence and murderous arson, it's comforting to know that there is indeed a guiding hand – or beak – at work. That idea may give the story a semblance of logic, but it also turns Eric into one of the dullest and least complex action heroes imaginable.

The romantic strand of the plot doesn't help, either. "Little things used to mean so much to Shelley," says Eric limply at one point, and throughout, his romantic obsession is couched in language more redolent of Barbara Cartland than of the film's most obvious antecedents: *Batman* and *Escape From New York*.

Having the young girl Sarah as the narrator is perhaps the film's most curious strategy. The dysfunctional family has long been one of the staple

ingredients of the horror film, and has also recently become one of the most pervasive themes in Hollywood generally. However, her yearning voice-over squares badly with the anarchic comic-book and pop video-inspired cityscape, where loud music, macho posturing and instant gratification are the main things that matter.

Also, if there's so much order in the universe that one couple's love will prevail, how come the city is such a disaster zone? More to the point, why don't all the other murdered people have their own personal crows flapping around on their behalf? The sense of a feathered morality bearing down on the city soon becomes boring and oppressive. Top Dollar's flamboyant villainy, and the art direction, which gives a luridly mediaeval quality to his lair, invigorate proceedings to an extent. But his four over-acting lieutenants could easily have walked out of a *Death Wish* film, and they do and say nothing that hasn't been done before in a thousand and one other forgettable thrillers.

Of course, *The Crow* will always be remembered as the film on which Brandon Lee was shot dead for real while filming one of its many gun battles. Sadly, the character he plays is so lacking in distinctive qualities that it hardly matters which scenes involve the real Lee and which use stunt doubles. Certainly, the film has an unusually large number of scenes featuring Eric sprinting around in long shot and being filmed from the back or in silhouette. But since the character seen in close-up is little more than a stony-faced implacable force – complete with sepulchral make-up seemingly inspired by Michael Jackson's *Thriller* video – the joins are never obvious. A hero who has all his detective work done for him and simply turns up on cue to exact revenge was always bound to be a cypher and thus ripe to be taken over at any necessary point by a stand-in.

Finally, the most intriguing aspect to the film is whether its many noisy nightclub scenes are meant to be admired and enjoyed at face value or regarded more as a deafening manifestation of just how grim, unoriginal and depressing this violent inner city world really is. Perhaps only the little crow himself knows the answer.

Tom Tunney



Without feathers: Brandon Lee

Dangerous Game

USA 1993

Director: Abel Ferrara

Certificate

18

Distributor

Rank

Production Company

Mario & Vittorio Cecchi Gori present

A Maverick production

Executive Producers

Freddy DeMann

Ron Rotholz

Producer

Mary Kane

Production Co-ordinators

Patti Broyles Watkins

Helen Ostenberg

NY:

Timothy T.P. Robbins

Unit Production Manager

Diana Phillips

Location Managers

Kristi Frankenheimer-

Davis

NY:

Christian von

Tippelskirch

Casting

Randy Sabusawa

Assistant Directors

Terry Miller

Patton Howell

Caldwell IV

Screenplay

Nicholas St. John

Director of Photography

Ken Kelsch

Colour

DeLuxe

Camera Operators

George Mooradian

NY:

Steven L. Drellich

Phil Oetiker

Steadicam Operator

Larry McConkey

Editor

Anthony Redman

Production Designer

Alex Tavoularis

Art Directors

Nathan Crowley

NY:

Charles M. Lagola

Set Decorators

Stephanie Ziemer

NY:

Jacqueline Arnot

Set Dressers

Mike Malone

Eric Roemheld

Lisa K. Sessions

NY:

Anthony J. DiMeo

Anthony Pappas

Draughtsman

Benjamin Steingart

Storyboard Artist

Matt Golden

Music

Joe Delia

Music Editor

James Flatto

Music Extracts/Songs

"Blue Moon" by

Richard Rodgers,

Lorenz Hart,

performed by Bob

Dylan; "G Minor

Sonata Op. 2 No. 8"

by G. F. Handel,

performed by Joe Delia,

Marti Sweet, Harold

Coletta; "Mo' Blues",

"Childhood

Hollywood" by and

performed by Joe Delia;

"Come on Out Baby"

by Nicholas St. John,

Joe Delia, performed

by Nicholas St. John;

"How a Black Man

Feels", "Original

Gangster" performed

by Schooly D; "The

Joker E Double", "The

7th House on the

Bank" by The

Sandman, Danny

Saber, performed by

Proper Grounds; "Pass

the Funk" by Preston

Crump, Wilton S.

Parkside, performed

by Schooly D,

Cappucino; "UNV

Thang" by J. Penn II,

S. Powe, J. Powe,

D. Peete, performed by

UNV; "King Kong Salsa"

by Coati Mundi-

Hernandez

Costume Design

Marlene Stewart

Wardrobe Supervisors

Gail Just

Nancy Collini

NY:

Rose Trimarco Cuervo

Make-up

Raquel Dahan

NY:

Joseph Cuervo

Hairstylist

Nancy Tong

Titles/Opticals

F-Stop

Sound Design

Greg Sheldon

Dialogue Editors

Ray Karpicki

Michael Shore

ADR Editor

Jay Dranch

Sound Recordist

Michael Barosky

Dolby stereo

Sound Re-recordist

Mel Zelnicker

Sound Effects Editor

Stuart Levy

Film Extracts

The Cutting Edge (1992)

Burden of Dreams (1982)

Cast

Harvey Keitel

Eddie Israel

Madonna

Sarah Jennings

James Russo

Frank Burns

Nancy Ferrara

Madlyn Israel

Reilly Murphy

Tommy

Victor Argo

Director of

Photography

Leonard Thomas

Prop Guy

Christina Fulton

Blonde

Heather Bracken

Stewardess

Glenn Plummer

Burns' Buddy

Niki Munroe

Girl in Trailer

Lori Eastside

John Snyder

Adina Winston

Dylan Hundley

Party Guests

Juliette Hohnen

Bar Patron

Julie Pop

Morton's Waitress

Lili Barsha

Robyn B. Ashley

Flight Attendants

Anthony Redman

Swinger

Noga Isackson

1st Assistant Director

Randy Sabusawa

Producer

Mindy Eshelman

Wardrobe

Jesse Long

Script Supervisor

Linda Murphy

Boom Operator

Marta Bukowski

Video Tape Monitor

Bill Pope

Martin Schaer

Camera Operators

Jim Fitzgerald

1st Assistant Camera

Hiram Ortiz

Hair

Patton Howell Caldwell IV

2nd Assistant Director

Phil Nielson

Stunt Co-ordinator

Richard Belzer

Annie McEnroe

Sammy Jack Pressman

Cameos

Steve Albert

Boxing Announcer

9,788 feet

109 minutes

Film director Eddie Israel spends a final evening with his wife and young son in New York before flying to Los Angeles to make a film, *Mother of Mirrors*. There, he discusses the motivation of the characters in the movie with its leading couple Sarah and Frank, and shoots a scene from the film. In it, Frank's character, Russell, a decadent yuppie, berates Sarah's character, Claire, for her change of attitude; she has given up her debauched lifestyle and become a strict, almost mystical Catholic. At dinner that night, Sarah charms Eddie, telling raucous jokes. Later Eddie, watching the day's rushes, calls Frank to tell him that he thinks Sarah, a TV actress, is good in the part. Frank, lying in bed with Sarah, refers to her as a whore; furious, she leaves.

In a montage of documentary-style discussions about the film between Eddie and his actors and of scenes of the film in progress, it becomes clear that Frank is fairly close to the character he plays and that his combination of desire and hatred for Sarah is real. In one scene, as Russell, he tears Claire's dress, cuts her hair roughly and shows her videos of their past sexual exploits while mocking her saintliness; she remains silent. Eddie asks Sarah out for a drink and she accepts. They dance together by a deserted swimming pool before going back to his hotel room. Just after Sarah has left, Eddie's wife Madlyn and their son pay him a surprise visit. Shocked, he tries to cover up any sign of his infidelity.

Eddie continues filming. In one scene in which Russell rapes Claire, Sarah becomes upset and accuses Frank of really having intercourse with her. Eddie warns him about his behaviour. Frank is sullen and angry. Later, Sarah tells Eddie about once being attacked by a stranger. Eddie and Madlyn drive up to the hills at night where they make love in the back of the car. Afterwards, he grows silent. When she asks what the matter is, he becomes angry. Later that night, Madlyn receives a phone call to say that her father has died; she leaves for New York.

Eddie and Sarah work on a scene in which Claire finally responds to Russell's taunts. Eddie flies back to New York for the funeral. When he arrives, he confesses his affair with Sarah to Madlyn. She is furious and throws him out. On the plane back to LA, he eyes up the stewardess with whom he later has sex. In his hotel room, he has a vision of Madlyn coming towards him while he asks her what she wants him to do. Later, he is slumped over the lavatory, having thrown up. The final scene shows Russell/Frank and Claire/Sarah together. He comes up to



Damping down the vamping: Madonna

her with a gun. She tells him to shoot and he shoots.

Abel Ferrara's *Bad Lieutenant* tele-scoped the themes of sin and redemption into the study of one corrupt cop. In *Dangerous Game* (shown at the LFF as *Snake Eyes*), Ferrara has spread these concerns through a handful of characters - Eddie, the movie director, Frank and Sarah the actors, and Russell and Claire, the characters they play. Painted in crude strokes of degradation and guilt, *Bad Lieutenant* had a curiously moral feel. *Dangerous Game* engages less with moral absolutes - Claire's fatalistic piety in the film *Mother of Mirrors* does not signify only salvation but also retreat or even, as Russell would have it, cowardice. But it is also a less striking film. Where *Bad Lieutenant* was full of appalling but bold images, *Dangerous Game* is wordy and confused.

Much of this confusion is conscious: Ferrara mixes 'straight' dramatic narrative (Eddie and his family) with documentary-style video (Eddie and his cast discussing the film's characters) and stylised scenes from *Mother of Mirrors* in the making, so that it is sometimes hard to know which you are watching. A shot of a brutal exchange between James Russo and Madonna will eventually pull back to show cameras filming or Eddie observing them (at one point, the clapperboard for *Mother of Mirrors* reads, "Snake Eyes/Ferrara").

And as the film progresses, the events in *Mother of Mirrors* are seen to mirror reality. Eddie's quasi-religious directorial creed that "the ultimate is pain and suffering - that's what it takes to survive" turns into a general dictum. Frank really is the debauched coke fiend he plays; Sarah accuses him of actually raping her in one extraordinarily tense scene made no less harrowing by the figure of Eddie presiding over it.

The relationships are also muddled. Eddie and Frank are old friends who eventually fall out. Frank and Sarah are lovers who fall out badly while playing an estranged husband and wife. Eddie is a tender lover to Sarah, a substitute sadistic Russell (when getting her to act her part), a deceitful

husband still in love with his wife (played, perhaps to add an extra frisson, by Ferrara's own wife) and a combination of God and voyeur who watches closely, though apparently objectively, over the horrific scenes between Russell and Claire. Although he is not one of the actors, it is Eddie who appears to be playing the most roles. As he journeys from the devoted husband of the first scene to the comatose wash-out lying in his own vomit at the end, more echoes of *Bad Lieutenant* can be heard. But there is a difference. The anti-hero of that film was granted redemption after a moment of epiphany. The 'spiritual' experience Eddie has with a ghostly Madlyn in *Dangerous Game* leaves him less able to take control of his life than ever. Many things to many people, he is unable to be anything to himself.

Undoubtedly powerful at times, *Dangerous Game* seeks to overwhelm with negation. As a result it has a curious, merry-go-round quality: as long as you go with it, it seduces you into playing along with its circuit of sex, drugs, anger, confusion, fear and deception. If you let go, it becomes easy to ask why you should bother watching these brittle, self-engrossed people whose unmitigated self-disgust is not simply depressing but irritating. And what is most irritating is the fact that so many strands are plaited into what is essentially a one-trick pony. Eddie and Frank do not change so much as take us deeper into their drear, passive psyches. The novelty wears off - as does the allure of Russo's endless chemically-induced paranoid outbursts and of the usually brilliant Keitel's heavy-lidded sloppiness.

By contrast, Madonna finally proves that she can act without vamping. Where Keitel and Russo remain rooted in the same self-indulgent displays, she plays about in a far more challenging way with the boundaries between her two differently wilful characters. But in the end, even that does not matter. It is the film's final act of negation that as Sarah and Madlyn attempt to deal with their lives, those lives are pulled from under them by the men in yet more acts of sheer, stupid crudity.

Amanda Lipman

A Dangerous Woman

USA 1993

Director: Stephen Gyllenhaal

Certificates
15
Distributor
Poly, Independent
Production Company
Annie Entertainment
In association with
Island World Group
Pictures present
A Silvercreek
production
Executive Producer
Kathleen Kennedy
Producers
Naomi Foner
Line Producer
Barbara Whitbee
Production Associate
Nancy Cullen
Production Co-ordinator
Anna Zarina
Unit Production Manager
Patricia Whitcher
Location Manager
Kevin Halpern
**Post-production
Coordinator**
Sharon Dwyer
Casting
Amanda Mackay
Cathy Sondici
**Associate
Producers**
Sara Miller
Assistant Directors
David Winkler
Jeff Ruffin
Howard Caldwell
Screenplay
Naomi Foner
Based on the novel by
Mary McCarty-Morris
Director of Photography
Robert Alwelt
Colour
Barnett Colson
Editor
Henry Rosenstock
Production Designer
David Bohlin
Art Director
Suzanne Brady
Set Design
Mary Pitt
Renata Franceschelli
Set Decorator
Margaret Goldsmith
Set Dressers
Helen Korman
Phil Briggs
Chris Parker
Script Artist
Don Gibben Jr
Special Effects
Larry Portillo
Music
Carter Burwell
Music Performed by
Galen
David Foré
Orchestra
Gordy Gordon
Woodwind
Mitt Barlow
Music Supervisors
Harry Garfield
Gail Eichen
Music Editors
Norm M. Smiley
Tom Kravitz
Songs
"High Hopes" by Paul
DI Bartolo, Rob Co
Luce, Ray Wan,
performed by Spread
Eagle; "Run with
Hammers" by Andy
Parlan, Jared Berry,
Ryan Jackson,
performed by Abo
Adam; "Clean the Dais"
by Mike Varti; "Crisis
Gates" David Knuch,
performed by
Judyand; "My Little
Suede Shoes" by

Charlie Parker,
performed by The Real
Smith Trio; "Does
the antique" by and
performed by Jeanine
de la Cruz; "M. Noche
negra" by Victor Wall
Gordy Jackson,
performed by Victor
Wall's group
Patricia; "La Negra
del sur" by Jeanine
de la Cruz, performed
by Ellis Combe
Costume Design
Suzanne DeGano
Costume Supervisor
Caitlin
Make-up Artists
Debra Lamm
Brad Wilder
Hair Stylist
Bernie Grayling
Tom Ann Walker
Titles/Effects
Howard A.
Anderson Co.
Supervising Sound Editor
Harold D. Granger
Patrick C. Sullivan
Sound Editors
Harold Granger II
Patrick Biez
Lewis Goldstein
Sound Mixer
Stephen H. Best
 Foley Re-rec'd
Eric Gershell
Andy Peters
Sound Re-recorders
Wayne Armat
Allen L. Stone
Tom L. O'Neil
Sound Effects Editor
John Johnson
 Foley Artists
Susan Munt
Robin Harlan
ADR Group Co-ordinator
Leigh French
ADR Group
Thomas K. Maffie
James E. Dean
Leigh French
Linda Lechman
Rafael Garcia
Cliff Vorgan
Stunt Co-ordinator
Dan Bradley

Cast
Debra Winger
Martha Horgan
Barbara Hershey
Frances
Gabriel Byrne
Colin Mackay
Oliver Webb
Birdy
Danielle Steel
Gebo
Laurie Metcalf
Anita Bell
John Terry
Steve Bell
Muzo Gellman
Patty
Jack Spelman
Edward
Phyllis Sherkin
Paul
Richard Kline
John
Wesley Davis
Merry
Paul Bradley
Tupperware Salesman
Brad Blundell
Woody
Warren Preece
Gebo
Rebecca Arthur
Chickie

Joe Hooks
Make-up Woman
Philip Melvin
Young Men
Dean Jordan
Held
Anna Watkins
Singer
Jack Riley
Soundboard
Brandy Kemp
Caterer

Cheryl Wright-Roberts
Locate
Marlene Wood
Art Director
Julie Boudel
Security Guards
Cassidy Lee Thomas
Chlorine Thomas
Martha's Daughter
9,340 feet
102 scenes

Martha Horgan, a woman in her late 30s, lives with her young aunt Frances on a large country estate. Martha's undiagnosed mental condition keeps her slightly separate from the world. Frances is having an affair with a local married politician, Steve. One night while the two lovers are together, Steve's wife Anita turns up in an alcoholic stupor at Frances' and Martha's house, crashing her car into the front porch. Later Frances advertises for a handyman to repair it. Meanwhile Martha, who works at a dry cleaner's, is fired after being accused of taking money from the till. She explains that the real culprit is Getso, her best friend Birdy's boyfriend, but no-one will believe her. Back home, she tries to contact Birdy, but Birdy won't take her calls.

Colin Mackay, an alcoholic drifter, turns up in answer to Frances' ad. Frances refuses to give him work. Later Martha storms off after an argument with Frances, and is met by Colin, who offers her a lift into town. There Martha bumps into Getso who starts taunting her, and Colin chases him away. He drives Martha back home and starts working on the house. When Frances returns she is first annoyed but she can see that Colin is doing a good job. Colin stays and Frances sets about organising a surprise party for Steve. Later Martha is upset when Frances buys her a dress for the party. She wants to prove that she can do something for herself and goes into town, where she buys a dress and gets a make-over. On the way home she has another altercation with Getso.

Later, Frances upsets Martha with a disparaging comment about her new look. That night a drunken Colin visits Martha and they end up making love. The party for Steve goes well and Anita turns up. Frances is devastated to see Steve and Anita dancing together, and she hits the bottle. Colin finds Frances crying on the kitchen floor, mistaking him for Steve, she encourages his advances. Later Colin tells Martha that he will soon be leaving. Upset, she seeks out Birdy for advice. She discovers Getso at Birdy's apartment; the two get into a fight and Martha stabs and kills Getso. Martha is arrested. It turns out that she is pregnant. Frances tries to persuade her to state that she was raped by Getso and killed him in self-defence. Martha refuses to agree to this or have an abortion. Colin tells Frances he is the father of the baby. Martha pleads guilty to murder and is put into care. She has the baby which Frances looks after. Martha is regularly visited by her aunt, her young daughter and Colin.

With an opening sequence that plunges immediately into complex and ambiguous territory, *A Dangerous Woman* marks itself as a film of intense emotional force, a crash trauma condensed into elliptical fragments. It also begs the question of who might be the dangerous woman of the title, as Anita looms out of the darkness and drives her car into Frances' and Martha's homestead, set in a small orange grove in an almost desert-like patch of America. There is a sense of great damage and dislocation in the brief eruption of Anita's terrible grief.

There is also the suggestion that the anger which she is able to display so defiantly may be imploding in Martha and Frances. In this respect, the film shifts between these women. It is to Laurie Metcalf's credit that she brings such substance to her cameo, which in its own way matches the brilliance of Hershey and Winger's performances. Anita may appear only briefly, but these moments are saturated with an intensity that make them pivotal. Such is the party scene in which Anita arrives once again out of the darkness to claim and dance with her husband. They dance closely, obviously needing each other. Frances looks on, prevented by circumstance from displaying any feeling, but it is the saddened expression on Martha's taut face which intimates how embroiled in each other's confusion these characters are.

The film is concerned with the slip-page between people - emotional attachments evolved out of substitution. Director Stephen Gyllenhaal and screenwriter Naomi Foner evoke a certain realism, but then very subtly undercut it with spare, slightly disjointed dialogue that seems looped at times in order to disorientate. In such a way the film is about relationships refracted and distorted through a lens. This enmeshment is most specifically found between Martha and Frances. Frances is only a couple of years older than Martha, yet she is her aunt. Here the notion of family is as collapsed as the front porch - a theme picked up at the end when Frances in effect becomes mother to Martha's daughter. This doubling is also marked in Frances' opening voice-over explaining

Martha's condition - "She was always odd, but there was nothing that they could label... so she became mine."

Martha might therefore be conceived as the cypher for resistance. She can't be labelled or tacked down. She refuses to be socialised, in the sense that she divines the truth at great cost to herself. Yet, curious about the world, she forces herself to learn about the conventions of 'good' and acceptable behaviour. There is poignancy in her desire, though the protocol is presented as rather ludicrous. Reading a 'How to be Popular' manual before attending Birdy's Tupperware party, she learns the socially acceptable lines, dresses in bright colours and laughs at the salesman's bad jokes. Yet, so studied, it is all out of kilter. The scene in which she has a beauty salon make-over is also conceived as somewhat satirical, as the beautician hard-sells her cosmetics; yet, as she waves her wand like some sugar-plum suited fairy, the process effects a positive change in Martha.

But the film does more than rework the cliché of the frumpy ducking learning to swim about. For Martha's make-over, plus her decision to pick a dress for herself rather than acquiesce to Frances' choice, is seen to be part of her move towards articulating her own sexuality. In a previous scene, she is observed discreetly masturbating, an activity which seems to have been prompted by her watching Colin work in the garden.

Certainly Frances would seem to feel threatened by this altered Martha, as is apparent in her desperate put-down after she returns in her new guise. "How could you do this, this is just like you," Frances exclaims - though it is exactly not like the secretive, isolated Martha. She is now refusing to be the child that Frances had to put an invisible rein on, or the innocent that Colin earlier sought religious blessing from. Socially wayward and now sexual, there is the potential for her to become a dangerous woman indeed. Thus the film tilts towards an uneasy and disruptive conclusion, its own power being in its oddness, its refusal to be categorized.

Lizzie Francis



Crash course in confusion: Gabriel Byrne, Debra Winger

Four Weddings and a Funeral

United Kingdom 1994

Director: Mike Newell

Certificate
15
Distributor
Rank
Production Company
PolyGram Filmed Entertainment/
Channel Four Films present
A Working Title production
Executive Producers
Tim Bevan
Eric Fellner
Co-executive Producer
Richard Curtis
Producer
Duncan Kenworthy
Production Executives
Jane Frazer
Deborah Harding
Production Supervisor
Mary Richards
Production Co-ordinator
Patsy de Lord
Location Manager
Paul Shersby
Casting
Michelle Guisil
US:
David Rubin
Assistant Directors
Kieron Phipps
Trevor Puckle
Peter Freeman
Oscar Beuselinck
Screenplay
Richard Curtis
Director of Photography
Michael Coulter
Colour
Eastman Colour
Camera Operators
Philip Sindall
Jeremy Gee
Motion Control Camera
Peter Tyler
Opticals
Capital FX Limited
Editor
Jon Gregory
Production Designer
Maggie Gray
Set Decorator
Anna Pinnock
Special Effects Supervisor
Ian Wingrove
Music
Richard Rodney Bennett
Music conductor
Neil Richardson
Songs
"But Not For Me"
by George Gershwin,
Ira Gershwin, "Chapel
of Love" by Phil
Spector, Jeff Barry, Ellie
Greenwich, performed
by Elton John; "Stand
By Your Man" by
Tammy Wynette, Billy
Sherrill; "Can't Smile
Without You" by
Arnold, Martin,
Morrow; "Crocodile
Rock" by Elton John,
Bernie Taupin; "I Will
Survive" by Perren,
Fekaris; "Walking Back
to Happiness" by
Schroeder, Hawker;
"Love Is All Around"
by Presley; "Smoke
Gets in Your Eyes"
by Kern, Harback;
"Gonna Get Along
Without You Now"
by Kellen; "Dance
for Norman" by and
performed by Ira
Newborn; "The
Dashing White
Sergeant" (traditional)
performed by Bill Black

Costume Design
Lindy Hemming
Wardrobe Supervisor
John Scott
Make-up/Hair Design
Ann Buchanan
Hairdresser
Francesca Crowder
Title Design
Chris Allies
Supervising Sound Editor
Sue Baker
Dialogue Editors
Colin Ritchie
Jupiter Sen
Foley Editor
Andrew Glen
Sound Recordists
David Stephenson
Music:
Dick Lewzey
Dolby stereo
Sound Re-recorder
Peter Maxwell
Foley Artists
Jack Stew
Dianne Greaves
Sign Language Consultants
Wendy Ebsworth
Vicki Gee Dare
Aristocracy Co-ordinator
Amber Rudd
Stunt Co-ordinator
Wayne Michaels

Cast
Hugh Grant
Charles
Andie MacDowell
Carrie
Kristin Scott Thomas
Fiona
James Fleet
Tom
Simon Callow
Gareth
John Hannah
Matthew
David Bower
David
Charlotte Coleman
Scarlett
Corin Redgrave
Hamish
Rowan Atkinson
Father Gerald
Timothy Walker
Angus, First Wedding
Groom
Sara Crowe
Laura, First Wedding
Bride
Ronald Herdman
Vicar, First Wedding
Elsbet Gray
Laura's Mother
Philip Voss
Laura's Father
Rupert Vansittart
George
Nicola Walker
Paul Stacey
Frightful Folk Duo
Simon Kunz
John with Unfaithful
Wife
Robin McCaffrey
Serena
Michael Mears
The Boatman Waiter
Kenneth Griffiths
Mad Old Man
David Haig
Bernard, Second
Wedding Groom
Sophie Thompson
Lydia, Second Wedding
Bride
Donald Weedon
Master of Ceremonies
Nigel Hastings
Tea-tasting Alistair
Emily Morgan
Vomiting Veronica

Amanda Mealing
Naughty Nicki
Melissa Knatchbull
Mocking Martha
Polly Kemp
Miss Piggy
Anna Chancellor
Henrietta
Hannah Taylor Gordon
Young Bridesmaid
Bernice Stegers
Shop Assistant
Robert Lang
Lord Highbott
Jeremy Kemp
Sir John Delaney
Rosalie Crutchley
Mrs Beaumont
Ken Drury
Vicar, Third Wedding
Struan Rodger
Best Man
Lucy Hornack
Married Woman
Randall Paul
Chester
Pat Starr
Gareth's Dance Partner
Tim Thomas
Doctor

Neville Phillips
Funeral Vicar
Susanna Hamnett
Deirdre
John Abbott
Polite Verger
Richard Butler
Vicar, Fourth Wedding
David Wright
Ray Uren
Gordon Blackwell
Ron Griffiths
Rock and Roll Band,
First Wedding
Richard Allen
Mark James
Jason Bruer
Simon Wallace
Jason McDermid
Bryn Burrows
Paulette Ivory
Swing Band, Second
Wedding

10,568 feet
117 minutes

Charles is a frequent wedding-goer, along with his urban *haute bourgeoisie* friends – the sharp-tongued Fiona and her wealthy brother Tom, his own deaf brother David, his punky flatmate Scarlett and the effusive Gareth and his lover Matthew. None of them, however, have ever risked marriage themselves. But at a wedding in Somerset, Charles is struck by a beautiful stranger, Carrie. Fiona promptly tells him that Carrie is a slut and out of his league anyway, but Carrie surprises him by taking him to bed. The next morning, Carrie goes back to America, leaving Charles befuddled.

At a London wedding two months later, Charles sees Carrie again, but his hopes are dashed when she introduces her new fiancé, Hamish. Charles spends the rest of the evening beleaguered by vengeful ex-girlfriends; he is particularly embarrassed to see the over-emotional Henrietta, who bursts into tears. But Carrie rescues him. Hamish has left for a business trip, so they spend a second night together.

A month later, Charles receives an invitation to Carrie's wedding. As he dutifully goes to buy her a gift, he runs into her. Over coffee, Carrie enumerates the 33 men she has slept with. Charles makes her a fumbling declaration of love, but nevertheless finds himself at her wedding shortly afterwards. At the party, Fiona admits to him that she has always loved him, and Henrietta, who has a new boyfriend, seems much more together. Then Gareth suddenly has a heart attack. The friends reconvene at his funeral. Afterwards, moved by Matthew's speech, Charles wonders if he will ever feel that way about anyone himself.

Ten months later, however, Charles is to marry Henrietta. As his friends, apart from Fiona, meet their ideal mates, Carrie reappears, conveniently separated from Hamish, throwing Charles into confusion. He decides to go through with the wedding anyway, but with David's encouragement he jilts Henrietta at the altar. Carrie and Charles agree not to get married 'til death do they part.



Class action: Hugh Grant, Andie MacDowell

Weddings, those microcosmic maelstroms of greed, snobbery and unwise tailoring, provide fertile ground for comedy, but countless temptations to slide into sitcom humour. Indeed, by the time Rowan Atkinson's Father Gerald (Mr Bean had he graduated from the seminary) has stepped out to garble the second couple's wedding ceremony, there doesn't seem to be much to choose between this and Yorkshire TV's David Jason vehicle *A Bit of a Do*. With a wealth of easy-target caricatures to lean on (ghastly ex-girlfriends, drunken bores, senile old men – and this film doesn't miss one), a movie about a wedding can often feel like a wedding itself – two hours stuck in a crowded room with a lot of people you don't know very well and don't particularly like.

But *Four Weddings and a Funeral*, which is structured like a film student's senior project, strives to be more than that and ends up as something worse: a smarmy little fable about the magic of true love. This is a lazy, *Sleepless in Seattle*-style romanticism, the kind that assumes that if we're told often enough that the two dull protagonists are meant for each other, we'll eventually believe it and care sufficiently to be warmed by the inevitable hearts-and-flowers finale.

Of course, it would help if there were a single spark of chemistry between the two leads. Andie MacDowell looks ravishing enough for anyone to be smitten at first sight, but as a light comedienne she is disastrous. Her idea of sprightly repartee is to pronounce every syllable, and she can't quite hide the furrows of perplexity around her eyes – she doesn't seem to grasp her own witticisms. You can't help remembering how she was dubbed by Glenn Close in *Greystoke*, and thinking how much livelier this film would be if she were dubbed by Helen Lederer. She is

not helped, either, by having to pretend that she has fallen for someone who looks like a chipmunk. Hugh Grant, his hands full playing repressed-and-hesitant, does not exactly radiate sex appeal here (and the fact that he looks all of 22 hardly lends credence to his fretting about ending up a sad old bachelor). The fact that a post-credits photomontage shows them with a baby does little to assuage our suspicions that the affair will last six months.

The film does score points with those of the supporting cast that it graces with personalities. Kristen Scott Thomas makes a marvellously brittle Fiona; when she confesses to an elderly lady that she has never got married because she is in love with someone who never thinks of her, she makes us feel how much this admission has cost her, how morbidly proud and secretive she is beneath her icy exterior. And the film has a pleasingly matter-of-fact way of establishing Gareth and Matthew's relationship – they're a convincing couple, and you wish you could see more of them, because the brief glimpses of their affectionate rapport ring true.

But too much time is taken up with the spectacle of Charles and his improbably alternative flatmate (Scarlett appears to be a 'Sarff' London pun-kette, so you wonder just how she got in with the independently wealthy crowd) racing to various churches, and people making boring speeches after dinner. You can feel how earnestly the film-makers tried to vary the visual aspect of the ceremonies – posh London wedding, Somerset country church, draughty Scottish castle – but the fact remains that by the time Charles' own wedding rolls around, you wish they had left it two weddings and a funeral.

Caren Myers

Gadael Lenin (Leaving Lenin)

United Kingdom 1993

Director: Endaf Emlyn

Certificate

Not yet issued

Distributor

Feature Film Company

Production Company

A Gaucho production for S4C

Producer

Pauline Williams

Associate Producers

Adam Alexander

Valery Yermolaev

Production Manager

Natasha Yermolaeva

Unit Co-ordinator

Sandra Stott

Production Team

Katya Galitzine

Nikita Mikhaelov

Liev Galina

Assistant Director

Michas Koc

Screenplay

Endaf Emlyn

Sion Eiri

Director of Photography

Ray Orton

In colour

Camera Operator

Alwyn M. Hughes

Editor

Chris Lawrence

Art Director

Vera Zelinskaya

Design Team

Alexander Shturba

Andrei Shturba

Music

John E.R. Hardy

Music Performed by

Arran Ahmun

Owen Evans

Lee Goodall

John E.R. Hardy

Sharon McKinley

Dai Shell

Michael Rafferty

Costume Design

Noelle Rees Rowlands

Make-up

Tamara Freed

Title Design

Les Latimer Film

& Video

Sound

Jeffrey Mathews

Dubbing

Dai Shell

Language Consultant

Katrina Emilova

Cast

Sharon Morgan

Eileen

Wyn Bowen Harries

Mostyn

Ifan Huw Dafydd

Mervyn

Steffan Trevor

Spike

Catrin Mai

Rhian

Ivan Shvedov

Sasha

Richard Harrington

Charlie

Shelley Rees

Sharon

Anna Vronskaya

Woman in Car

Nerys Thomas

Elin

Helen Louise Davies

Lisa

Geraint Francis

Izzy

Mikhail Maizel

Sergei

8,100 feet

90 minutes

Subtitles

steal a pair of bicycles. Mervyn crashes, landing on his head. Mostyn takes him to hospital. The injuries are less serious than they first seemed, and the two resume their journey. Eileen and the school kids celebrate their last day in Russia with a trip down the local canal. Spike spots Sasha on the shore. The Russian invites him to a party at the Kirov Bridge in two hours time. Spike goes to this, telling Eileen he plans to stay in Russia. The next day, Eileen and the students head for the station to catch the train home. They find Mostyn and Mervyn fast asleep. Just as the train is about to leave, Spike and Sasha turn up on the platform. They kiss each other goodbye. Spike announces he is going back to Wales to sort his affairs out, but that he intends to throw in his art A-Level and return to Russia permanently before the summer is out.

Endaf Emlyn's *Leaving Lenin* ingeniously casts adrift a group of Welsh adolescents in the maelstrom of contemporary Russia, using the country's social and political turbulence as a metaphor for the school kids' own growing pains. In the process, Emlyn fashions a film with all the gawky likeability of Bill Forsyth's *Gregory's Girl*, but one which also comes across as a comic contemporary counterpoint to Tarkovsky's medieval epic, *Andrei Rublev*. Such a comparison may appear far-fetched, even pretentious: after all, the antics of some spotty, Pontypool sixth-formers do not immediately bring to mind the trials and tribulations of fourteenth-century icon-painting monks. However, the script makes explicit reference to Rublev and, just as Tarkovsky's hero travels through Russia, trying to make sense of life, art and all that as he witnesses death and upheaval around him, Emlyn's protagonists embark on their own eccentric odyssey.

There is nothing particularly original about the basic idea of a school trip that goes wrong. Had the film been set, as was first intended, in Paris, it might have amounted to no more than cheerful, knockabout teenage farce. By heading way down east, though, Emlyn adds layer upon layer of irony to his story. The teachers, for instance, did their growing up in the late 60s, were young radicals in May '68, and arrive in the former Soviet Union with their quaint, idealistic Marxist notions still intact. The country they encounter, teetering towards free-market capitalism, is as far removed from their preconceptions as it is possible to imagine. They've led their students to believe that Russia is a magical, exotic place that will change their lives forever. But the students, who manage to elude their grasp for most of the time, take a commendably anarchic approach to their holiday, swilling vodka, consuming American hamburgers, and unwittingly offering a grotesque parody of 'western values'. Only gradually, as they witness some of the poverty and social deprivation endured by the locals, and as they learn from the Russ-



Playing away: Steffan Trevor, Sharon Morgan

ian Museum how artists suffered under Stalin, do they realise how complacent they are.

Emlyn makes his points obliquely, never losing sight of the fact that this is a comedy. Occasionally - as when the young artist Spike visits Sasha in his dilapidated tenement flat, or when Mostyn thinks his colleague Mervyn is about to die and prays for him in a little chapel - the film takes on a slightly earnest tone, but these sombre moments are always followed by some comic business. There's enough material here to fill several movies and Emlyn gingerly jumps between the strands of his story, cross-cutting from teachers to students and depicting the various burgeoning relationships without becoming so enrapt in any of them that the narrative stalls.

He also has an eye for a shot. Whether it be Eileen silhouetted against the twilight sky or the students rampaging their way through St Petersburg's parks, the film is full of arresting images which belie its modest budget. Of course, convention demands there be at least one dewy-eyed teenage love affair, but even here, with the gay romance between Sasha and Spike, the film departs from expected norms. The teachers Mervyn and Mostyn, hapless rivals for the affections of Eileen, sometimes seem like dotty Welsh counterparts to Truffaut's Jules and Jim, and there are any number of engaging performances from the young cast.

Despite its occasional lapses into *Grange Hill*-style slapstick, *Leaving Lenin*, which has already won an audience award at the London Film Festival, is as resonant and fresh a comedy as anything the fledgling Welsh film industry has yet produced. It's only to be hoped it receives better publicity and distribution than Paul Turner's *Hedd Wyn*, which managed to be nominated for an Oscar without seeing the light of day in cinemas outside Wales.

Geoffrey Macnab

Grumpy Old Men

USA 1993

Director: Donald Petrie

Certificate

12

Distributor

Warner Bros

Production Company

Warner Bros

A John Davis/Lancaster

Gate production

Executive Producer

Dan Kolsrud

Producers

John Davis

Richard C. Berman

Associate Producers

Darlene K. Chan

Kathy Sarreal

Unit Production Manager

Dan Kolsrud

Location Manager

Cat Thompson

Casting

Sharon Howard-Field

Associate:

Susan Peck

Minneapolis:

Lynn Blumenthal

Casting

Assistant Directors

Randy Suhr

Doug Wise

Molly Muir

Screenplay

Mark Steven Johnson

Director of Photography

Johnny E. Jensen

Colour

Technicolor

Camera Operator

Dick Colean

Opticals

Pacific Title

Editor

Bonnie Koehler

Production Designer

David Chapman

Art Director

Mark Haack

Set Decorator

Clay Griffith

Special Effects Co-ordinator

Peter Albiez

Special Effects

Greg Jensen

Shelley Hawkos

Jessica Molitor

Keane Bonath

Chris Porter

Brad Holmes

Music

Alan Silvestri

Orchestrations

William Ross

Supervising Music Editor

Kenneth Karman

Music Editor

Andrew Silver

Music Extracts/Songs

"Heat Wave" by Irving

Berlin, performed by

Ella Fitzgerald; "Love

Man" by and performed

by Otis Redding; "I'm

Too Sexy" by Fred

Fairbrass, Richard

Fairbrass, Rob Manzoli,

performed by Right Said

Fred; "Good Lovin'" by

Rudy Clark, Arthur

Resnick, performed by

The Young Rascals;

"Winter Wonderland"

by Felix Bernard, Dick

Smith, performed by

Bing Crosby; "O Holy

Night", "Joy to the

World" performed by

Nat King Cole; "Skinny

(They Can't Get

Enough)" by R. Bush,

performed by The

Skinny Boys; "Café

Polka" by Frank

Yankovic; "Liar's Polka"

by Thomas Newman,

Frank Marocco; "Aloha

Oe" performed by The

New Hawaiian Band;

"The Hukilau Song"

by Jack Owens,

performed by Webley

Edwards; "Oira, Oira

Polka", "Krakow

Mountain Polka"

performed by Walter

Legawiec and His

Polka Kings; "Haydn

Quartet No. 14 in

G major (K38)" by

Wolfgang Amadeus

Mozart, performed

by The Juilliard String

Quartet; "Ode to

Sydney" by and

performed by Jack

Lemmon

Costume Design

Lisa Jensen

Costume Supervisor

Keith G. Lewis

Make-up Artists

Rick Sharp

Linda V. Melazzo

Hairstylists

Linda A. Rizzuto

Linda De Andrea

Title Design

Pittard/Sullivan/

Fitzgerald

Dialogue Editors

Christopher Assells

Chris Hogan

Victor Radulich

Mike Szakmeister

ADR Supervisor

Jessica Gallavan

ADR Editor

Linda Folk

Foley Editor

Patrick Sellers

Sound Recordists

Russell Fager

Music:

Dennis Sands

ADR Recordists

Thomas J. O'Connell

Rick Canelli

Foley Recordists

Eric Gotthelf

Ron Grafton

Dolby stereo

Sound Re-recordists

Robert J. Litt

Rick Hart

Elliot Tyson

Wayne Heitman

Tom E. Dahl

Sound Effects Supervisor

Mark P. Stoeckinger

Sound Effects Editor

Randy Kelley

Foley Artists

Kevin Bartnof

Ellen Heuer

Stunt Co-ordinator

Ernie Orsatti

Cast

Jack Lemmon

John Gustafson

Walter Matthau

● Minnesota. John Gustafson, a retired teacher in his sixties, is heavily in debt to the tax authorities. While eluding Snyder, an IRS tax inspector, John bumps into Max Goldman, his neighbour and long-time enemy. Delivery men carry an odd assortment of items into a nearby house. Next morning, John goes to his ice shanty on the frozen lake to fish, where he meets Grandpa, his 94-year-old father. That night, the new arrival, Ariel Truax, visits John to use his bathroom. She is a middle-aged widow with a predilection for new age ideas. John's daughter Melanie informs her father that she and her husband Mike are to separate. Jacob, Max's son, who is running for mayor, delivers an election notice. Jacob has had a crush on Melanie since school days. Max plays a series of tricks on John, who retaliates by hosing Max with water and hiding a rotting fish in his car. Max loses his favourite fishing rod under the ice. At Thanksgiving, John and Max both dress up to woo Ariel, but Max gets to her house first. Grandpa retrieves Max's rod and gives it to John, who later breaks it.

John comes home to find Ariel cooking a gourmet Chinese meal. After a jaunt on Ariel's snowmobile, they go to bed. Next morning, John delivers the rod, now repaired, to Max's shanty, but the latter is unmollified. Max shunts John's shanty into the lake, then attacks him with a frozen fish. Grandpa intervenes to break up the fight. Max tells John he has nothing to offer Ariel. That night, after a row, John and Ariel split up. It is Christmas Eve; Max rides the snowmobile with Ariel. Melanie, Mike and their child arrive to see John. They have decided to give their marriage another chance. John flares up and leaves to go to a bar. At Melanie's request, Jacob asks Max to make up with John. Max finds John in the bar and apologises awkwardly. As John leaves, he collapses from a heart attack, whereupon Max takes him to hospital. Ariel visits John and they are reconciled. Max fails to stop Snyder from putting John's house on the market, but Jacob, now mayor, turns up with a desist order. At John and Ariel's wedding, Grandpa gives the bride away and Max is best man. Max has organised loans to pay off John's debts. John finds that Max has planted a rotting fish in the wedding car as a joke.

● *Grumpy Old Men* – really an excuse to recapitulate the success of *The Odd Couple* – opened to rave reviews in the US. This is a measure of the affection in which Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau, who are responsible for some of American cinema's best comic moments over the last 40 years, are held. Hence director Petrie's decision to run a series of out-takes – missed cues, alternative funny lines – at the end. And, indeed, this film depends on moments rather than plot.

The storyline is simple. An adolescent feud over a woman destroys Max and John's friendship, which remains fixed on anxieties surrounding be-



Bah humbug: Lemmon, Matthau

trayal and rivalry. The advent of the daffy Ariel, in threatening to repeat the original scenario, revitalises and intensifies their fight. The real issue, of course, is love. The absence of a significant female character – John's first wife is barely named and Ariel, despite being an eccentric recycled Californian, remains profoundly uninteresting – indicates that the important relationship is between Max and John. They bitch about ways to die, about fishing and their ailments, in set-pieces at which Matthau and Lemmon are supremely adept. A surreal touch has Matthau attack Lemmon with a frozen fish, and the sardonic humour is carried over into the soundtrack, which, despite the wintry weather, reprises Irving Berlin's "Heat Wave".

Sub-plots and secondary characters inevitably get short shrift. The potentially intriguing relationship between Melanie and Jacob never gets off the ground, and despite strong performances from Burgess Meredith as the goatish Grandpa and Ossie Davis as Chuck, they remain part of the background. Matthau and Lemmon dominate, consummately conveying the loneliness and anger of their roles with looks and gestures. The strange, mutual dependency of their relationship recalls *The Odd Couple* and, like that film and its TV series spin-off, *Grumpy Old Men* makes for peculiar comedy. Max and John are tragic characters whose antics often veer towards the pathological.

It is a credit to the strength of the central performances that the happy ending rings hollow. Having delivered his sparring partner to hospital, Max is asked by a nurse whether he is a friend or relative. "Friend," Max replies after a lengthy pause. John and Ariel's wedding is followed by a scene in which Max tells John about the loan he has arranged to pay off the latter's debts – finishing the movie with another marriage, of sorts.

Louise Gray

Hercules Returns

Australia 1993

Director: David Parker

Certificate

Not yet issued

Distributor

Metro Tartan

Production Companies

Philm Productions

Executive Producer

Peter Winter

Producers

Philip Jaroslow

Production Co-ordinator

Trish Carney

Production Manager

Lesley Parker

Unit Managers

Andy Pappas

Kevin Morrison

Location Manager

Chris Odgers

Post-production

Supervisor

Lesley Parker

Assistant Directors

Euan Keddle

Tony Gilbert

Andrew Williams

Screenplay

Des Mangan

Developed from the live show "Double Take Meet Hercules" by Des Mangan

Director of Photography

David Connell

In colour

Editors

Peter Carrodus

Production Designer

Jon Dowding

Art Directors

Georgina Campbell

2nd Unit:

Bernie Wynack

Special Effects

Filmatrix Pty Ltd:

Peter Stubbs

Jeff Little

Music

Contemporary Footage:

Philip Judd

Music Conductor

Original Film:

Piero Umiliani

Music Extracts

"Tie A Yellow Ribbon

Round The Old Oak

Tree" by I. Levine, L.

Russell Brown; "The

Great Pretender" by

Buck Ram; "Physical"

by T. Shaddick,

S. Kipner; "My Way"

by P. Anka, J. Revaux,

C. François,

G. Thibault; "Macho

Man" by H. Belolo,

V. Willis, B. Whitehead,

J. Morali; "Since I Don't

Have You" by

Beaumont, Vogel,

Versharen, Lester,

Taylor, Rock, Martin; "I

Know What Boys Like"

by C. Butler; "Hercules

Rap" by and performed

by Des Mangan

Music Co-ordinator

Gary Hardman

Costume Design

Aphrodite Kondos

Make-up Artists

Rochelle Ford

Hair

Rochelle Ford

Titles

Optical & Graphic

Dialogue Editor

Bruce Emery

Foley Editor

Gerry Long

Sound Recordist

Lloyd Carrick

Dolby stereo

Sound Re-recordist

Steve Burgess

Effects Editor

Gareth Vanderhope

Eel Wranglers

Supervisor:

Phil Jaroslow

Georgina Campbell

Wain Fimeri

Jon Dowding

Cast

David Argue

Brad McBain

Michael Carman

Sir Michael Kent

Mary Coustas

Lisa

Bruce Spence

Sprocket

Brendon Suhr

King

Nick Polites

Phone Executive

Lance Anderson

Wolf Whistler

Laurie Dobson

Barman

Richard Moss

Drunk

Burt Cooper

Frightened Man

Tom Coltraine

Kent Double

Voices

Des Mangan

Hercules

Ted

Ursus

Machismo

Samson

Stretch

Dad

Testiculi

Sally Patience

Labia

Muriel

Fanny

Delilah

Matthew King

Charlie

Bruce Spence

Matthew King

Tammy McCarthy

Troy Nesmith

Cleo Myles

David Argue

Brian Hannan

Sheryl Munks

Frank Thring
Mary Coustas
Michael Carman
Additional Voices

Contains edited version of

Ercole, Sansone, Maciste, Ursus, Gli Invincibili (Samson and the Mighty Challenge)

Italy/Spain/ 1964

Director: Giorgio Capitani

Production Companies

Senior

Cinematografica

(Rome)/Productares

Exibidores Films S.A.

(Madrid)

Producer

Giorgio Cristallini

Production Manager

Attilio Tosato

2nd Unit Director

Giorgio Cristallini

Assistant Director

Michele De Filippis

Screenplay

Sandro Continenza

Roberto Glanviti

Based on an idea by

Giorgio Cristallini

Director of Photography

Carlo Bellerio

In colour

Underwater Photography

M. Manunza

Camera Operator

Gaetano Valle

Editor

Roberto Cinquini

Art Director
G.F. Ramacci
Special Effects
E. Ruiz-Natanson
Music/Music Conductor
Piero Umiliani
Costume Design
Casa D'arte V. Ciarlo
Make-up Artist
Angelo Malandrucchio
Hair
J. Conti
A. Ferri
Sound
M. Del Pazzo
R. Cadueri

Cast

Alan Steel

Red Ross

Nadir Baltimor

Yan Larvor

Helene Chanel

Nino Dal Fabro

Arnaldo Fabrizio

Livio Lorenzon

Valentina Macchi

Nino Marchetti

Luciano Marin

Elisa Montez

Maira Orfei

Maria Luisa Ponte

Conrado San Martin

Carlo Tamberlani

Attilio Tosato

Lia Zoppelli

7,200 nfeet

80 minutes

● Australian film buff Brad McBain tires of working for the Kent Corporation, the most venal and profit-fixated cinema chain in all the Antipodes. He finds a beautiful derelict cinema and – much to the fury of his boss Sir Michael Kent – decides to quit his job, do the place up and put on old films there in a setting of unrestrained opulence. To this end, Brad enlists the help of fellow movie nut and sometime porn projectionist Sprocket, and resourceful publicity woman Lisa.

They decide to reopen the cinema with a gala screening of the Mediterranean sword-and-sandal epic that was showing when it closed 30 years earlier. The big night comes around and a spectacular refurbishment has been completed, but when the print of *Hercules, Samson, Maciste and Ursus are Invincible* arrives, it turns out to be not the English but the Italian language version. Brad doesn't have to look far to find the perpetrator of this sabotage, as a smirking Kent arrives with henchman in tow.

Nothing if not resourceful, Brad, Sprocket and Lisa dub the film live from inside the projection booth. They improvise a saucy tale of dumb beef-cake Testiculi and his love for the ►



Cinema purgatorio: Coustas, Argue, Spence

◀ beautiful Labia. Their blend of outrageous *double entendres* and very silly voices is a great hit with the audience, even Kent's hapless co-conspirator. The irate corporation boss climbs up to the booth and tries to stop the show, but the three impromptu cineastes manage to finish the film. At the end, as the happy audience stream out into the foyer, McBain and Kent fight on the staircase. Brad wins, and a party commences.

● This is an odd cinematic sandwich, in which the bread is a great deal more interesting than the filling. The 20 minutes or so of knock-about framing material have much to recommend them; the tone is admirably bitter and twisted, and the critique of the iniquitous nature of the Australian film distribution system is sharp and well-made. David Argue, from Peter Weir's *Gallipoli*, is likeably insouciant in the lead role, and lanky Bruce Spence, the helicopter pilot in the *Mad Max* films, shines as the psychotic Sprocket – flinging strangers in bars up against the wall and demanding whether they agree that “Martin Scorsese injects an autobiographical element into all of his films.”

There is also a sight rarely seen in all cinematic history: Australian commuters, in *suits*. Unfortunately, the main body of the film waddles along and spoils everything. It's not director David Parker's fault, though being the cinematographer on the TV version of Ben Elton's *Stark* is not necessarily a recommendation. It wasn't his idea to make *Hercules Returns* a vehicle for the dubious talents of Double Take, aka Des Mangan and Sally Patience. Des and Sally's touring show – redubbing kitschy old films with new ‘comedy’ dialogue – has apparently had them rolling in the aisles all across the globe. This sort of tat might pass as entertainment for people who are sad enough to go to fringe theatre festivals, but cinema-goers are rather more discerning.

Redubbing old films on screen was not a particularly good idea when Woody Allen did it in *What's Up, Tiger Lily?*, and we are not dealing with wits on the Allen level here – not even the Dave Allen level. If Mangan and Patience were actually improvising in front of an audience, it would be possible to make allowances for them. But this stuff is scripted, which is just plain sad. There is the odd passable joke in the *Carry On* style – “That Kylie Minogue, she's only popular with Cre-tans” – and occasionally the cumulative weight of lame innuendo forces a sympathetic titter. For the most part though, Mangan and Patience's annoying vocal affectations undermine not just the camp credibility of the original film, but also the sterling efforts of the modern actors, from whom their pitifully unfunny lines are seen to come. The only people to come out of the whole thing with any dignity are the original Italian actors and actresses we are supposed to be laughing at.

Ben Thompson

Hifazaat (In Custody)

United Kingdom 1993

Director: Ismail Merchant

Certificate
U

Distributor
Mayfair Entertainment

Production Company
Merchant Ivory

Productions
In association with

Channel 4 Films

Executive Producers
Paul Bradley

Donald Rosenfeld

Producer
Wahid Chowhan

Production Supervisor
Simon Moseley

Production Co-ordinators
Kathryn Martin

Shahnaz Vahanvati

Production Manager
Naved Aslam

Location Managers
Rudabah Nanporia

Sajid Mitha

Location Co-ordinator
Fazal Tabish

Assistant Directors
Henry Tomlinson

Shah Jehan

Screenplay
Anita Desai

Shahrugh Husain

Based on the novel
by Anita Desai

Director of Photography
Larry Pizer

Technicolor

Camera Operator
Rajesh Joshi

Editor
Roberto Silvi

Production Designer
Suresh Sawant

Music
Zakir Hussain

Ustad Sultan Khan

Music Performed by
Playback Singers:

Suresh Wadkar

Hariharan

Kavita Krishnamoorthy

Shankar

Costume Design
Lovleen Bains

Chief Make-up/Hair
Norma Webb

Sound Editor
Colin Miller

Sound Recordist
Mike Shoring

Dolby stereo

Sound Re-recordist
John Hayward

Cast
Shashi Kapoor

Nur

Sameer Mitha

Manu

Neena Gupta

Sarla

Rupinder Kaur

Mrs Bhalla

Om Puri

Deven

Shahid Masood

Dhanu

Tiblu Khan

Afzal Khan

Students

Gopal Janum

Deven's Father

Ramratan Sen

Ali

Yusuf Khurram

Riju Bajaj

Nayeem Hafizka

Veerendra Saxena

Munawwar Naqvi

Sanjay Mohan Sagar

Farhan Khan

Anik Dey

Young Poets

Samir Feroz

Nur's Son

Syed Zaheer Ul-Hasan

Servant

Shabana Azmi

Imtiaz Begum

Sulbha Chaurasia

Asiya the Tampura

Player

Farooq Khan

Chunnu Ashfaq Ahmed

Khan

Ustad Saeed Khan

Mehfil Musicians

Mustafa Taj

Man in Audience

Nasir Mirza

Man in Audience with

Rose

Siddarth

Tea Boy

Shashank Mukherjee

Sahay

Ajay Sahni

Siddiqui

Prashant Khirwadkar

Registrar

Razzak Siddiqui

The Principal

Mohamad Ali

The Chief Guest

Prayag Raj

Jain

Sagar Arya

Chiku

Kaynat Kauser

Parveen Rehman

Imtiaz Begum's

Attendants

Afzal Hussein

Babu

Ishak Khan

Amjad Khan

Mohd. Jamil Mansoor

Babu's Musicians

Shakendra Yadav

Nikhil Das

Anil Mulchandani

Babu's Friends

Shubha Bannerjee

Samta Choudhary

Jyoti Mishra

Swastika Chakraborty

Aruna Shrivastava

Megha Pal

Courtesans

Habib Bhopali

Burly Man

Nafisa Sharma

Brothel Madam

Sajid Mitha

Pimp

Humayan Khan

Customer at Brothel

K.S. Mehta

Contractor

11,321 feet

126 minutes

Hindi and Urdu Dialogue

Subtitles

● Deven, a teacher at a provincial Indian college, is commissioned to interview a famous Urdu poet, Nur, who lives in Bhopal. Seeking out his great hero, Deven finds him old and broken, surrounded by hangers-on who lead him into drunken excesses, and harassed by his two wives, a homely older one and a beautiful younger woman who claims to be a poet herself.

Borrowing money from his college, Deven buys a tape recorder and hires a young technical assistant. But the interview, which takes place in a brothel, is a series of disasters, and when Deven tries to edit the tape, all he gets are some drunken ramblings. Deven returns to Bhopal for another interview but this time is intercepted by the younger of Nur's wives; she wants him to record her poetry instead. Again he returns home. Troubled by the debts he has incurred in purchasing the tape deck, hiring its operator, and paying for his journeys to and from Bhopal, Deven is in despair. Unexpectedly, however, he receives a package from Nur, who fears that death is nigh: hence he is leaving all his work in Deven's keep. Nur's funeral, far from being mournful, is a joyous occasion.

● Ismail Merchant has always wanted to make a film about Urdu, “a language that is gracious, grand, poetic” and “fast disappearing”. Hence *In Custody*, an adaptation of Anita Desai's Booker-shortlisted novel about the need for tradition and cultural continuity through language. The early parts of the film are stuffed full of threats to this continuity. There are references to Disney movies, the awful *Dead Poets Society* and feminism, all three in their different ways working against the integrity of the mother tongue. Even Deven, whom Nur describes as “a devotee of Urdu”, teaches Hindi. Asked why this should be, Deven shamefacedly admits that he has to do so in order to make a living. When he buys his tape recorder, the salesman speculates, “if only we were as clever as the Japanese: how we

would have progressed”.

Yet all this emphasis on cultural integrity sits uneasy in a movie that is unashamedly designed for western audiences. Hollywood aesthetics dominate the production. Will it wash? I'm not sure. On the one hand, Merchant – whose first feature as director this is – has clearly learned everything he knows about film-making from watching James Ivory in action. On the other hand, it's an odds-on bet that anyone who liked *Howards End* will want nothing at all to do with the ‘Johnny Foreigner’ types running around in this movie.

The whole affair is very tasteful, discreet, humourless, glossy and inconsequential. Just as Ivory serves us up a picture of heritage Britain that is stiflingly offensive, Merchant offers us India as a colour supplement feature. Most of the time, the film looks as if it has been constructed out of overmatter from a travel show. There is no attempt made to get at the reality of contemporary India.

Over and over again we are fed glorious compositions – silhouettes, sunsets, sunrises, white walls against burning blue skies – that could have come from the pages of a teach-yourself-photography manual, or an advert for a new type of curry powder. Unlike Gurinder Chadha's recent *Bhaji on the Beach*, however, which had the courage or confusion to accept the notion of cultural integration, *In Custody* postures about continuity but by means of techniques that everywhere undermine the project.

All this might not matter so much were the film at all entertaining. Instead, it's a drizzle. Deven's problems with his tape deck, for example, which last for half an hour or so, have all the subtlety of a brick dropped on a toe. How many times must we see a shot of Nur's young wife's disapproval of the interview before we get the point? *In Custody* is dull, repetitive and enervating – at the press screening I attended both people I was sat between fell asleep within 10 minutes of the curtains parting.

Christopher Bray



Poetic license: Shashi Kapoor

A Home of Our Own

USA 1993

Director: Tony Bill

Certificate
PG
Distributor
Rank
Production Company
PolyGram Filmed
Entertainment present
an A & M Films
production
Executive Producer
Patrick Duncan
Producers
Dale Pollock
Bill Borden
Associate Producers
Helen Bartlett
Ross Canter
L.A. Production Associate
Barry Rosenbush
Production Supervisor
Alecia La Rue
Unit Production Manager
Margaret Hilliard
Location Manager
Dennis Williams
Post-production Supervisor
Jenny Manriquez
2nd Unit Director
Bill Borden
Casting
April Webster
Associate:
Paul Ventura
Utah:
Cate Praggastis
Associate:
Patty Smales
New York:
Alison Zimet
L.A. Casting
Co-ordinator:
Ray Simm
Assistant Directors
Babu Subramaniam
Karen E. Collins
Screenplay
Patrick Duncan
Director of Photography
Jean Lepine
Colour
Deluxe
2nd Unit Director of Photography
Brian Sullivan
Camera Operator
Additional:
Dean S. Lyras
Editor
Axel Hubert
Production Designer
James L. Schoppe
Art Director
Marcia Calosio
Set Decorator
Steven A. Lee
Set Dressers
Debbie Farrar
Kee L. Miller
Illustrator
Tom Lay
Special Effects Co-ordinator
Rick Josephson
Music
Michael Convertino
Music Conductor
Artie Kane
Music Extracts
"Cherry Lips" by
Winfield Scott,
performed by The
Robins; "Chapel of
Love" by Bruce Morgan,
performed by The
Hitmakers; "Beyond
the Blue Horizon"
by Frank Harling,
Richard Whiting, Leo
Robin, performed
by Lou Christie;
"Emotions" by Mel
Tillis, Ramsey Kearney,
performed by Brenda

Lee; "I Wanna See
Nashville"; "That's The
Kind of Love" by D. & T.
O'Brien, performed
by The O'Briens; "The
Way the World Is
Going Now (You Need
Country Music)" by
Warner Wilder,
performed by Garland
Frady; "La Force du
destin" by Giuseppe
Verdi, performed
by The Sofia
Philharmonic
Orchestra; "Since
I First Met You" by H.B.
Barnum, performed
by The Robins
Orchestrations
John Neufeld
Additional:
Marc Falcone
Music Co-ordinator
Jennifer Richardson
Music Supervisors
Barklie K. Griggs
Adam Maffei
Music Editor
Ken Wannberg
Music Consultant
Polygram Filmed
Entertainment:
Sharon Boyle
Costume Design
Lynn Bernay
Make-up Artists
Key:
Darcy Knight
Cheryl Voss
Additional:
Brenda Nelson
Lisa Layman
Gina Homan
Hairstylists
Key:
Lynne Eagen
Additional:
Brenda Nelson
Lisa Layman
Gina Homan
Title Design
Nina Saxon Film
Design
Titles/Opticals
Pacific Title
Supervising Sound Editors
Patrick Dodd
John Nutt
Dialogue Editors
Patrick Dodd
Francesca Dodd
ADR Supervisor
Jeff Watts
Foley Editor
Marjorie L. Hagar
Sound Recordist
Steven C. Laneri
Dolby stereo
Sound Re-recordists
Supervisor:
Mark Berger
Michael Sematic
Music Scoring Mixer:
Dennis Sands
Sound Effects Editor
James Le Brecht
Foley Artists
Jennifer Myers
Margie O'Malley
Stunt Co-ordinator
Steve M. Davison
Stunt Doubles
Miles Feulner;
Jeffrey Dashnaw
Edward Furlong;
Gary L. Guercio

Cast
Kathy Bates
Frances Lacey
Edward Furlong
Shayne Lacey
Clarissa Lassig
Lynn Lacey



Nuclear shelter: Furlong, Bates

Sarah Schaub
Faye Lacey
Miles Feulner
Murray Lacey
Amy Sakasitz
Annie Lacey
T.J. Lowther
Craig Lacey
Soon-Teck Oh
Mr Munimura (Moon)
Tony Campisi
Norman
Dave Jensen
Mr Hilliard
H.E.D. Redford
Mr King
Melvin Ward
Father Tomlin
Michael Flynn
Mr Wolters
Don Ré Simpson
Gas Station Attendant
Frank Gerrish
Mr Whitman
George Sullivan
Dave Pollock

Rosalind Soulam
Ilene
Tamilisa Wood
Raymi
Joshua Schaefer
Boyd
Frank Kanig
John Rixey Moore
Cops
Tom Nibley
Mr Nardin
David Nieman
Owens
Jeff Olson
Bowling Alley Patron
Berit Winge
Pamela
Jasmine Trinnaman
Esther
Micaela Nelligan
School Bus Driver
Whitney Porter
Pigtail Girl
9,370 feet
104 minutes

Los Angeles, the early 60s. Frances Lacey unfairly loses her job in a potato-chip factory after being subjected to sexual harassment. She returns home to her family of six children to find that her eldest son, Shayne, has been caught stealing nickels from phone booths. Having no-one to lean on – her husband died some time earlier – and finding no reason to stay, Frances decides to head east in search of a new life. After a long drive, she finally sees a house she likes – a half-built structure owned by a lonely Asian man, Mr Moon. Initially reluctant, he finally agrees to let the Lacey family live there in exchange for work around his house and nursery. The children attend the local school and find part-time jobs within the small rural community.

Frances finds work herself in a bowl-ing-alley cafe and goes about the business of building her house bit by bit. There are tensions within the family, however: Frances' refusal to accept charity leads to hardship, while her excessive promises of happiness cause arguments between herself and Shayne, culminating in him being

beaten with his father's belt.

Frances responds to the advances of Norman, who also works at the cafe. She agrees to go on a date with him and he reveals to her that he has booked a motel room for the night. Angry at his presumption, she rejects him, and he strikes her. That night, she nails her husband's belt to a tree. Next day, Frances goes to work thinking she will have to quit, but she learns that the owner has already sacked Norman.

Just when everything seems to be going well, the house catches fire accidentally and is burnt to the ground. The next morning, the community drives over and starts to build a second house, one in which the family stays.

A Home of Our Own begins and ends with some snapshots of Kennedy-era nuclear families standing against clapboard houses. A rostrum camera slowly picks out teathy smiles while a voice-over announces the film's main theme of family togetherness during hard times. Barely five minutes in and the orchestra's sweltering. Openings like this do not augur well, over-used as they have been for too long in American TV films. Indeed, easy options are the keywords to the movie, the softer the better. After an overlong sexual harassment scene and a few over-detailed shots of depressed L.A., the family hits the road in (naturally) a clapped-out Plymouth.

Braking to a standstill, Frances sees her dream house and badgers Mr Moon into letting her live there. No doubt she would have given him her wedding ring if she hadn't already sold it to fix the car. And so her family begin their gradual, cutesily eccentric integration into the archetypal Norman Rockwell community. However, what started as a flight of fantasy soon becomes an object of obsession for Frances. Her dream house is to be built at all costs, including overlooking her family's most basic emotional needs and rejecting all offers of help. For Christmas, her children are given a selection of tools and she is genuinely surprised at their disappointment. The scene's punch is pulled, however, by our (and the children's) knowing beforehand what she is going to give them. Basic dramatic tension gives way to slushy sentiment.

This is a far cry from director Tony Bill's role as producer on *Taxi Driver* and chaperone to the careers of Terrence Malick and Paul Schrader, among others. Writer Patrick Duncan has revisited his own past in the writing of this film and it falls into the concomitant nostalgia trap. The L.A. intro is too under-developed for us to gauge the family's inner tensions and the film, anecdotal and incidental, hops from one drippy story to another without a solid through-line to guide us. Consequently, there is little real catharsis at the pyrotechnic finale, while the second denouement – in which town and family club together to build the second home – seems to be taken straight from *Witness*.

Richard Skinner

Hsimeng Rensheng (The Puppetmaster)

Taiwan 1993

Director: Hou Hsiao-Hsien (Hou Xiaoxian)

Certificate
Not yet issued
Distributor
Electric Pictures
Production Company
City Films Ltd
An Era International
Presentation
Executive Producers
Michael Yang (Yang
Dengkui)
Zhan Hongzhi
Producer
Qiu Fusheng
Associate Producer
Zhang Huakun
Production Managers
Zhang Huafu
Mainland:
Wang Shaoji
Japanese Dialogue Directors
Hasegawa Ichiro
Chen Xunhi
Assistant Directors
Chen Huai'en
Jiang Ruizong
Xie Renchang
Hong Zhiyu
Screenplay
Wu Nianzhen
Zhu Tianwen
Based on the
biographical book
Ximeng Rensheng by Li
Tianlu, Hou Xiaoxian,
Zeng Yuwen
Japanese Dialogue
Osaka Fumiko
Director of Photography
Lee Pingbin
In colour
Editor
Liao Qingsong
Art Directors
Zhang Hong
Cai Zhaoyi
Lu Mingjin
He Xianke
Mainland:
Liu Nanyang
Chen Shunfa
Music
Chen Mingzhang
Zhang Hongda
Costume Design
Zhang Guanghui
Ruan Peiyun
Mainland:
Fang Yuping
Make-up
Liao Shuzhen
Hair
Wu Meihui
Mainland:
Lin Ping
Sound Recordists
Du Duzhi
Meng Qiliang
Dolby stereo
Puppetry Consultants
Chen Xihuang
Li Chuancan

Cast
Li Tianlu
Himself
Lim Giong (Lin Qiang)
Li Tianlu (Young Adult)
Chen Kuizhong
Li Tianlu (Teenager)
Zuo Juwei
Li Tianlu (Child)
Hong Liu
Li Hei, Grandfather
Bai Minghua
Ong Hsiu, grandmother
Cai Zhennan
Ko Meng-Dang, father
Gao Dongxiu
Li Nee, mother
Yang Liyin
Lai Hwat, stepmother
Chen Qianru
Tan Dei, wife
Wu Layun
Tan Shing, grandfather-in-law
Chen Bocan
Tan Ah-Lai, father-in-law
Li Wenbin
Tan Shik-Hong, son
Cai Yihua
Li Giao-Ngo, daughter
Li Fulu
Grand Uncle
Liu Nanyang
Lin Shuiqing
Grand Uncles
Chen Shufang
Jin Huanshu
Yang Caiming
Lao Shakui
Cai Qiuqiang
A-Chun
Chen Yishan
Big Eyes
Xiao Hudou
Ko Wong-Lai
Chen Xiaohui
Leitzu
Zheng Yalin
A-Gui
Yi Toshiro
Kawakami
Hino Asako
Kawakami's Wife
Imura Jun
Policeman
Notomi Toshio
Commander
Hogari Taro
Japanese soldier
Takemoto Yasumasa
Kubo, leader of
propulsion unit
Wu Xinkai
Huang Yankai
Wu Rongchang
Li Wenzhong
Members of
Propulsion Unit
Obi Ryuji
Liao Gaole
Supervisors
Takenaka Fumihiko
Nagata Masami
Shimura Gaku
Shirakawa Hideaki
Lu Jinqing
Jitsuno Mitsumi
Li Chongzhen
Office Staff
Chen Xihuang
Tribal Chief
Wu Rongchang
Lu Jiao
Yu Qingxian
Huomu
Cai Zhaoyi
Zhi-zai
Lu Mingjun
Sweet Potato
Chen Duan
Guo Chengbi
Liu Lichai
Policemen
Wang Caihua
A-Zhi
Guo Yuefeng
Matchmaker
Lai Tingmei
Zhu Jinwen
Midwives
Lin Quan
Photographer
Liu Shunfa
Postman in Xiamen
Li Shunfa
Xu Zaitian
Yang Caiming
Liu Jinsong
Zhou Songmao
Backstage staff
Members of the Zhangzhou
Xiqiao Cultural Department
Folk Theatre Troupe and the
Fujian Province Peking
Opera Troupe
12,780 feet
142 minutes
Dialogue in Mandarin,
Taiwanese and Japanese
Subtitles
Pinyin title: Ximeng
Rensheng

Actor and puppetmaster Li Tianlu, born in Taiwan in 1909, who has appeared in several of Hou Hsiao-Hsien's films, relates the story of his life.... At the celebration of his first birthday his grandfather Li Hei is warned by a fortune-teller that the child will bring bad luck on his parents. As a schoolboy, Li is disgraced when he steals books from his great-uncle's house. The Japanese, rulers of Taiwan since 1895, decree that all Taiwanese must cut off their pigtails; the official conveying the order to Li's family gives them opera tickets as an incentive, although Li's father, Ko Meng-Dang, refuses to attend. When Li's grandmother falls ill, his mother offers her own life in exchange, contracts TB and dies. Ko Meng-Dang remarries but his new wife, Lai Hwat, mistreats both Li and his young cousin, Big Eyes, whom Li was expected to marry. To Li Hei's chagrin, Big Eyes' mother takes her away. Soon afterwards Li Hei dies.

Li, now nine years old, is miserable at home. He is apprenticed to a travelling puppetmaster, and shows such skill that he is poached by a rival puppeteer. At 14 Li is mounting performances in his own right. The troupe's manager, Ah-Lai, suggests Li should marry his daughter. Ko Meng-Dang angrily opposes the idea, but the marriage goes ahead; when he dies, Lai Hwat blames Li for his father's death.

At 22 Li founds his own puppet show, 'Living Colour'. But when the Sino-Japanese War breaks out in 1937 all outdoor shows are banned, and Li joins a travelling opera company, the Red Jade troupe. In Taiching he meets a prostitute, Leitzu, who becomes his mistress, and shuttles between her and his family in Taipei. In 1941 Li is invited by a local police chief to join the newly formed Anti-Anglo-American Unit, putting on propaganda puppet shows. He clashes with a Japanese member of the company, but the Japanese authorities exonerate him.

The war draws to an end. Taipei is bombed, and Li with his family is evacuated to a coffin-maker's house in a small village. His father-in-law contracts malaria and dies, as does Li's youngest son. Li and his wife also catch the disease; they survive, but Li is seriously weakened, and at first needs help in reviving his puppet show. Li, now 84, recalls how he saved Japanese soldiers from attack by an angry crowd, and how people dismantled war-planes for scrap metal to pay for his shows.

The *Puppetmaster* forms the third in Hou Hsiao-Hsien's loose trilogy of films tracing, in reverse chronological order, the impact of twentieth-century Taiwanese history on individual families: intimate epics, where the cataclysms of great events are seen not directly, but by way of the shock waves that ripple through private lives, shaking and destroying. *A Time to Live and a Time to Die* (1985) reflected the period following the Kuomintang's move to Taiwan in 1949, after its defeat by the Communists. A



In their own hands: Chen Xiaohui

City of Sadness (1989) covered the four-year interim between the defeat of Japan and the KMT government's arrival. And *The Puppetmaster* runs from 1910 to the end of World War II, taking in most of Taiwan's 50 years under Japanese rule. (Hou, it should be added, now counts only the two most recent films as part of a trilogy, and is planning a further film to deal with the post-1949 era.)

Here, as in *A City of Sadness*, Hou is exploring hitherto taboo areas of the Taiwanese past. Until recently the government discouraged accounts of the Japanese era, fearing unfavourable comparisons, as well they might. Rather as some Indians feel a grudging nostalgia for the Raj, many Taiwanese look back wistfully to a time when, though a subject race, they enjoyed a stability and social order denied the war-torn mainland. The Japanese in *The Puppetmaster* are for the most part courteous and humane, displaying none of the racist brutality towards their Chinese subjects depicted in, for example, Kobayashi's *The Human Condition*. The sole exception, Kubota, is a drunken oaf, and when Li beats him for his boorish behaviour the Japanese magistrate scrupulously hears both sides and finds Li justified.

Compared to its predecessors, *The Puppetmaster* makes less demanding viewing – especially after the welter of characters and relationships in *City of Sadness* that often left the uninstructed Western viewer struggling to keep track. Anchored by Li Tianlu's linear narration (the old man speaks the voice-over and shows up on screen from time to time to address the camera), the film progresses in almost classic bio-pic style, secondary characters featuring only insofar as they impinge on the protagonist. But if the narrative line is plain, the texture of the film is intricate and richly evocative, since Hou's concern isn't simply Li but the era he embodies.

Even so, we're a long way from the swirling, high-coloured chinoiserie of Zhang Yimou or, at least recently, Chen Kaige. The austerity of Hou's style (which has prompted comparisons with Ozu) goes a step further in *The Puppetmaster*, whose rapt, distanced gaze – no close-ups, whole scenes

played out in one unmoving long-shot – seems to reflect the spectator's angle on the puppet show itself. There's no shortage of deaths or violence, but they mostly happen off-stage or in reported voice-over. We're told Li's step-mother mistreats him and his young cousin, but we never see her doing so, and when the grandfather takes his fatal tumble he falls out of frame, leaving the camera contemplating an empty ladder. This formal restraint sits well with Hou's unromanticised view of the past and of his characters. Even Li, though treated with respect, is never sentimentalised, and Hou doesn't disguise the hint of callousness that marks the born survivor.

Hou's indifference to Western tastes also shows in his inclusion of several long, unbroken extracts from Li's puppet shows. Beautiful, stylised and remote, they have all the charm of the half-understood – what's happening is clear enough, but why is tantalisingly opaque – so there's a real sense of culture shock when mandarins and court ladies suddenly give way to something as crude and immediate as a Punch and Judy show. Planes buzz, bombs burst, Allied troops ("One, two! One, two! Yes, yes!") wave rifles, and a heroic wireless operator gives his life for the Imperial cause. Yet the puppetry is as skilled as ever. It's like finding a Donald McGill postcard gag, executed with infinite subtlety, adorning a Ming vase.

Underlying this scene, and indeed the whole film, is the metaphor of the puppetmaster turned puppet, the creator of drama forced by fate to live out a drama not his own. The idea's implied, but never openly stated – and is in any case belied by much of the action. For all that the film is part of a trilogy to be called *The Three Tragedies*, the Taiwanese of *The Puppetmaster* seem less subservient to historical forces than those of Hou's earlier films. The final image shows the people of Taipei resourcefully taking matters into their own hands, busily dismantling war planes whose scrap metal value will finance Li's shows "to thank the gods". It's an optimistic ending to an overtly pessimistic film, whose seeming simplicity hides levels of complexity that would repay multiple viewings.

Philip Kemp

Josh and S.A.M.

USA 1993

Director: Billy Weber

Certificate

12

Distributor

Rank

Production Company

Castle Rock

Entertainment

In association with

New Line Cinema

A City Lights Films

production

Executive Producer

Arne L. Schmidt

Producer

Martin Brest

Co-producers

Frank Deese

Alex Gartner

Associate Producer

Allegra Clegg

Production Co-ordinator

Lisa A. Becker

Production Managers

Arne L. Schmidt

Canada:

Wendy Williams

Location Manager

Amy Ness

Casting

Carrie Frazier

Shani Ginsberg

Associate:

Jakki Fink

Voice:

Barbara Harris

Assistant Directors

Artist Robinson

John Wildermuth

George Bamber

Adam Druxman

Screenplay

Frank Deese

Director of Photography

Don Burgess

Colour

Technicolor

Camera Operator

Chris Squires

Editor

Chris Lebenzon

Production Designer

Marcia Hinds-Johnson

Art Director

Bo Johnson

Set Design

Keith Neely

Set Decorator

Jan Bergstrom

Set Dressers

Katherine Lucas

Rick Lambert

Peter M. Gurski

Illustrator

Robert Hunt

Scenic Artists

Mike Kolb

Karla Bergstrom

Storyboard Artist

Harold Michaelson

Special Effects Supervisor

Arnold Peterson

Music

Thomas Newman

Orchestrations

Tom Pasatieri

Music Editors

Bob Badami

Bill Bernstein

Music Extract/Songs

"Hot Mocking Bird"

performed by Chet

Atkins; "Toward the

Settin' Sun" by Bob

Badami, Bill Bernstein;

"Vesti la Giubba" by

Ruggero Leoncavallo,

performed by The

Hamburg Symphony

Orchestra, Giuseppe

Savio

Costume Design

Jill M. Ohannesson

Costume Supervisor

Meg Goodwin

Make-up

Hallie D'Amore

Hair

Karl Wesson

Title Design

Dan Curry

Titles/Opticals

Pacific Title Design

Supervising Sound Editors

Teri E. Dorman

John Larsen

Sound Editors

David A. Arnold

Gordon Davidson

Christopher Flick

Kimberly Harris

Scott Hecker

Dave Kulczycki

Roger Pardee

ADR Editor

Renee Tondelli

Sound Recordists

Douglas Axtell

Tim Webb

Tony Araka

Music:

John Vigran

Andy Bass

ADR Recordists

Thomas J. O'Connell

Rick Canelli

Foley Recordists

Mary Jo Lang

Roberta Alstadter

Dolby stereo

Sound Re-recordists

Jeffrey J. Haboush

Rick Hart

Kevin E. Carpenter

Frank A. Montano

Foley Artists

John Roesch

Alicia Stevenson

Stunt Co-ordinator

Gary Combs

Cast

Jacob Tierney

Josh Whitney

Noah Fleiss

Sam Whitney

Martha Plimpton

Alison

Stephen Tobolowsky

Thom Whitney

Joan Allen

Caroline

Chris Penn

Derek Baxter

Maury Chaykin

Pizza Man

Ronald Guttman

Jean-Pierre

Udo Kier

Tanning Salon

Manager

Sean Baca

Curtis Coleman

Jake Gyllenhaal

Leon Coleman

Anne Lange

Ellen Coleman

Ann Hearn

Teacher

Christian Clemenson

Policeman

Allan Arbus

Businessman on Plane

Kayla Allen

Annette at Reunion

Nada Despotovitch

Susan at Reunion

Brent Hinkley

Bill at Reunion

Jay McNally

Daniel Tamberelli

Red Haired Kids

Don R. McManus

Calgary Airline Officer

Amy Wright

Waitress

Tyler Gurciullo

Kickball Pitcher

Raye Birk

Hotel Manager

Susan Norfleet

Reunion Co-ordinator

Annie McEnroe
Woman at Laundromat
Pamella D'Pella
Daughter on Bus
Harry Caesar
Father on Bus
Frank Dent
Canadian Father
Kate Benton
Canadian Mother
Valerie Wildman
Dallas Airline Officer
Bill Dunlevy
Dallas Desk Attendant

Bonnie Burgess
Flight Attendant
John Voldstad
Gas Station Attendant
Dhiru Shah
Bus Driver
Jason Edwards
Truck Driver
Deryn Warren
Calgary Ticket Agent

8,787 feet
98 minutes

Twelve-year old Josh and his eight-year old brother Sam are coping with life after their parents' divorce. When their mother Caroline goes on holiday with her fiancé Jean-Pierre, the boys are shipped off to their father's house in Florida. Their father Thom is remarried with two more sons: they practise football passes together and Josh is teased for his unsporty demeanour. Sam sides with his stepbrothers Curtis and Leon. News arrives from Caroline that she and Jean-Pierre have married: they are spending the year abroad, and Josh and Sam are to remain in Florida until her return. Flying home to California to collect their things, Josh tells Sam that he is not a normal boy but a Strategically Altered Mutant – a kind of super-soldier – and that his parents have sold him to the Pentagon. Sam – or S.A.M., as he believes himself to be – has been activated for war. Frightened by his destiny, Sam is told that escape is possible via the intervention of the mysterious Liberty Maid, who runs an escape route to Canada.

When the boys' plane makes an unscheduled overnight landing in Dallas, they escape. Josh convinces a man at a high school reunion that he is their real father. The man, Derek, is furious when he finds out the truth and tries to attack them. Josh hits him with a snooker cue. Believing him dead, the boys steal Derek's car and set out for Canada. They meet Alison, a runaway hitchhiker, who takes on the role of Liberty Maid.

Alerted by Thom, the police are looking for the runaway boys. They reach the Canadian border, and Josh tells Sam that the story about S.A.M. is fictional. They are returned to their father, and their step-brothers are dissuaded from further bullying by stories of Josh and Sam's exploits.

"Adolescence is a confusing time in any boy's life," reads the blurb accompanying *Josh and S.A.M.*, and, if the truth be told, its heroes cope with it like any other boys found in the psychopathology textbooks. Josh is an accomplished liar, capable of spinning out such wild stories that truth and fiction merge confusingly. He's a loner: a computer whizz who can hack into electronic cash tills, and who uses the credit card numbers of his absent father to buy computer games, if not a paternal presence. Sam is similarly sidelined; classmates call him "alien" and "robot-man". "See, Mom!" shrieks

Josh, as Sam's exasperated teacher returns the younger, belligerent boy home, "This is what happens when you drink while you're pregnant!" Happy families, indeed.

This is what's known as a feel-good movie. It tells us: hey! we've all felt alienated and unsure of our identities; we've all hated team games; sibling rivalry, ambivalent feelings about parents are normal; we've all had the experience of sexuality as a wobbly, frightening thing. Josh's stepbrothers think he's homosexual (evidence: he avoids their relentless, butt-slapping buddy-buddy football games). Interestingly, it is to escape being labelled homosexual that Josh is spurred to run away. And it is the same issue that resolves the movie. Returned to Florida, Sam tells the step-brothers that Josh beat up a guy. "He didn't like being called homosexual," says Sam. In the face of such overwhelming masculinity, the step-brothers retreat. Sam and Josh may not need therapy, but there's always a sequel to be made about Curtis and Leon's paranoiac ability to detect homosexual tendencies in anyone but themselves.

Running away is a perennial theme of children's fiction, and in this respect *Josh and S.A.M.* is no different from numerous texts in the literary and cinematic canon. Running away is a rite of passage, an entrée into the world. What is different in this otherwise rather twee film is its savvy approach to psychological conflict. Sam's mute anger at his parents' separation finds in Josh's mutant story a ready explanation for his aggressive feelings. The police and the Pentagon, *in loco parentis*, are perceived by the boys as persecutory agencies.

All this said, *Josh and S.A.M.* is hardly a *Night of the Hunter*. It is designed for a youngish audience and the dark, psychopathic world of Laughton's movie is kept carefully at bay. The good fairy in all this is Alison, the runaway teenager who assumes – for reasons that are never explained – the role of Liberty Maid. In fact, Alison is so sketchy a character that we learn precisely nothing about her. Presumably this is a piece of verisimilitude meant to reflect life on the road. Even so, such arbitrary realism seems rather out of place. As far as the plot is concerned, Alison exists for two reasons: to give Josh a cursory contact with females (no, nothing happens, but at least it puts paid to the implicit homosexual theme) and to transmogrify the brothers' sibling hostilities into a whole-some state of love.

What today's kids, weaned on weightier stuff than this, will take from this film is another matter. They'll soon realise that most Nintendo games have better plots than this, and *Home Alone* certainly has better jokes. Parents may be attracted to *Josh and S.A.M.* for the simple reason that a child's film ticket is considerably cheaper than a 50-minute hour with a juvenile shrink. Either way, don't hope for much.

Louise Gray

Little Buddha

France/United Kingdom 1993

Director: Bernardo Bertolucci

Certificate
PG
Distributor
Buena Vista
Production Company
CiBy 2000
In association with
Recorded Picture
Company
Producer
Jeremy Thomas
Production Supervisor
Mario Cotone
Production Co-ordinators
UK:
Sue Hausner
Seattle:
Denyse Hurley
Production Managers
Attilio Viti
John Bernard
India:
Feroze Alameer
Unit Managers
Piero Sassaroli
Production Seattle:
Eugene Mazzola
Location Managers
Neil Ravan
Seattle:
Tony Grob
Post-production
Supervisor
Michael Saxton
2nd Unit Director
Nicola Pecorini
Casting
Howard Feuer
Fabrizio Castellani
Priscilla John
Tibetan NY:
Joanna Merlin
Zurich:
Ulrike Koch
Nepal:
Diane Summers
Seattle:
Steve Salomunovich
Assistant Directors
Fabrizio Castellani
Serena Canevari
Marco Guidone
Leonardo Celi
Seattle:
Lynn Wegenka
Elisa Sansalone
Screenplay
Rudy Wurlitzer
Mark Peploe
Story
Bernardo Bertolucci
Story Collaborators
Fabien Gérard
Giovanni Mastrangelo
Director of Photography
Vittorio Storaro
Panavision
70mm
Colour
Technicolor
Colour Supervisor
Carlo La Bella
Camera Operators
Enrico Umetelli
Fabio Zamarion
Steadicam Operator
Nicola Pecorini
Editor
Pietro Scalia
Production Designer
James Acheson
Supervising Art Director
Andrew Sanders
Art Directors
Gianni Giovagnoni
Steven Symmonds
Set Decorators
Bruno Cesari
Seattle:
Rondi Tucker
Production Illustrator
Mauro Borelli
Illustrations
Shehbaz H. Safrani
Sculptor
Galliano Donati
Special Effects Supervisors
Richard Conway

Computer:
Val Wardlaw
Digital Special Effects
The Computer Film
Company
Nick Brooks
Mara Bryan
Paddy Eason
Pete Hanson
Roz Lowrie
Animatronic Special
Effects
Steve Onions
Music/Music Conductor
Ryuichi Sakamoto
Music Performed by
Choir:
The Ambrosian Singers
Soprano:
Catherine Bott
Featured Soloists:
Nepalese Drums:
L. Subramaniam
Zakir Hussain
Nishat Khan
Vocalist:
Shaheen Samad
Music Arrangements
Gil Goldstein
Indian:
Zakir Hussain
Nepalese Drums:
Danny Birch
Gert Wegner
Orchestrations
David Arch
Kevin Townend
Music Co-ordinator
Gemma Dempsey
Music Editor
Michael Connell
Indian Music Consultant
Zakir Hussain
Music Extracts/Songs
"Invocation of Deities
through Ritual
Instruments (Gya Ling
and Dung Chen)"
performed by The
Monks of the Dip Tse
Chok Ling Monastery,
Dharamsala; "Raga
Kurvani" performed by
L. Subramaniam;
"Composition" by and
performed by Shiv
Kumar Sharma; "Taal"
by and performed
by Zakir Hussain;
"Chandranandan"
by and performed by
Ustad Ali Akbar Khan;
"Let the Mystery Be"
by and performed by
Iris DeMent; "Raga
Naiiki Kanhra"
performed by Shruti
Sadolikar; "Mon Papa"
by Stanley Dural Jnr,
performed by
Buckwheat Zydeco;
"Sarah was 90 Years
Old" by Arvo Pärt
Costume Design
James Acheson
Associate:
Frank Gardiner
Fabric/Print Design
Jane Clive
Wardrobe
Supervisor:
Richard Pointing
Key Seattle:
Ron Leamon
Milliner
Sean Barrett
Jewellery/Costume Props
Martin Adams
Costume Research
Michele Michel
Make-up
Chief:
Peter Frampton
Key Seattle:
Katarina Hirsch
Hairstylists
Chief:
Martin Samuels

Key Seattle:
Robaire Charbonneau
Wig Supervisor
Suzanne Stokes-
Munton
Opening Title Design
Balsmeyer &
Everett Inc
Titles/Opticals
GSE London
Supervising Sound Editor
Eddy Joseph
Digital Sound Editors
Glenn Freemantle
Nigel Mills
ADR Editor
Budge Tremlett
Foley Editor
Peter Holt
Sound Recordists
Ivan Sharrock
Music:
Steve Price
Foley Recordist
John Bateman
Dolby stereo
Sound Re-recordists
Vincent Arnardi
Thierry Lebon
Gerry Humphreys
Dean Humphreys
Foley Artists
Jack Stew
Dianne Greaves
Technical Adviser
Sean Culley
Buddhist Consultant
Dzongsar Khyentse
Rinpoche
Stunt Co-ordinator
Franco Fantasia
Armour Co-ordinator
Irina Nijborg

Cast
Keanu Reeves
Siddhârtha
Ying Ruocheng
Lama Norbu
Chris Isaak
Dean Conrad
Bridget Fonda
Lisa Conrad
Alex Wiesendanger
Jesse Conrad
Raju Lal
Raju
Greishma Makar Singh
Gita
Sogyal Rinpoche
Kenpo Tenzin
Khyongla Rato Rinpoche
Abbot
Geshe Tsultim Gyelsen
Lama Dorje

Jo Champa
Maria
Jigme Kunsang
Champa
Thubtem Jampa
Punzo
Surehka Sikri
Sonali
T.K. Lama
Sangay
Doma Tshomo
Ani-La
Mantu Lal
Mantu
Mountain Yogi
Mountain Yogi
Rinzin Dakpa
Oracle
Rudraprasad Sengupta
King Suddhodhana
Kanika Pandey
Queen Maya
Rajeshwaree
Yasodhara
Santosh Bangera
Channa
Vijay Kashyap
Vizir
Bhisham Sahni
Asita
Madhu Mathur
Prajapati
Anupam Shyam
Lord Mara
Ruchi Mathur
Queen's Assistant
Rashid Mastaan
Beggar
S.S. Pandey
Old Musician
Tarana Ramakrishnan
Saddiya Siddiqui
Anu Ehetri
Anita Thakur
Ascetics
Kavita Hahat
Mahana Amar
Nagabab Shyam
Narmadapuree Kumar
Lingeshever
Chritra Mandal
Nirmala
Village Girl
Ailsa Berk
Elephant

A telegram arrives for Lama Norbu at the Paro Monastery in the Himalayan kingdom of Bhutan. Although in failing health, he sets out immediately for Seattle, where Dean and Lisa Conrad are disconcerted to learn from him that their young son Jesse may be the reincarnation of Lama Dorje, one of the Monastery's most respected teachers, who died in Seattle nine years ago. In order to confirm this, Jesse would have to travel to Bhutan. As the Conrads know nothing about Buddhism, Norbu introduces them to the story of Siddhârtha, born 2,500 years ago in Kapilavastu (Nepal) to King Suddhodhana and his wife Mâyâ. After a miraculous birth, the future Buddha was fiercely protected by his father until, insisting on seeing the world, he discovered the existence of suffering and death. Promptly abandoning his former indolence, he adopted a life of self-deprivation, with five Ascetic disciples.

Shaken by the news of the death of a business partner, Dean Conrad decides that he should take time off to reassess his future while accompanying Jesse to Bhutan. Another possible candidate ►

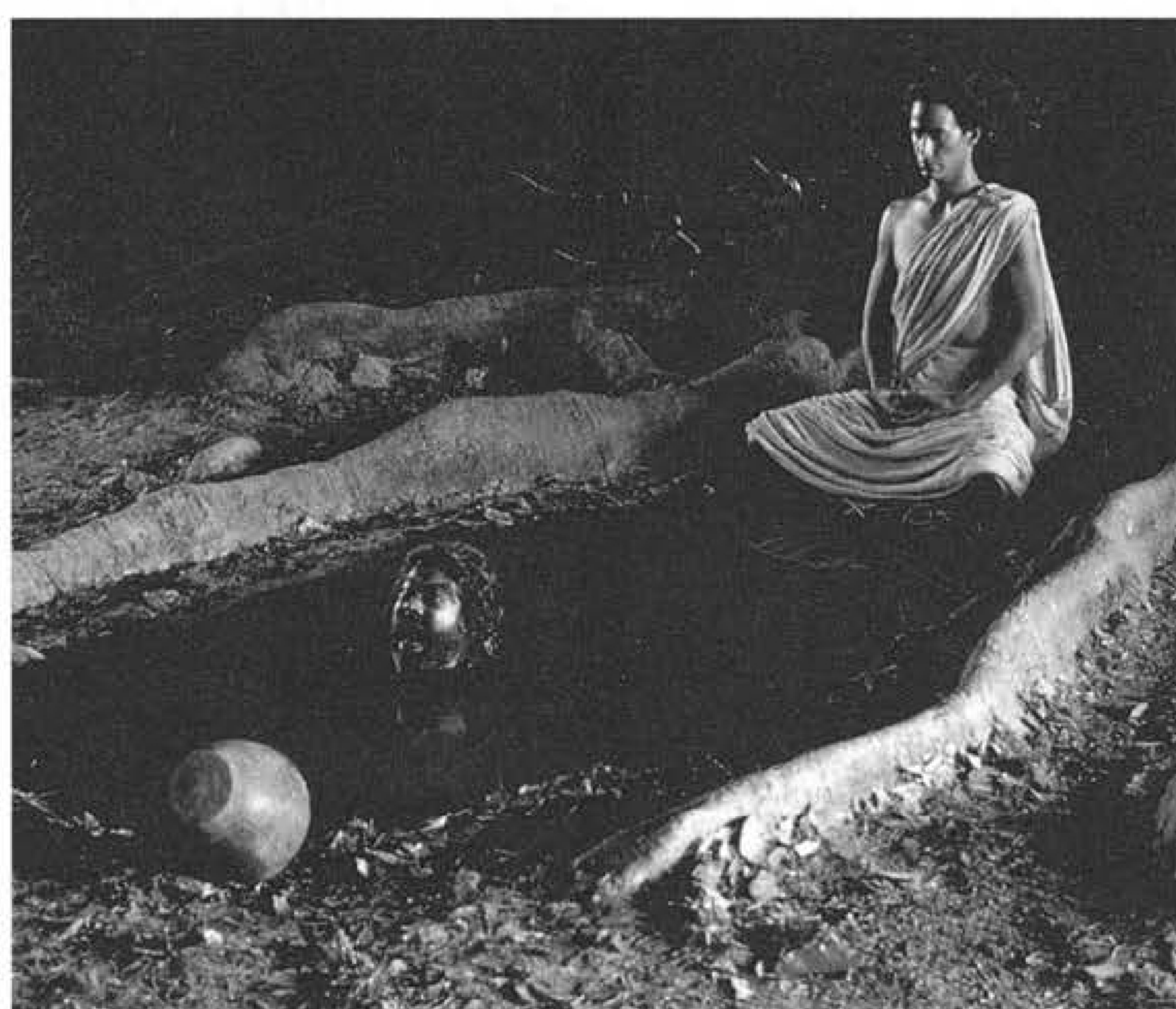
◀ for Lama Dorje's reincarnation has been identified in Kathmandu, and Norbu leaves Seattle with Dean and Jesse. During the journey, he tells how, after six years as an Ascetic, the emaciated Siddhārtha recognised that the path to enlightenment lay not in austerity but in meditation. At the *stupa* (temple) at Bodnath, Jesse befriends Raju, the boy acrobat Norbu has been sent to approve, who joins them to find a third candidate, Gita, a girl who lives near the banyan tree in Bodhi-Gayā (Bihar, India) where Siddhārtha's titanic struggle with Māra, the Lord of Darkness, took place. At the base of the tree, the three children relive the spectacular events that transformed Siddhārtha into the Buddha.

Returning to the Paro Monastery with his three acolytes, Lama Norbu awaits the decision of the Oracle as to which is the true reincarnation of Lama Dorje. The verdict is that the reincarnation is in all three of them, and they are prepared for a ceremony of acceptance and enthronement. His work accomplished, Norbu placidly resigns himself to death, reappearing to the children after the ceremony with final words of wisdom. When they return home, they take Norbu's ashes with them; on a boat with Dean and the pregnant Lisa, Jesse places his share of the ashes close to the shores of Seattle.

Continuing the symmetry of *The Last Emperor* and *The Sheltering Sky*, Bertolucci completes his oriental trilogy with another tale of innocents abroad. While it will doubtless come as no surprise to committed Buddhists, the journeys of Pu Yi and the ill-fated Moresbys from lives of useless luxury to the informative extremes of destitution turn out closely to parallel the path taken by Siddhārtha, whose serene childhood – lotus flowers sprouting at every footfall – left him ill-prepared for the inevitabilities of adulthood.

Conveniently, Bertolucci's own preference for privation, venturing where no camera has gone before in his attempts to evade Western consumerism, echoes the same learning process, the need for reassurance growing more acute with the advancing years. Borrowing from Paul Bowles, he concluded *The Sheltering Sky* (where survival proved more valuable than death) on a note of gloomy hope, recommending that we savour every minute of the final countdown. With *Little Buddha*, in effect a post-countdown story of the after-life, he puts his faith in recycled humanity, with rebirth on the agenda as a comforting, if necessarily unproven, prospect. In his final images, which for a moment seem set to repeat the miraculous (and confirming) instant when Siddhārtha's bowl flows against the current, he offers reincarnation like a kind of plague dust, destined to convert us all to the living dead.

In aiming his film at a young audience, on the pretext that we are all like children when learning about Buddha



Nirvana in Seattle: Keanu Reeves

(who also achieved wisdom through innocence), Bertolucci creates an inevitable tension. The fear of death can easily be lifted by the promise of resurrection, but it's the promise that needs substantiating. Up to a point, the world of an adult is authority enough, but beyond that, attainment of enlightenment by the Four Noble Truths and the Eightfold Path, the essentials of Buddhism, involves painfully complex, and decidedly non-filmic, considerations. Avoiding complication, Bertolucci has had to resort to simple mythology, staging a pantomime that will excite curiosity but provides no answers. Even so, his self-denial only goes so far; he underpins the splendid melodrama of Siddhārtha with a strange, fragmentary story of his own (plus recognisable grace-notes from Wurlitzer and Peploe) which almost reverses the riches-to-rags legend by taking average all-American boy Jesse on the adventure of a lifetime to be hailed as a near-deity on the other side of the world. This Spielbergian premise certainly achieves the right flavour for juvenile audiences, but at the same time it introduces ingredients for which Buddhism seems more placebo than panacea.

Were it not for the excellent humour with which Lama Norbu and his companion monks conduct their quest, as if fully aware of its more unlikely aspects, the whole exercise would seem irredeemably farcical. Instead, the general tone of incongruity as the small flock of monks tours the museums and monorails of Seattle, sitting on the floor instead of the furniture, acquires a fantastical charm of its own. More dissonant, as a result, is the Conrad family, occupying a house of breathtaking simplicity which sprouts from the ground in a jolt of computerised conjury to survey the entire city like a watch-tower of ominously tinted glass. The Conrads are clearly suspicious of the Tibetans, yet leave their son alone with them for hours, and although the family's financial future seems bound up with the unseen part-

ner, whose death leaves Dean curiously distraught, it is Jesse's mother who stays in Seattle while the boy and his father go to the Himalayas.

Whole chapters of the Conrad story, with its hints of the same incestuous triangle as *La Luna*, seem to have been denied us, leaving unexplained the hovering camera over Dean as he stares suicidally at a motorway or later the intense scrutiny with which he studies Norbu's demise, as if awaiting a major revelation. Played by Chris Isaak in a state of high anxiety, by contrast with Bridget Fonda's immaculate poise as his wife, his concluding appearance as castaway in the Seattle bay seems to leave Buddhism very much at sea. This despite the orange sunset (as we may expect from Storaro, the whole film is a dialogue of blues and oranges) and the implied correlation between Norbu's ashes and Lisa's pregnancy.

The other paradox of *Little Buddha* is, of course, its own magnificence. Where the eponymous nontheist, reasonably enough after six years as an ascetic, opted for moderation in all things, Bertolucci and Storaro provide panoplies of costume, landscape and construction that are seldom less than sumptuous. The palace home of Siddhārtha is lavish in the crowds and colours of a children's fable, and even when the prince discards the excesses of ignorance and settles for the wilderness, the majesty of the riverside and the gleeful intrusion of special effects lends his mental struggle an overwhelming grandeur. With frequent sky-high shots of patterns and movements, Bertolucci makes spectacle a theme in its own right, celebrated interminably by Sakamoto's drifting score, at first a marvel of foreboding, later a shapeless package of crescendos. As Siddhārtha, Keanu Reeves confronts himself with an affable authority; for a refreshing change, this is a philosophical hero who only has to sit and think, and whether or not his example offers any kind of inspiration, it is unarguably fascinating to watch.

Philip Strick

London

United Kingdom 1994

Director: Patrick Keiller

Certificate
U

Distributor
BFI

Production Companies

A Koninck/BFI
production
In association with
Channel Four
Television

Executive in Charge
of Production

Angela Topping
Executive Producer

Ben Gibson

Producer

Keith Griffiths

Production Manager

Jacqui Timberlake

Assistant Director

Julie Norris

Screenplay

Patrick Keiller

Director of Photography

Patrick Keiller

In colour

Editor

Larry Sider

Music Extracts

"String Quartet No. 15
Op 132" by Ludwig van
Beethoven, performed
by the Talich Quartet;

"Alto Rhapsody Op 53"
by Johannes Brahms,
performed by The
Chorus and Symphony
of Bavarian Radio;
"Lone Ranger Music"
by Alberto Colombo,
Cy Feuer; "El Negro
José" performed by
Aquilés Justiniani,
Carlos Justiniani

Additional Music

Performed by
The Cobourg Primary
School Steel Band
Norman Olsfanger
Musicians of the
Columbia Carnival
Association

Title Design

Frameline

Sound Design

Larry Sider

Sound Editor

Kate O'Neill

Sound Re-recorder

Hugh Strain

Narrator

Paul Scofield

7,647 feet

85 minutes

London is a documentary portrait of the capital which reflects the concerns of a fictional male character called Robinson during 1992. The images are accompanied by an unnamed male narrator, a friend and former lover of Robinson. Neither Robinson nor the narrator is seen. Apart from the narration and occasional music, the film is shot without sound.

The narrator tells us he has just completed seven years as a photographer on a cruise ship. He was asked to return to London by Robinson, whom he describes as an autodidact who teaches a day or two a week in the University of Barking's School of Fine Art and Architecture. Robinson has told him that he is nearing a breakthrough with his 'investigations'. These seem to involve an attempt to research the city's artistic past and to suggest alternative paths the city's history might have taken. Also, Robinson would like to find a place where he can become a *flâneur*. When abroad, Robinson enthusiastically wanders the streets; in London he seldom leaves his home.

The film consists of the narrator and Robinson undertaking three 'expeditions', and other mini-journeys, across London by foot. The first is from the house in Strawberry Hill, Twickenham, where Horace Walpole wrote the first English Gothic fiction, *The Castle of Otranto*, to Robinson's home in Vauxhall. The second begins outside the Stockwell house where poet Guillaume Apollinaire once came in search of a former lover, and continues, via London Bridge and the City, to Stoke Newington, where Edgar Allan Poe attended a school. There is no trace of the school, but close by stands the house where Daniel Defoe wrote *Robinson Crusoe*. The third tracks the River Brent, through outer north-west Lon-

don, looking for 'city' life in the suburbs.

On these travels, the narrator and Robinson are repeatedly distracted by contemporary events, routine and extraordinary, which include IRA bomb attacks, the General Election, and the huge October 1992 march in support of the miners. They also take time out, spending a night in the Savoy suite where Monet had stayed when painting his views of the Thames, and visiting the Notting Hill Carnival. Throughout, the narrator reports his own and Robinson's reflections on the past and their opinions on how political decisions might impact upon the city's future.

It is tempting to consider *London* as primarily a piece of writing. In itself, the narration is an elegant achievement, accommodating history and fantasy, polemic and wit, and a good deal of well-turned rhetoric. There are plentiful references to Robinson's favourite writers, who also inspire the majority of the journeys. Even the jokes are literary ones, including the name given to the principal character: the lover of the French *flâneurs* recalls their spiritual opposite, Robinson Crusoe, that emblem of 'protestant isolationism' in the words of the narrator.

But to read the script alone would be to hugely reduce its impact. The words do not relate to the images as presentation might to supporting slides. Rather, both are involved in a sort of jazzy piece of social investigation which moves between theory and research: Robinson has his ideas about London which the journeys put to the test. The camera – a lightweight Eclair Cameflex, favoured, as director Patrick Keiller's notes explain, by the French New Wave – works as the eyes of the *flâneurs*, of Robinson and of the narrator, and drifts with them.

London is Keiller's first full-length film, although he has made several short films since 1981 which reveal an interest in contemporary Britain that is informed by literary and artistic ideas. He notes that he was originally motivated to make *London* by reading from the memoirs of Alexander Herzen, the exiled Russian socialist who arrived in the city in 1852. "There is no town in the world which is more adapted for training one away from

people and training one into solitude," wrote Herzen. Robinson, presumably something of an autobiographical figure since Keiller also teaches architecture and fine art, thinks that Herzen's assessment still holds.

Robinson's thesis seems to be that London took a wrong turn in the nineteenth century. Cities became the site of modernism, but Britain chose the suburban, perhaps through governments' fear of the mob, or of socialism, and London became a place to pass through, not to linger in. If only London were more like Paris, is the implicit sigh, which partly explains Robinson's interest in French moderns, including Baudelaire, the quintessential poet of the city. The Walpole excursion is presumably in homage to a native surreal romanticism.

With research into the past diverted by present-day events, the narration integrates aesthetic and political concerns. When the subject under scrutiny is a city, the relationship between the two cannot be ignored, *London* suggests. Robinson is angered by the outcome of the General Election, which he reads as a hammer blow to London that will result in more degradation, and this anger feeds in turn back into the research and the historical neglect of the city.

The investigations are offered at one remove. The narrator, although an informed and very close companion to Robinson, is not as committed. This allows Paul Scofield, as the narrator, to read with a voice that is somewhat detached, and wry when appropriate. Indeed, the narration takes pleasure in playing off images. "Everywhere we went there was an atmosphere of conspiracy and intrigue," we hear as the two *flâneurs* approach the new M16 building in Vauxhall. In search of a cafe society, they end up in the IKEA furniture supermarket in suburban north-west London, and find somewhere to drink, but "the atmosphere was tainted by the ill-humour that often accompanies questions of interior design". So persuasively do image and commentary work together that it is easy to forgive the epigrammatic irony – the film at its most 'writerly' – with which *London* ends, the city, Robinson claims, revealing finally its modernity in its absence.

Robert Yates



Flannel and flânerie: 'London'

Look Who's Talking Now

USA 1993

Director: Tom Ropelewski

Certificate

12

Distributor

Columbia TriStar

Production Company

TriStar Pictures

Executive Producer

Leslie Dixon

Producer

Jonathan D. Krane

Co-producers

Amy Heckerling

Fitch Cady

Associate Producer

Rebecca Batt

Production Co-ordinator

Penny Gibbs

Unit Production Manager

Tracey Jeffrey

Location Manager

Nancy Larman

2nd Unit Director

Neill Fearnley

Casting

Michelle Allen

Lynne Carrow

Sally Dennison

Patrick Rush

Assistant Directors

Peter D. Marshall

Sandra Mayo

Jonathan Schneider

Screenplay

Tom Ropelewski

Leslie Dixon

Based on characters created by Amy Heckerling

Director of Photography

Oliver Stapleton

Colour

Technicolor

2nd Unit Director of Photography

Phillip Linzey

Camera Operators

Stephen Campanelli

B:

Joel Ransom

Neil Seale

Special Visual Effects and Titles

Sony Pictures

Imageworks:

Supervisor:

Scott E. Anderson

Executive Producer:

Bill Birrell

Producer:

Camille Cellucci

Associate Producer:

Bob Shepherd

Production

Co-ordinator:

Mickey McGovern

Director of

Photography:

Bill Neil

Plate Supervisor:

Tim McGovern

Computer Graphics

Animators:

Ron Brinkmann

Adrian Iler

Jerome Chen

Mark Sorell

Andrea Losch

David Douglas

Mike Takayama

Previsualization

Animator:

David Worman

Opticals:

Jeff Matakovich

Editorial Supervisor:

Ladd McPartland

Senior Film Recorder:

Dan Candela

Visual Effects Co-ordinator

David Sosalla

Digital Film Scanning

Cinesite Inc

Graphic Artist

Lisa Francescanto

Editors

Michael A. Stevenson

Harry Hitner

Production Designer

Michael Bolton

Art Director

Alexander Cochrane

Set Decorator

Jim Erickson

Set Dressers

Perry Battista

Allan Dervisevic

Steve Lamare

Storyboard Artist

Reggie Hendrix

Special Effects

Co-ordinator

David Gauthier

Music

William Ross

Music Extracts

"Hound Dog" by Jerry

Leiber, Mike Stoller,

performed by Elvis

Presley; "I'm Henry

the VII, I Am" by Fred

Murray, R.P. Weston;

"Wipe Out" by Robert

Berryhill, Patrick

Connolly, Jim Fuller,

Ron Wilson, performed

by The Surfaris; "Santa

Claus is Comin' to

Town" by J. Fred Coots,

Haven Gillespie; "The

Chimpunk Song" by

Ross Bagdasarian,

performed by The

Chimpunks; "I'm

Flying" by Carolyn

Leigh, Mark Charlap;

"Please Come Home for

Christmas" by Charles

Brown, Gene Redd,

performed by Jonell

Mosser; "The Very

Thought of You" by

Ray Noble; "Little

Drummer Boy" by

Harry Simeone,

Katherine Davis, Henry

Onorati, performed

by Hoodoo Gurus;

"Witchcraft" by

Carolyn Leigh, Cy

Coleman; "Have a Little

Faith in Me" by and

performed by John

Hiatt; "Sleigh Ride"

by Mitchell Parish,

Leroy Anderson,

performed by PHD

Music Supervisor

Ken Kushnick

Music Editor

Jim Harrison

Choreography

Mary Ann Kellogg

Costume Design

Molly Maginnis

Mary E. McLeod

Costume Supervisor

Jenni Gullett

Key Make-up Artist

Victoria Down

Key Hairstylist

Roy Sidick

Opticals

Howard Anderson

Company

Supervising Sound Editors

Larry Mann

Uncle J. Kamen

Dialogue Editors

Clay Collins

Mark LaPointe

Dave Williams

ADR Editors

Scott Burrow

Shelley Hinton Buck

Group ADR Co-ordinator

Burton Sharp

Supervising Foley Editor

Roxanne Jones

Foley Editors

Harry Cheney

Catherine J. LeBaigue

John O. Wilde

Sound Mixer

Rob Young

Dolby stereo

Sound Re-recordists

Sergio Reyes

John J. Stephens

Chris David

Sound Effects Editors

Christopher Aud

Mark Larry

Mark Mangino

Steve Ticknor

Sanford Ponder

Stunt Co-ordinator

Betty Thomas

Flying Effects

Supervisor:

John Thomas

Foreman:

Don Leask

Animal Co-ordinator

Mark Watters

Animal Trainers

Stacey Brehm

Gerry Therrien

David Deleisseques

Jackie Martin Kaptan

Cast

John Travolta

James Ubriacco

Kirstie Alley

Mollie Ubriacco

David Gallagher

Mikey Ubriacco

Tabitha Lupien

Julie Ubriacco

Lysette Anthony

Samantha

Olympia Dukakis

Rosie

Danny DeVito

Voice of Rocks

Diane Keaton

Voice of Daphne

George Segal

Albert

Charles Barkley

Himself

John Stocker

Sol

Elizabeth Leslie

Ruthie

Caroline Elliott

Vanessa Morley

Kids at Schoolyard



Ruff cut: Alley, Travolta

◀ Oblivious to the constant canine bickering, the humans are having their own problems. Mollie doesn't trust Samantha, who keeps James increasingly busy. While James flies all over the world, Mollie struggles with holiday preparations and her jealous imagination. One night while she is sleeping, the dogs sneak out and bond over the contents of a Chinese restaurant's garbage can.

But on Christmas Eve, the scheming Samantha tricks James into taking her to a luxurious and remote cabin in the woods on the pretext of an emergency business meeting. Mollie discovers that the meeting is bogus, but is reassured by her mother that James would never be untrue. She resolves to drive the kids and the dogs up to see him in time for Christmas (leaving her parents, whom she had invited to dinner, to fend for themselves). But a mishap on the showbound roads sends their car crashing into the woods, where Rocks fends off a marauding wolf, and Daphne summons the forest rangers. James unmasks Samantha's perfidy in the nick of time and, guided by Rocks, is eventually reunited with his family at the rangers' cabin, where they have themselves a happy little Christmas.

● The quality of novelty was plenty strained in *Look Who's Talking*, which enchanted millions by having a wisecracking Bruce Willis voice an infant's thoughts, and was scarcely improved upon in a sequel (*Look Who's Talking Too*) which featured Roseanne Barr as the boy's baby sister. Now that the current instalment is reduced to putting glib comments in the metaphorical mouths of wisecracking canines, there are not a whole lot of options left, unless the toaster starts talking. Possessed of the kind of plot which would barely fuel an episode of *Who's the Boss?*, *Look Who's Talking Now* is a film exhausted even before the opening credits finish rolling.

Nothing in this film works: the hairier scenes aspire to a *Lady and the Tramp* style charm, but come across more as an extended advert for Pedigree Chum, and the humans (who, if anything, are less interesting than their dogs) have their domestic drama usurped by the glutinous question of Santa's existence. To crown it all, Diane Keaton has to play against type as the snooty rich bitch Daphne, effectively ruining the only chance the movie has to be funny. By the time Mollie is having fantasy sequences that spoof *An American in Paris*, you realise that the film-makers have nothing further to say and are desperately hoping that you won't notice. Believe me, you do.

Caren Myers

Naked Gun 33 1/3 The Final Insult

USA 1994

Director: Peter Segal

Certificate
12

Distributor
UIP

Production Company
Paramount Pictures

Executive Producers
Jerry Zucker
Jim Abrahams
Gil Netter

Producers
Robert K. Weiss
David Zucker

Co-producers
Robert LoCash
William C. Gerrity

Associate Producers
Michael Ewing
Jeff Wright

Production Co-ordinators
Lynn Kalbfleisch-White
Gil Gagnon

Unit Production Manager
William C. Gerrity

Location Manager
Eric Klosterman

2nd Unit Director
Robert K. Weiss

Casting
Pamela Basker

Associate
Kate Brinegar

Voice:
Barbara Harris

Assistant Directors
John Hockridge
Joseph J. Kontra

Violet Cazanjan
Susan Walter

Screenplay
Pat Proft

David Zucker
Robert LoCash

Based on the television series
Police Squad

created by Jim
Abrahams, David

Zucker, Jerry Zucker
Director of Photography

Robert Stevens

Colour
Deluxe

Additional Photography
Robert Primes

Camera Operators
Allen Easton

B:
Joseph E. Thibo

Steadicam Operator
David Emmerichs

Visual Effects Supervisor
Kimberly K. Nelson

Special Visual Effects
Illusion Arts:

Syd Dutton
Bill Taylor

Matte Artist:
Robert Stromberg

Matte Photography:
Mark Sawicki

John Sullivan
Optical Photography:

David S. Williams Jnr

Digital Supervisor:
Richard Patterson

Digital Animation:
Fumi Mashima

Matte Effects:
Lynn Ledgerwood

Additional Animation:
Chris Cassidy

Digital Effects Supervisor
Brad Kuehn

Editor
James R. Symons

Production Designer
Lawrence G. Paull

Art Director
Bruce Crone

Art Department
Co-ordinator

Ashley Burnham

Set Design
John Berger

Ann Harris

John Leimanis
Natalie V. Richards

Set Decorator
Kathe Kopp

Set Dresser
James Randol

Illustrators
Joseph Musso

Raymond Prado
Special Effects

Co-ordinator
Jeff Jarvis

Special Effects
Forepersons

Michael Reedy
Danny Cangemi

Music/Conductor
Ira Newborn

Music Extracts
"Hip To Be Square"

by Bill Gibson, Sean

Hopper, Huey Lewis,

performed by Huey

Lewis and the News;

"Stayin' Alive" by Barry

Gibb, Robin Gibb,

Maurice Gibb,

performed by The Bee

Gees; "Misty" by

Johnny Burke, Errol

Garner, performed by

Johnny Mathis;

"Great Balls of Fire"

by Jack Hammer, Otis

Blackwell, performed

by Jerry Lee Lewis;

"This Could Be The

Start of Something"

by Steve Allen,

performed by Pia

Zadora; "99 Bottles

of Beer Boogie" by

and performed by Jon

Paris; "The Food Song"

by Ira Newborn, Peter

Segal, performed

by Peter Segal

Orchestrations
Ira Newborn

Additional:
Bruce Babcock

Harvey Cohen

Don Nemitz

James Stemple

Music Editor
Jeff Carson

Choreography
Miranda Garrison

Costume Design
Mary E. Vogt

Costume Supervisors
Marjorie Chan

Robert Q. Mathews

Make-up Artists
Head:

Steve Abrams

James R. Scribner

Alexis Vogel

Body:
Kaori Turner

Hairstylists
Head:

Carol A. O'Connell

Vivian McAteer

Opening Title Sequence
Stargate Films Inc:

Director of

Photography:

Sam Nicholson

Visual Effects

Supervisor:

David Kuklish

Producer:

Tony Cabalu

Title Design
Douy Swofford

Titles/Opticals
Pacific Title

Supervising Sound Editors
Terry Rodman

Joseph Ippolito

Sound Editors
Elizabeth Sterner

Suhail Kafity

Steve Mann

Gloria D'Allessandro

Carin Rogers

Stephanie Flack

Donald Flick

Supervising ADR Editor
Fred Stafford

ADR Editor
Stephen Janisz

Supervising Foley Editor
Pamela Bentkowski

Sound Recordists
Hank W. Garfield

ADR:
Bob Baron

Foley:
Eric Gotthelf

Music Scoring:
Robert Fernandez

Dolby stereo
Sound Re-recordists

Gary Bourgeois

Brad Sherman

Scott Millan

Foley Artists
Ken Dufva

David Lee Fein

Stunt Co-ordinator
Phil Adams

Stunt Doubles
Leslie Nielsen:

Bruce Paul Barbour

Weapons Handler
Lance Larson

Film Extract
Star Wars (1977)

Cast
Leslie Nielsen

Lieutenant Frank

Drebin

Priscilla Presley
Jane Spencer

George Kennedy
Ed Hocken

O.J. Simpson
Nordberg

Fred Ward
Rocco

Kathleen Freeman
Muriel

Anna Nicole Smith
Tanya

Ellen Greene
Louise

Ed Williams
Ted

Raye Birk
Papshmir

Matt Roe
Clayton

Wylie Small
Defense Attorney

Sharon Cornell
Stenographer

Earl Boen
Dr Eisendrath

Jeff Wright
Store Manager

Karen Segal
Purse Woman

Lorali Hart
Melon Lady

Mallory Sandler
Grocery Mother

Brad Lockerman
Nurse

Rosalind Allen
Bobbi

Charlotte Zucker
Nurse

Lois de Banzie
Dr Kohlzak

Doris Belack
Dr Roberts

Nigel Gibbs
Carjacker

Andre Rosey Brown
Corridor Guard

Randall "Tex" Cobb
Big Hairy Con

Ann B. Davis
Vanna White

"Weird Al" Yankovic
Mary Lou Renton

Pia Zadora
Florence Henderson

Themselves
Alex Zimmerman

Mess Hall Convict
Marc Alaimo

Trucker
Tom Finnegan

Priest
Hamam Shafie

Jeffrey Anderson Gunter
Danny D. Daniels

Cabbies
Joe Grifasi

Director
Rick Scarry

Jo D'Angerio
Security Guards

James Robert Scribner
Phil Donahue's

Make-up Man
Lou Felder

Presenter
Chrissy Bocchino

Mother Theresa
Gary Cooper

Christopher J. Keene
Joe Flood

Cops
Scott Evers

Umpire
Paul Hutton

Doctor
Burt Zucker

Clinic Patient
Susan Breslau

Erin MacArthur

Marcy Goldman
Train Ladies

David Zucker
Teleprompter Guy

Robert K. Weiss
Tuba Player

Peter Segal
Robert LoCash

William Kerr
Producers of "Sawdust

& Mildew"
Jolie Chain

Wendy Hogan
Jeri Caldwell

Producers' Wives
Michael Ewing

Assistant Director
David "Skippy" Malloy

Maalox Boy
Vanessa Sandin

Gabriella
Julie Strain

Dominatrix
Andrew Craig

Bryce Porterhouse
Guard

David Fresco
Lifetime Award

Recipient
Bill Erwin

Conductor
Adam Hasart

Frank Jnr
John Capodice

Mr Big
Glen Chin

Philip Yamaguchi
Sumo Wrestlers

Tim Bohn
Waldo

Timothy Watters
President Clinton

Gene Greytak
Pope

Aaron Seville
Cop

Blane Savage
Michael Chambers

T.C. Diamond
Brett Heine

Jerald Vincent
Wayne Crescendo Ward

Brian Wightman
Bryan Anthony

Dancers
Paul Feig

Joel Madison
Steve Pepoon

Scott Herriott
Edward Weber

Oscar Audience
Members

Adrienne Parsons
Mercedes Lady

Robert J. Elisberg
Taxi Driver

Elisa Pensler Gabrielli
Mourner

Taran Killam
Boy of Geriatric Park

Marianne Davis
Girl of Geriatric Park

Bill Zuckert
Old Man

Nicole Segal
Screaming

Supermarket Baby

7,450 feet

83 minutes

● Lt. Frank Drebin is now married to Jane Spencer. Having taken early retirement from the Police Squad, he plays house husband while Jane practices as a lawyer. The couple are keen to have a baby but nothing has happened in that department yet. Meanwhile the head of a small disreputable state seeks the services of Rocco, a highly dangerous terrorist now residing in Statesville Prison. With the help of his mother Muriel, Rocco plans to break out so that he can carry out the mission. News of the planned bomb attack reaches Police Squad and Captain Ed Hocken persuades Drebin to



Swingin' lovers: Nielsen, Presley

return to the team to help capture Rocco.

Drebin's first priority is to follow a lead to a fertility clinic where Rocco's associate Tanya is working. He finds Tanya's address and scribbles it on a handkerchief. Later, when Jane learns Drebin is back with the Squad, she decides to leave him, but inadvertently walks off with the handkerchief. Drebin goes undercover as a prisoner at Statesville. He teams up with Rocco and the two make their escape, meeting up with Muriel later. The three then make their way to Rocco's country hide-out where they are joined by Tanya. Meanwhile, Jane decides that Drebin is not really back with the Squad, but seeing another woman. Presuming the address on the handkerchief to be that of his mistress, she also ends up at Rocco's cabin and is taken hostage. The troupe make their way to Hollywood; Rocco's bomb attack is to take place at the Academy Award ceremonies. There, Drebin is able to overpower Muriel and set Jane free. Disguising themselves as guests, the two go to the award ceremony and, after much mayhem, manage to foil Rocco and Tanya. Later, Frank and Jane get to play mom and dad.

The latest *Naked Gun* episode kicks off with a double whammy – Zucker/Abrahams do De Palma doing Eisenstein. In what might seem an inevitable scotching of *The Untouchables'* Grand Central Station steps sequence, a small flotilla of baby carriages bounces down the stairway. This apart, it bodes ill that perhaps the wryest thing about *Naked Gun* 33½ is the ad campaign which features Leslie Nielsen's face superimposed over the infamous *Vanity Fair* picture of a nude and heavily pregnant Demi Moore. *Naked Gun*'s humour is at its best in these odd dislocations, which mostly occur in the jokes that speedily pass by.

Still, there are a few belly laughs to be found in the set pieces as the *Naked Gun* team aim at a few of Hollywood's recent fads. There's a lame *Thelma and Louise* send-up (a poor second to the French and Saunders version), that portrays Jane hitting the road and the Chanel bottle; an allusion to the sex twist in *The Crying Game* (Drebin finds that there's more to Tanya, played by the monumental model Anna Nicole Smith, than meets the eye); Drebin acting the aproned house husband; plus a rash of baby jokes – with all this, the movie would seem to be skirting around the gender agenda. The big wheeze is at the expense of the Oscar night pomposity. However, if the most recent award ceremony is anything to go by, the real thing is far more ludicrous than Drebin and co's antics, which include the scuppering of a song-and-dance extravaganza, together with the general lambasting of showbiz bonhomie. Ultimately, with the arrival of young contenders Wayne and Garth on the TV-turned-to-film-satire scene, Drebin might as well stick to his retirement plans.

Lizzie Francke

No Escape

USA 1994

Director: Martin Campbell

Certificate

Not yet issued

Distributor

Guild

Production Company

Platinum Pictures

Executives in Charge of Production

David Gale

Betsy Beers

Executive Producer

Jake Eberts

Producer

Gale Anne Hurd

Co-producers

Michael R. Joyce

James Eastep

Production Supervisor

Colleen Clarke

Production Co-ordinators

Jennifer Crowley

2nd Unit:

Jennifer Scott

Production Manager

Tony Winley

Location Manager

Murray Boyd

2nd Unit Director

Conrad E. Palmisano

Casting

Pam Dixon Mickelson

US Associate:

Naomi Yoelin

Australia:

Liz Mullinar

Consultants

Assistant Directors

Colin Fletcher

Nikki Long

James McTeigue

Guy Campbell

Caro Cunningham

John Martin

Tom Read

Screenplay

Michael Gaylin

Joel Gross

Based on the book

The Penal Colony by

Richard Herley

Director of Photography

Phil Meheux

In colour

2nd Unit Director of Photography

David Wakeley

Visual Effects Photography

Dennis Skotak

Helicopter Camera

Operator

Greg Hunter

Steadicam Operator

Ian Jones

Visual Effects

Supervisor:

Robert Skotak

Executive Producer:

Elaine Edford

Producer:

Jenny Fulle

Director of

Photography:

Dennis Skotak

Editor:

Amy Pawlowski

Opticals

Perpetual Motion

Pictures

Graphic Effects

Alan Lasky

Editor

Terry Rawlings

Production Designer

Allan Cameron

Art Director

Ian Gracie

Set Decorator

Lesley Crawford

Set Dressers

Beverley Dunn

Peter Foster

Michael Iacono

Alex Slater

Kris Torma

Nic Brunner

Faith Robinson

Draughtspeople

Jeff Thorpe

Kim Darby Ianatko

Scenic Artists

Ray Pedler

Billy Malcolm

Sculptures

Nigel Washington

Special Effects Supervisor

Brian Cox

Special Effects

Co-ordinator

David Hardie

Special Effects

Brian Pearce

Paul Gorrie

Dave Young

Steve Courtney

Walter Van Veenendaal

Miniature Supervisor

Jim Towler

Miniature Mechanical Effects

Joel Steiner

Miniatures

Jorge Fuentes

Prison:

Faisal Karim

Helicopters:

Larry Jolly

Music

Graeme Revell

Music Editor

Dick Bernstein

Costume Design

Norma Moriceau

Wardrobe Supervisor

Paula Ryan

Make-up

Design:

Lesley Vanderwalt

Artists:

Sonja Smuk

Cassie Hanlon

Prosthetic Make-up

Bob McCarron

Hair Design

Lesley Vanderwalt

Supervising Sound Editor

Jim Shields

Sound Editors

Bob Risk

Alan Killick

Sound Recordists

Ben Osmo

Graham Hartstone

2nd Unit:

Ian Grant

Dolby stereo

Stunt Co-ordinator

Conrad E. Palmisano

Stunt Doubles

Ray Liotta:

Brett Craft

Stuart Wilson:

George Novak

Lance Henriksen/Kevin

Dillon:

Michael Van Moorsel

Ernie Hudson:

Greg Blandy

Brian M. Logan:

Spike Cherrie

Kevin J. O'Connor:

Graeme O'Connell

Michael Lerner:

Bernie Ledger

Armourers

John Bowring

2nd Unit:

Tim Parry

Cast

Ray Liotta:

Robbins

Lance Henriksen

Father

Stuart Wilson

Marek

Kevin Dillon

Casey

Kevin J. O'Conner

Stephano

Don Henderson

Killian

Ian McNeice

King

Jack Shepherd

Dysart

Michael Lerner

Warden

Ernie Hudson

Hawkins

Russell Kiefel

Iceman

Brian M. Logan

Scab

Cheuk-Fai Chan

Skull

Machs Colombani

Ratman

David Argue

Cellmate

Stephen Shanahan

Screaming Inmate

Dominic Bianco

Ralph

Justin Monjo

Brandon Burke

Technicians

Stan Kourous

NCO

Ron Vreekin

Biker

Scott Lowe

Skinhead

Colin Moody

Outsider

Richard Carter

Sleeping Sentry

Boris Brkic

David Wenham

Hotel Guards

Vic Wilson

Military Officer

Chris Hargreaves

Prison Guard

Jim Richards

Executioner

Wilfred Woodrow

Bola Thrower

Greg Robinson

Spiked Log Tree Man

Paul Witton

Knife Thrower

Steven Spinaze

Chopper Co-Pilot

Serge Dekin

Chopper Pilot

Ric Herbert

Insider

10,350 feet

115 minutes



Future porridge: Ray Liotta

2022. John Robbins, a Special Forces commander who has taken the blame for a war crime, is removed from a maximum security facility to Absolom, a island where dangerous prisoners are secretly dumped and left to their own devices. Robbins survives an encounter with Marek, insane leader of a savage faction known as the Outsiders, and makes his way to a stockade ruled by the visionary Father, whose followers are the Insiders. Robbins, intent on finding a way of escape from the island, is initially reluctant to join the Insiders, but is befriended by Casey, a young man who idolises him.

The Insiders resist an attack by the Outsiders, but an escape ship launched by Father is destroyed, prompting the realisation that the warden, who rules over the Absolom programme, has a spy on the island. Robbins discovers the Insiders have an engine which can be used to power an escape ship but that a vital component is in the hands of the Outsiders, and he offers to retrieve it in exchange for a place on the boat. Robbins ventures into the Outsiders' camp, where the well-intentioned Casey is captured and killed, and escapes with the engine part.

Father reveals that he is dying, and wants Robbins to take his place. But Robbins feels he must escape to set the record straight on his war crime. Marek launches a final attack but Robbins' strategic abilities lead to his defeat and death. Father is killed in the battle and Robbins tells Hawkins, the Insiders' security chief, that Father wished Hawkins become leader. It is discovered that King, the Insiders' physician, is the traitor, and he is forced to lure the warden into a trap. Robbins leaves King and the warden to the surviving savages and flies off in a helicopter, determined to blow the whistle on the Absolom scandal.

Filmed in Australia as *Penal Colony* (test marketing revealed most audiences thought that sounded like a porn film), this continues a mini-genre of shot-down-under futuristic prison movies which include *Turkey*

Shoot, Ghosts... of the Civil Dead and *Fortress*. With its *Lord of the Flies* tribal culture and *Mad Max*-ish post-apocalypse gear, the film owes an even greater debt to films of the early '70s which imagine futurist alternatives to conventional prison, notably Peter Watkins' *Punishment Park* and (especially) Stephanie Rothman's *Terminal Island*. Director Martin Campbell does this film no favours by ignoring the ideas about redemptive communal societies and the inefficiency of violence as an agent of control found in Rothman's film, instead opting lazily for non-stop action.

Ray Liotta, aspiring to an action hero laurel, is lumbered with a clumsy backstory signalled by *Terminator* 2-ish flaming visions and acts throughout as a dispenser of carnage, without ever deciding whether his primary duty is to escape and clear his name or to take over from Father as the saviour of the Insiders. Unwilling to stick with one plot thread, the script is cluttered with two spies who need to be unmasked (the warden's stoolie in the Insiders and a man the Insiders have infiltrated into the Outsiders) and two 'evil establishment' cover-up plots (about Robbins' crime and about Absolom itself) that have to be exposed.

The first reel offers glimpses of a science fiction future with huge sets and futuristic helicopters, but when Robbins gets to the island we are stuck with a very conventional jungle adventure, kitted out with hammy British character actors and sentimentally macho Americans.

There is a hint of a theme in the character of Father, and his insistence on the redemptive powers of self-sufficiency (he is a saint believed to be innocent of the crime of which he was convicted but sadly admits that he is indeed a wife-murderer), but all the other characters are stereotypes. There is a homily here about the possibility of establishing a genuine society within the framework of a prison but it is quickly ditched in favour of a *Boys' Own* display of POW escape attempts.

Kim Newman

Rookie of the Year

USA 1993

Director: Daniel Stern

Certificate

PG

Distributor

20th Century Fox

Production Company

20th Century Fox

Executive Producers

Jack Brodsky

Irby Smith

Producer

Robert Harper

Associate Producer

Joan Aguado

Production Co-ordinator

Yoli Poropat

Unit Production Manager

Barry Berg

Location Manager

Tom Busch

2nd Unit Director

Irby Smith

Casting

Linda Lowy

Associate:

Kathryn Richey

Assistant Directors

Henry Bronchtein

Mathew Dunne

Jay Smith

Richard Brodsky

Screenplay

Sam Harper

Director of Photography

Jack Green

Colour

DeLuxe

Camera Operators

George Kohut

Bob Hudecek

Ann Lukacs

Visual Effects

Pacific Data Images

Metrolight Studios

Co-ordinator:

Erik Henry

Editors

Donn Cambern

Raja Gosnell

Production Designer

Steven Jordan

Art Director

William Arnold

Set Decorator

Leslie Bloom

Storyboard Artists

Joe Griffith

Petko Kadiev

Special Effects

Co-ordinator

Dieter Sturm

Special Effects

Yvonne Sturm

Music

Bill Conti

Orchestrations

Jack Eskew

Music Editors

Steve Livingston

Chris Brooks

Songs

"The Second Time

Around" by Sammy

Cahn, James Van

Heusen, performed

by Tony Bennett; "Get

Up" by Mike

Rutherford, Paul

Carrack, performed

by Mike & the

Mechanics; "You Don't

Know What You Got"

by Walter Kahn, Tom

Uzzo, Deborah Stevens,

performed by Karen

Young; "You Got the

Right One Baby, Uh

Huh" performed by

Ray Charles; "All of My

Days" by Angie Rubin,

Shelley Speck,

performed by N'Dea

Costume Design

Jay Hurley

Costume Supervisor

Micky Antonetti

Make-up

Rodger Jacobs

Linda Boykin Neuffer

Hairstylists

Gunnar Swanson

Donald Abbinanti

Titles/Opticals

Pacific Title

Supervising Sound Editor

Steven Hunter Flick

Sound Editors

Dean Beville

Ezra Dweck

Don Lee Jorgensen

Elliot L. Koretz

Mary Ruth Smith

Marvin Walowitz

ADR Editor

Judee Flick

Foley Editors

James Christopher

Baylis Glascock

Sound Recordists

Scott Smith

Music:

Lee Decarlo

Dolby stereo

ADR Group Co-ordinator

Leigh French

Sound Re-recordists

Andy Nelson

Steve Pederson

Tom Perry

Baseball Adviser

Tim Stoddard

Stunt Co-ordinator

Rick LeFevour

Stunt Doubles

Thomas Ian Nicholas;

Stephan Choiniere

Gary Busey;

Paul Stevens

Cast

Thomas Ian Nicholas

Henry Rowengartner

Gary Busey

Chet Steadman

Albert Hall

Martinella

Amy Morton

Mary Rowengartner

Dan Hedaya

Larry (Fish) Fisher

Bruce Altman

Jack Bradfield

Eddie Bracken

Bob Carson

Robert Gorman

Clark

Patrick LeBrecque

George

Daniel Stern

Phil Brickma

Colombe Jacobsen-

Derstine

Becky

Kristie Davis

Tiffany

Tyler Ann Carroll

Edith

Tom Milanovich

Heddo

Ross Lehman

Dr. Kersten

John Gegenhuber

Derkin

James "Ike" Eichling

Little League Coach

Josh Wagner

Little League Fielder

Erik Vandersteuyf

Windemere

James Andelin

Wizard of Wrigley

Andrew Mark Berman

Ernie

Mark Doran

Richards, Cubs Catcher

Neil Flynn

Okie, Cubs 1st Base

E. Milton Wheeler

Suarez, Cubs 2nd Base

Sam Sanders

Fern, Cubs Short Stop

Neil Fiala

Mullens, Cubs 3rd Base

W. Earl Brown

Frick, Bullpen Catcher

Frank L. Wiltse

Peyton, Cubs Pitcher

Barry L. Bonds

Bobby Bonilla

Pedro Guerrero

Three Big Whiffers

Jerry Saslow

Mike Bacarella

Bleacher Bums

Don Forston

Big Bum

Ken Earl

Pepsi Executive

Anthony Diaz-Perez

Rude Hot Dog Vendor

Mike Houlihan

Carson's Hot Dog

Vendor

Tim Stoddard

Dodger Pitcher

B.J. Sanabria

Chicken Runner

Cristian Mendez

Other Mets Runner

Mike Daughtry

Mets 3rd Base Coach

Toney Howell

Surprised Expos

Runner

Blake Hammond

Screaming Patient

Ian Gomez

Odd Bellman

R.A. Bauer

Bellman

Mathew Dunne

Commercial Director

Askia Bantu

Mr Banks

Robert Harper

Confused Teacher

Peter Bankins

Flower Shop Customer

Cindy Becker

Receptionist

Dan Conway

Ron Beattie

Sunnie Hikawa

Al Joyner

Press Conference

Reporters

Christopher Howe

Karen L. Stephens

Airport Reporters

Jon Hilario

Michael Keeney

Phys Ed Dweeb

Kimberly Dal Santo

Kid Autograph Seeker

Phillip J. Maxwell

Tom Brennan

Arnie Silberman

Larry Brelsford

Dave Slickemeyer

George H. Drenth

Umpires

9,310 feet

103 minutes

Chicago. The first day of the new baseball season holds little promise of success for perennial losers the Chicago Cubs. Twelve-year old baseball fan Henry Rowengartner lives alone with his mother Mary. He never knew his father, although Mary likes to tell Henry that he was once a fine pitcher. Henry himself shows no aptitude for the game and, attempting to impress a girl at school, he runs to catch a throw, slips on an unseen ball, and breaks his arm.

Soon after his arm is repaired, Henry and his friends go to see the Cubs play. Attendance is low, and the Cubs are ailing as usual, when Henry, returning a ball from the bleachers, discovers that he now has a super-strong arm. The watching media and club executives are amazed at the speed of his throw. Mary's gauche, if opportunistic, boyfriend Jack appoints himself Henry's manager, and the child signs for the Cubs as a pitcher.

Henry makes his debut as major league baseball's youngest ever player. His arm is fast enough but his direction wayward. However, coached by Chet Steadman, an ageing pitcher, Henry becomes a great success, appearing on magazine covers and signing a promotional deal with Pepsi. Crowds follow Henry; returning from an away match, an increasingly protective Chet whisks Henry through an airport crush to his waiting mother. Chet and Mary, who have already briefly met, are evidently attracted to each other, to Henry's delight. Meanwhile, a scheming club executive, Larry Fisher, plans a money-spinning sale of Henry to the powerful New York Yankees; Jack agrees provided that Fisher promises to get rid of Chet, a rival for Mary.

When the shoot for a Pepsi commercial over-runs, Henry is late to meet his old friends, who accuse him of squeezing them out. Henry resists Jack's

ordering of his life, telling him he is not his father. Jack replies that his mother probably does not even know who his father is. Overhearing, Mary kicks Jack out of her house. Henry comforts her, makes up with his friends, and decides that once the season is over, he will return to standard teenage life.

The season's last game, however, is all-important; victory would bring the divisional title. Chet is re-instated, alongside Henry who performs well until, in a repeat of the earlier accident, he slips and lands on his arm, this time losing his power. He carries on pitching, relying on guile instead of strength, and steers the team to victory. Soon afterwards, Henry is back playing with his school team, watched by his mother and Chet.

After God and the Flag, America swears by baseball. In film, apart from offering an arena for action, the game also appears able to draw on a nostalgia for old ways. It is – or at least is sold as – the game least corrupted by commerce and efficiency. Rather, so the story goes, it is blessed with characters, wisecracks and decency, a cluster of associations nicely tapped into by Ron Shelton's *Bull Durham*, which centred on a small-town minor league team.

In the major league, however, the traditional virtues no longer count for much, and in *Rookie of the Year*, Chicago's Cubs have been outstripped by the wealthy teams on the coasts. Screenwriter Sam Harper supports the Cubs, a real-life, long-suffering team. He has described bringing success to the Cubs on screen as a wish fulfilment, and the whole film wants to carry the viewer along within the soft, warm charm of a daydream. Adding to the thrill is the employment

of former and current baseball players in cameos, a move probably lost on most British audiences.

Sports and crude screen fantasy sit well together, since those of us who are emotionally attached to a sports team will forgive most things in the interests of a good result, even technical ineptitude. But inoffensive as the film is, you would probably have to be a Cubs' fan to be carried along by the thin, predictable plot and listless action scenes (with no more than routine camera work from long-term Eastwood collaborator Jack Green).

Rookie of the Year is the first film directed by actor Daniel Stern (bandit Marv in the *Home Alone* films, the R&B buff in *Diner*). The games apart, he and Harper set up two main sources of conflict. Chet and Jack tussle for influence over Henry (and for the affections of Mary); and the old, kindly club owner is threatened by a besuited shark, a typically slimy creation by the excellent Dan Hedaya. The latter conflict is barely developed – it is there perhaps to signal the threat to baseball's honourable tradition – while the former seems nothing so much as another of those good father/bad father struggles prevalent in American movies of the last few years.

Rookie's strangest role is the one Stern gives himself as the mad pitching coach. His appearances are semi-detached from the film, and the action stops whenever he occupies centre screen to perform a clownish routine. Perhaps he is designed as between-match entertainment. The film's real entertainment, for all of its Boys' Own content, comes in the exchanges between Henry and his mother, as their relationship develops a jaunty sharpness that the rest of *Rookie* loses in its cheerleading.

Robert Yates



The Saint of Fort Washington

USA 1993

Director: Tim Hunter

Certificate

15

Distributor

20th Century Fox

Production Company

David V. Picker/

Nessa Hyams

In association with

Carrie Productions

Executive Producers

Lyle Kessler

Carl Clifford

Producers

David V. Picker

Nessa Hyams

Production Associate

Daphne Tsantilis

Production Supervisor

Michelle Weinberg

Production Co-ordinator

Denise Pinckley

Unit Production Manager

Carl Clifford

Location Manager

Nicholas Bernstein

Location Co-ordinator

David DeClerque

Post-production

Supervisors

Marin Hopper

Nancy Shumovich

Casting

Nessa Hyams

Associate:

Alysa Wishengrad

Assistant Directors

Vebe Borge

Nandi Bowe

Screenplay

Lyle Kessler

Director of Photography

Frederick Elmes

Colour

Technicolor

Camera Operator

Ken Ferris

Steadicam Operator

Rick Raphael

Film Editor

Howard Smith

Production Designer

Stuart Wurtzel

Art Director

Steve Saklad

Art Department

Co-ordinator

Kimberly Von

Brandenstein

Set Decorator

Debra Schutt

Set Dressers

Lead:

Bruce Lee Gross

Peter Gelfman

Gus Papadopoulos

Nancy Boytos

Claudette Didul

Michael Leather

Scenic Artist

Roland Brooks

Special Effects

Co-ordinator

Matt Vogel

Music

James Newton Howard

Music Extracts

"Metal Distraction

#35" by Larry

Seymour; "Minstrel

Boy" (traditional)

performed by Morning

Star, Rosaleen Linehan;

"James Connolly" by

Larry Kirwan,

performed by Black 47;

"Vamonos Pa'l Monte"

by Eddie Palmieri,

performed by Rick

Aviles; "Lo Que Trae

Rumbavana" by

Candido Fabre,

performed by Conjunto

Rumbavana; "Shame"

by and performed

by Julia Fordham

Orchestrations

James Newton Howard

Music Editors

Jim Weidman

Lori Eschler

Costume Design

Claudia Brown

Wardrobe Supervisors

Barbara J. Hause

Askia Won-Ling Jacob

Make-up Artist

Diane Hammond

Hair Stylist

Larry M. Cherry

Main Title Design

Robert Dawson

Title Opticals

Cinema Research

Corporation

Opticals

T&T Opticals

Supervising Sound Editor

Tim Holland

Dialogue Editors

Gwendolyn Yates-

Whittle

Sara Bolder

Supervising ADR Editor

Marilyn McCoppen

Foley Editor

Mary Helen Leasman

Sound Mixer

Bill Daly

Sound Recordists

Rosa Howell-Thornhill

Foley:

Christopher Boyes

Music:

Armin Steiner

Michael Mason

Sound Re-recordists

Randy Thom

Gary Summers

Bob Edwards

Music:

Robert Schaper

Sound Effects Editor

Ken Fischer

Foley Artists

Margie O'Malley

Jennifer Meyers

Stunt Co-ordinators

David Lomax

Jeff Ward

Cast

Danny Glover

Jerry

Matt Dillon

Matthew

Rick Aviles

Rosario

Nina Siemaszko

Tamsen

Ving Rhames

Little Leroy

Joe Seneca

Spits

Harry Ellington

Arthur

Ralph Hughes

Jason

Bahni Turpin

Gloria

Robert Beatty Jr

Ex-Pharmacist

Reuben Schaefer

Greek Man

Louis Williams

Ennis

Adam Trese

John

Kevin Corrigan

Peter

Brian Tarantina

Fred

Irma St Paul

Neighbour Lady

Aida Turturro

State Employee

Marvin Gardener

Sandwich Man

Edward Wise

Extra Smoke Man

Alison Mackie

Dime Tipper

Liz Larsen

River Banks Woman

Frances Chaney

Woman in Window

Octavia St Laurent

Hooker in Car

Damon Chandler

Her Manager

Rosaleen Linehan

Rosie

Larry Kirwan

Black 47 Lead Singer

Chris Byrne

Geoffrey Blythe

Fred Parcells

Thomas Hamlin

Black 47

Mary Courtney

Carmel Johnston

Margie Mulvihill

Morning Star

Mark Lotito

Bellevue Doctor

Garfield!

Coffin Handler

Daniel Von Borgen

Boat Captain

Evelyn Solann

Bird Lady

Walter Meade

Drill Floor Guard

Ellis Williams

Metal Dectector Guard

Cortez Nance Jr

Clemente Shelter

Guard

Philip Gray

Check-in Guard

Stephen Mendillo

Micheal Badalucco

Joseph Pentangelo

Douglas Crosby

Cops

Mansoor Najeeullah

Billie Sweetwater

Victor Slezak

Michael Waldron

Drivers

Peter Appel

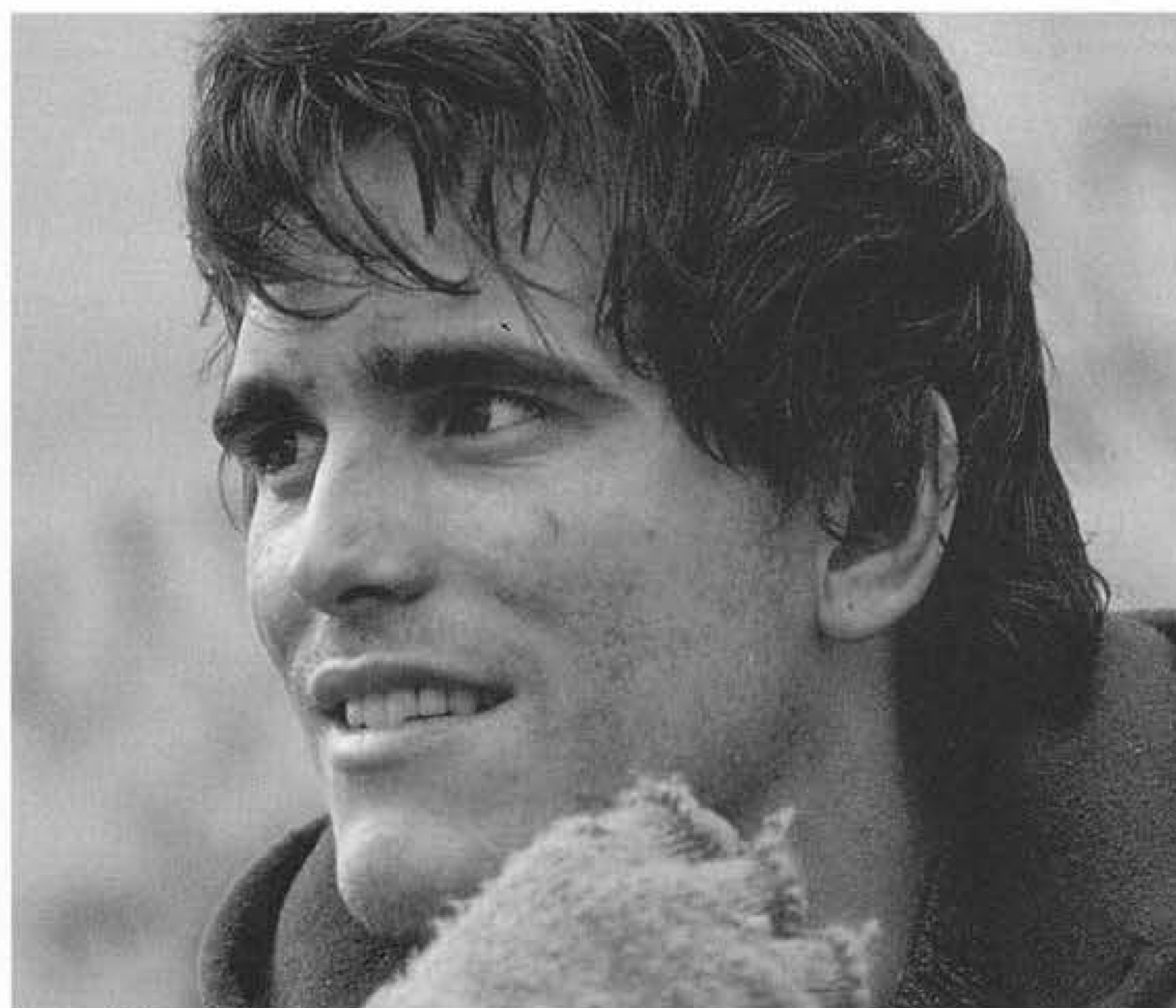
Demolition Man

Ron Brice

Caesar

9,294 feet

103 minutes



Gimme shelter: Matt Dillon

Another New York apartment block is demolished by unscrupulous property developers. One of its residents, a disturbed but sensitive young white man called Matthew, makes his way to the night shelter, helping a young woman and her family along the way. In the queue he takes out his small camera to frame a picture of Jerry, a black Vietnam veteran with shrapnel in his leg, who has lost his family and business through a partner's gambling. Jerry objects to having his picture taken, until he finds out there is no film in the camera.

Seeing Matthew take pity on a bewildered old man, Jerry decides to take the younger newcomer under his wing. He sees him through his first dangerous night at the Fort Washington shelter, telling him to keep his shoes under the bed legs to stop them being stolen, and then intervenes when Matthew is threatened by Little Leroy, a vicious gangster. Out on the streets, Jerry teaches Matthew various essential survival techniques – how to keep out of the way of the police, and how to scratch a living by cleaning car windscreens in traffic jams. But back at the shelter, Leroy attacks Matthew again, and Jerry can only save him by breaking Leroy's arm.

Matthew and Jerry have to leave the shelter for their own safety; they set up home first in Jerry's old broken-down van, and then in a squat with his friend Rosario, Rosario's pregnant wife Tamsen and an old shoe-shiner, Spits. Jerry helps Matthew back from the brink of madness, and encourages his photographic talents by buying him film for his camera. Matthew uses the healing power in his hands to ease the pain of Jerry's shrapnel wounds, and to cure Spits of his arthritis. Jerry calls him a saint. Tamsen has a miscarriage and loses her baby, but she and Rosario follow through with their plan to go to and work in Galveston.

Matthew and Jerry are doing well on the streets, saving money to get a roof over their heads and start a small fruit and veg business. But one night there

is a cold weather alert and the police round up the homeless and force them into shelters. Jerry escapes, but Matthew is taken back to Fort Washington, where he takes a young first-timer in hand as Jerry did. When Leroy goes to rob the newcomer, Matthew raises the alarm. He tries to leave the shelter but isn't allowed to, and before Jerry can arrive to help him, Leroy robs and kills him. Matthew's body will be buried without ceremony on desolate Hart Island. Jerry sneaks onto the boat carrying the coffins, and places the photos Matthew has taken in his grave, vowing to struggle on in Matthew's memory.

If the dichotomy between 'calculus' 80s and 'caring' 90s really is a false one, no-one has told Tim Hunter. It is difficult to believe that the man at the helm of this warm and almost intimidatingly human ten-hankie production was also responsible for the steely glint of *River's Edge*.

Hunter and Matt Dillon go back a long way – as far as the former's co-screenwriting coup with *Over the Edge*. It is fitting that this should be the latter's best performance since *Drugstore Cowboy*, because the street clothes he wears here seem to have been inherited from River Phoenix in *My Own Private Idaho* – his successor as a Gus Van Sant leading man. If it's sometimes hard not to ask – as it never was with Phoenix – "why is Matt Dillon dressed as a homeless person?", he still brings a lean and angelic quality of bewilderment to the role of Matthew, and there is no hint of condescension in his performance.

The similarities between Hunter's film and Van Sant's are only superficial. *The Saint of Fort Washington* has a much more conventional narrative – the screenplay was written by *Orphans* playwright Lyle Kessler – and is about social fact rather than ideas of freedom. Producers Picker and Hyams wanted to make a film in the tradition of the Warner Bros social dramas of the 30s, and by and large they have suc-

ceeded. The shock value of the detailed information about actual homelessness which this film imparts to us is intensified by its presentation within the convention of Hollywood storytelling.

The film-makers' transparent good intentions elicited an unparalleled degree of co-operation from New York city authorities. The footage shot inside the huge barrack-like homeless shelter is genuinely frightening, and even the sturdiest of cynics will struggle not to be moved by the journey to Potter's Field, the island burial ground 40 minutes out of Manhattan, where New York's indigent and unclaimed are dumped *en masse* in unmarked graves.

Hunter has got a licence to entertain here as well as to inform (and remember, this man made the two-hour pilot for *Beverly Hills 90210*, so he knows a thing or two about entertainment). The bleakness of a fundamentally tragic story-line, a very real New York, and a lot of understandably miserable-looking homeless people is offset by a faith in enduring human goodness which at times gets dangerously close to Capra country. Such sentimentality might be the pay-off for getting such a deeply un-Hollywood subject as urban homelessness onto the big screen but, paradoxically, the fact that this film cannot be pigeon-holed as a hard-hitting documentary-style drama only throws its message into sharper relief.

For the most part, *The Saint of Fort Washington* manages to steer clear of brute didacticism (though the moment when a song seeps through the soundtrack, and the words "only ourselves to blame, should hang our heads in shame" are clearly audible, is rather an awkward one). Much of the credit for this goes to Danny Glover, who, as so often, makes more than could reasonably be hoped for out of what is basically another 'best friend' role. The bare-facedness with which he leads us towards the tear-jerking conclusion does not make it any easier to resist.

Ben Thompson

The Secret Rapture

United Kingdom 1993

Director: Howard Davies

Certificate
15

Distributor
Oasis Film

Production Company
A Greenpoint Films production for The National Film Trustee Company In association with Channel Four Films British Screen

Producer
Simon Relph

Associate Producer
David Hare

Production Co-ordinator
Paula Garr

Production Manager
Anita Overland

Location Manager
Rachel Neale

Casting
Janey Fothergill

Assistant Directors
Alan J. Wands
Karen Richards
Francesca Robertson

Screenplay
David Hare

Director of Photography
Ian Wilson

Colour
Eastman Colour

Editor
George Akers

Production Designer
Barbara Gosnold

Art Director
Fiona McNeil

Patrick's Illustrations
Mark Thomas

Music
Richard Hartley

Costume Design
Consolata Boyle

Wardrobe Supervisor
Marion Weise

Make-up Artists
Jenny Shircore
Robert McCann
Ann McEwan

Titles
Mike Dempsey

Sound Editor
Peter Best

Sound Recordist
Danny Hambrook

Dolby stereo

Sound Re-recordists
Dean Humphries
John Wolstenholme

Cast
Juliet Stevenson
Isobel Coleridge
Joanne Whalley-Kilmer
Katherine Coleridge
Penelope Wilton
Marion French
Neil Pearson
Patrick Steadman
Alan Howard
Tom French
Robert Stephens
Max Lopert
Milton McRae
Norman
Robert Glenister
Jeremy
Richard Long
Businessman
Finty Williams
Greta
Saira Todd
Kiki
Julia Lane
June Allardyce
Philip Voss
Civil Servant
Diane Fletcher
Day Nurse
Janet Steel
Night Nurse
Christopher Hadfield
Young Robert
Peter Whitaker
Old Robert
Miranda Burton
Young Marion
Florence Hoath
Young Isobel
David Hourli
Peter French
Jocelyn Barker
Sarah French

8,651 feet
96 minutes



Moral killing ground: Stevenson, Whalley-Kilmer

pany fails to come through with an expected contract she goes berserk and stabs one of the executives. Isobel catches Patrick with Greta, and they have a violent row. After committing Katherine to hospital, she vanishes.

In Isobel's absence the firm collapses, and is sold off. When Isobel reappears, she smuggles Katherine out of the hospital and together they take refuge in Robert's old house, now deserted. Patrick shows up, obsessively seeking Isobel, and is let in by Katherine. He begs Isobel to take him back; when she refuses, he threatens her with a gun. As she walks out of the house, he shoots her dead. Marion and Tom come down for the funeral, but Marion finds herself unable to attend it. Left alone in front of the house, she calls out desolately for Isobel.

At the end of *The Secret Rapture*, Marion French, rising junior Tory minister, realises that her sister's death has undermined her whole rationale for existence: "I can't remember why I was so angry. I was angry with Isobel the whole of my life. It marked me. I was angry with everyone. I don't know why.... Isobel, where are you? Why don't you come home?"

It's a speech that typifies the strengths and weaknesses of this adaptation of David Hare's 1988 play. As delivered by Penelope Wilton (recreating her stage role), it's powerful and moving. Yet at the same time it's a touch too stagey, too explicit in its spelling out of emotional patterns for the show-don't-tell medium of cinema. A film, of course, deserves to be judged in its own right; but when it sticks so closely to its source, it's hard not to keep recalling how much better this scene or that worked on stage.

The original production was directed by Howard Davies, here tackling his first film. To debut with material he was thoroughly familiar with was an understandable move, but maybe an

ill-advised one; a better choice might have been something he could come to fresh. Though the action has been intelligently and unfussily opened up, a sense of the proscenium arch lingers over several scenes – and over some of the performances. Alan Howard betrays a tendency to orate, and there's a hammy (though mercifully brief) cameo from Robert Stephens.

But where the film gains, rather unexpectedly, is in playing down the affinity between personal and political that's central to all Hare's work. On stage *The Secret Rapture* evoked the exploitation by Thatcherite forces of the selfless and unmercenary impulses of those who still believed in society. By laying less stress on Marion's membership of the Thatcher government (a regime that spent most of its time being "angry with everyone"), and Tom's oily brand of God-endorsed profiteering, the film loses this allegorical dimension. Instead what emerges – thanks especially to the passionate complexity of Juliet Stevenson's performance – is a study of goodness as selfishness in its most lethal guise.

"There are people who wish me ill!" exclaims Isobel, as the revelation sinks in of what's being done to her. Stevenson delivers the line with not a hint of reproach or self-pity, but with a fierce joy; this at last is her justification for being. The title, Hare has explained, refers to the moment when a nun looks to be reunited with Christ in death, and Isobel wills her own destruction like a martyr. Goodness needs, and if necessary will create, its opposite. "All my life, people have said, 'Isobel's the nice one,'" Marion complains, with the bitterness of one forced into a role she never chose. Filmed plays often try to expand the scope of the original; *The Secret Rapture* narrows it down to the moral killing-ground between the characters, and is all the better for it.

Philip Kemp

Serial Mom

USA 1994

Director: John Waters

Certificate
18

Distributor
Guild

Production Company
Blizzard Film

Executive Producer
Joseph Caracciolo Jnr

Producers
John Fiedler
Mark Tarlov

Associate Producer
Pat Moran

Production Co-ordinator
Alecia La Rue

Unit Production Manager
Margaret Hilliard

Location Manager
Debra Donaldson

Post-production Supervisors
John Currin
Margaret Hilliard

2nd Unit Director
Steve M. Davison

Casting
Paul Herold
Pat Moran

Associate:
John Strawbridge

Assistant Directors
Mary Ellen Woods
Lynn Wegenka
Elisha Sansalone

2nd Unit:
Rob Rooy

Screenplay
John Waters

Director of Photography
Robert M. Stevens

In colour

Camera Operator
John Sosenko

Steadicam Operators
Erich Roland
Kyle Rudolph

Editors
Janice Hampton
Erica Huggins

Production Designer
Vincent Peranio

Art Director
David J. Bomba

Art Department Co-ordinator
Sarah Stollman

Set Director
Susan Kessel

Set Dressers
Lead:
Michael Sabo
On Set:
Lianne Williamson
Lester Poser
Jame Bloom

Draughtsman
Rob Simons

Special Effects Co-ordinator
Joey DiGaetano

Music
Basil Poledouris

Music Extracts
"Gas Chamber" by L7, John Waters, performed by L7;
"Daybreak" by Barry Manilow, Adrienne Anderson, performed by Barry Manilow;
"Tomorrow" by Charles Strouse, Martin Charnin

Music Supervisor
Bones Howe

Supervising Music Editor
Tom Villano

Costume Design
Van Smith

Wardrobe Supervisor
David Davenport

Make-up
Key:
Betty Beebe
Debi Young
Tom Case

Additional:
Janice Kinigopolous
Barbara Lacey

Hair
Key:
Ardis Cohen
Howard "Hep" Preston
Kathryn Blondell

Additional:
Janice Kinigopolous
Barbara Lacey

Main Title Design
Alan Rose

Supervising Sound Editor
John Nutt

Sound Editors
E. Jeane Putnam
Robert Shoup
Ernie Fosselius
Frank Eulner

ADR Group
Rocky Randall's Reel
Talent

Sound Recordists
Rick Angelella

Foley:
Michael Semenick
Music Score:
Rick Riccio
Dolby stereo

Sound Re-recordists
Mark Berger
David Parker

Foley Artists
Margie O'Malley
Jennifer Myers

Stunt Co-ordinator
Steve M. Davison

Stunt Double
Kathleen Turner:
Cheryl M. Wheeler

Film Extracts
Annie (1981)
The Texas Chainsaw Massacre (1974)
Strait-Jacket (1963)
Blood Feast (1963)
Double Agent 73 (1974)

Cast
Kathleen Turner
Beverly Sutphin (Mom)
Sam Waterston
Eugene Sutphin (Dad)
Ricki Lake
Misty Sutphin
Matthew Lillard
Chip Sutphin
Scott Wesley Morgan
Detective Pike
Walt MacPherson
Detective Gracey
Justin Whalin
Scotty
Patricia Dunnock
Birdie
Lonnie Morsey
Carl
Mink Stole
Dottie Hinkle
Mary Jo Catlett
Rosemary Ackerman
John Badila
Mr Stubbins
Kathy Fannon
Mrs Sterner
Doug Roberts
Mr Sterner
Traci Lords
Carl's Date
Tim Caggiano
Marvin Pickles
Jeff Mandon
Howell Hawkins
Colgate Salsbury
Father Boyce
Patsy Grady Abrams
Mrs Jensen
Richard Pilcher
Herbie Hebden
Beau James
Timothy Nazlerod
Stan Brandorff
Judge
Kim Swann
Lu-Ann Hodges
Suzanne Somers
Herself

Bus Howard
Gus
Alan J. Wendi
Sloppy
Patricia Hearst
Juror 8
Nancy Robinette
Jury Forewoman
Peter Bucossi
Rookie Cop
Loretta McNally
Policewoman
Wilfred E. Williams
Press A
Joshua L. Shoemaker
Court TV Reporter
Rosemary Knower
Susan Lowe
Court Groupies
John Calvin Doyle
Carl's Brother
Mary Vivian Pearce
Book Buyer
Brigid Berlin
Mean Lady
Jordan Brown
Police Officer
Anthony "Chip" Brienza
Vendor
Jeffrey Pratt Gordon
Flea Market Boy
Shelbi Clarke
Flea Market Girl
Nat Benchley
Macho Man
Kyf Brewer
Dealer
Teresa R. Pete
Baby's Mother
Zachary S. Pete
Church Baby

Richard Peizman
Doorman
Chad Bankerd
Johnny Alonso
Robert Roser
Kids
Mike Offenheiser
Joe Flowers
Lee Hunsaker
Girl
Michael S. Walter
Mojo Gentry
Burglars
Gwendolyn Briley-Strand
Mrs Taplotter
Jennifer Mendenhall
Reporter
Joan Rivers
Herself
Catherine Anne Hayes
TV Serial Hag
Susan Duvall
Lady C
Valerie Yarborough
Press
Jordan Young
Kid
L7:
Jennifer Finch
Suzi Gardner
Demetra Plakas
Donita Sparks
Camel Lips
John A. Schneider
Husband A
Lycia Montague
Court Clerk

8,385 feet
93 minutes

● Baltimore. Outwardly an ideal homemaker, Beverly Sutphin is the devoted wife of dentist Eugene and the caring mother of college student daughter Misty and high school kid son Chip. However, ever since neighbour Dottie Hinkle stole her parking place at the market, Beverly has been harassing the woman with obscene phone calls. Summoned to Chip's school by a teacher concerned with the boy's addiction to gory horror movies, Beverly runs the offending man down and kills him. Then, when Misty's boyfriend Carl two-times her, Beverly murders him with a poker.

The police suspect Beverly but can prove nothing. When Eugene has to work over a weekend, Beverly reacts by murdering a patient who has taken insufficient care of his teeth and also dispatches his snoopy wife. As evidence piles up against Beverly, the police try to arrest her at church; she escapes with the help of Chip and his girlfriend Birdie, who give her a place to hide at the video store where Chip has a job.

Learning that a patron consistently refuses to rewind tapes she rents, Beverly tracks the woman down and bludgeons her to death with a leg of lamb, then takes off in pursuit of Scott, one of Chip's friends, who has witnessed the crime. Beverly corners Scott at a rock concert and sets fire to him as a punishment for refusing to wear a seat-belt and is cheered by the crowd as she is arrested.

Acting in her own defence at the trial, Beverly convinces the jury that she is a victim of circumstantial evidence. Acquitted, she immediately murders a juror who has been wearing white shoes after Labor Day. Suzanne Somers, cast in a TV movie based on the case, arrives to pose with Beverly

for publicity photographs and angers the Serial Mom by forcing her to be photographed from her bad side...

● Though it seems like bandwagon-jumping to add another film to the already groaning serial killer shelf, John Waters has been interested in the inter-relationship of homicidal depravity and celebrity since his early, underground efforts. After his ventures into almost moral musical matters (*Hairspray*, *Cry-Baby*), *Serial Mom* finds 'the Pope of Trash' returning to the themes and approaches of such efforts as *Pink Flamingos*, *Female Trouble* and *Polyester*, with Kathleen Turner effectively replacing the late Divine in the role of the gleefully moralist murderer. As in *Pink Flamingos*, the plot is merely an excuse for the heroine to perpetrate a series of atrocities against good taste by doing horrendous things to cartoonishly hateful secondary characters, while as in *Female Trouble*, the protagonist's crimes win her a position as a pop culture heroine.

Asides of Joan Rivers doing a show on Serial Hags (women who love mass murderers); Beverly treasuring an autographed photograph of Richard Speck; a personal taped message from Ted Bundy; and the Sutphin family selling off 'Serial Mom' memorabilia outside Beverly's trial - all these are amusing but obvious skits on the whole phenomenon of the media canonisation of mass murder. But they are also merely afterthoughts to the nightclub execution finale of *Female Trouble*, which nearly twenty years ago anticipated both the social trend and Waters' satire of it.

Though Turner delivers a perfectly modulated performance that shows just how limited Divine was as a performer, the professional qualities of *Serial Mom* serve to distance it from the home movie look and village panto acting of Waters' earliest efforts. Waters has reached a level of technical competence but little else: though nicely shot and helped by a good score by Basil Poledouris and fine acting, this still lurches from joke to joke, just like *Pink Flamingos*.

Waters seems to be stranded between defiant amateurism and simple middle-of-the-road ineptitude. Laughs keep coming, whether from Turner's eerie simper or at stray lines (like Chip's reference to the video patron's rudeness: "Must be from watching all those family films"), but there is something insubstantial about Waters' satire of sit-com suburbia, coming after the funnier or more disturbing likes of *Parents*, *The Stepfather*, *Society* or *Blue Velvet*.

Waters remains an innovator with an identity crisis: his concerns have been influential and his films are impressive if taken one by one, but his range is too narrow to sustain a satisfying body of work. That said, it's hard to dislike a movie which includes Kathleen Turner singing along to "(The Sun'll Come Up) Tomorrow" from *Annie* as she takes a leg of lamb to the head of the woman who won't rewind her video tapes.

Kim Newman

Svart Lucia (The Premonition)

Sweden 1992

Director: Rumle Hammerich

Certificate

18

Distributor

Mainline Pictures

Production Company

Svensk Filmindustri

In association with

Sveriges Television

Kanal 1

Svenska Filminstitutet

Nordisk Film

Danske Filminstitut

Nordisk Film and

TV Fund

Producer

Waldemar Bergendahl

Production Managers

Anita Tesler

Thomas Heinesen

Location Manager

Thomas Allerkrantz

Casting

Anette Mandoki

Assistant Director

Anders Gustafsson

Screenplay

Carina Rydberg

Director of Photography

Jens Fischer

In colour

Additional Photography

Jan Pehrson

Victor Davidson

2nd Unit Director of Photography

Roland Lundin

Opticals

Peter Jerris

Editor

Camilla Skousen

Production Designer

Gert Wibe

Set Decorators

Teddy Holm

Vördur Thorisson

Special Effects

Horst Stadlinger

Lena Nord

Music

Jacob Groth

Music Performed by

De Danske

Filmharmonikere

Oboe:

Joakim Dam Thomsen

Guitar:

Jacob Groth

Violin:

Johannes Søe Hansen

Hasse Borup

Viola:

Erika Södersteen

Cello:

Berit Hessing

Percussion/Keyboards:

Ole Bo

Keyboards:

Ole Arnved

Vocals:

Misen Larsen

Songs

"Naked in the Rain"

by McBroom, Youth,

performed by Blue

Pearl; "I Want You"

by Jacob Groth,

performed by Misen

Larsen

Costume Design

Malin Birch-Jensen

Kersti Vitali

Make-up

Sven Lunden

Title Design

Claus Bohm

Sound Design

Per Streit Jensen

Sound Editors

Jan Brodin

Jan Alvermark

Sound Recordists

Per Meinertsen

Hans Möller

Peter Schultz

Dolby stereo

Sound Effects

Morten Botizauw

Julien Naudin

Cast

Tova Magnusson

Mikaela

Figge Norling

Joakim

Björn Kjellman

Max

Niklas Hjulström

Johan

Malin Berghagen

Justine

Liv Alsterlund

Sandra

Lars Green

Göran

Agneta Ekman

Gunvor Holm

Marie Göransson

Birgitta

Reine Brynolfsson

Spielman

Björn Granath

Rector

Catherine Hansson

Göran's First Wife

Gunnar Fred

Göran's Second Wife

Josefin Ankarberg

Limpan

Annemari Kastrup

Substitute Teacher

Anna Godenius

Shop Assistant

Mathas Knave

Host

Joakim Jennefors

Small Boy

W. Moses J. Bone

Café Chef

Freda Hallgren

Schoolgirl

Berit Palm

Woman with Packet

Caroline af Ugglas

Singing Lucia

Rumle Hammerich

Man in Red Boots

10,276 feet

114 minutes

Subtitles

● Mikaela lives with her alcoholic mother, whom her absent father is on the point of divorcing. She has a crush on her Swedish language teacher and uses the opportunity afforded by an exam essay topic to write on one of her frequent disturbing dreams - a meld of sex and murder, which she carefully and regularly records in her dream diary. Her friend Sandra is fasci-

nated by Max, the class aesthete, who deliberately plays on his classmates' interest in his ambiguous sexuality.

Mikaela works late in the library and one night, frightened by strange sounds, begs a lift home from her teacher. Checking her diary, she is puzzled to discover the details of the evening's events already recorded there some time previously. Next day's biology class is interrupted by the horrifying discovery of the school cat disembowelled in the laboratory cupboard. Later, glimpsing her teacher's briefcase in the library, Mikaela searches it and discovers a copy of her essay. Comforted after the day's disturbing events by her fellow classmate Joakim, she goes back home with him.

Joakim, discovering his room ransacked and his drawings torn up, berates his mother and younger sister. His prize possession is his telescope. Mikaela, beginning to feel increasingly under observation at home, is repeatedly drawn to the teacher's apartment in a block currently swathed in scaffolding and plastic sheeting. One evening she climbs up to his window and secretly observes him inside making love to a woman.

Back home, Mikaela writes as if possessed about a sexual murder involving a red ribbon. Spying on him regularly, she one day spots him in a clothes shop and follows him. When he tries on, but does not buy a shirt, she buys it for him and sends it to him - with a red ribbon. Later she sees him with a woman wearing the ribbon, and later that night spies on him making sadomasochistic love to the woman. He appears to kill her.

That evening, Mikaela confesses to Joakim her fear that she is in fact controlling the teacher's actions. On the day of the Black Lucia celebration of the year's shortest day, she is shocked to find a specimen embryo hanging in her college locker. Later she discovers pages from her diary torn out and smeared with blood. During the ►



Creeping feelings: Tova Magnusson

◀ ghoulishly-themed Black Lucia party, the dummy of a hanged woman is replaced by a real one, Sandra, whom Max has teased and humiliated. Shocked and nervous, Mikaela types a message that states that she knows who the killer is and leaves it at the bedside of her mother, who is in hospital; she has incurred severe injuries in a car accident, following the news that her husband is divorcing her. Returning home, she is shocked to see through her binoculars that Joakim is spying on her from his house. At his house she discovers the half-burnt pages of her diary and the concealed body of his dead mother. Joakim slashes his wrists with a guitar string before turning on her. She flees and, as he pursues her, leads him onto the railway track where he is killed by a passing train – as she had already foreseen.

● *The Premonition* is not a film with a lot going for it. Both script and cinematography give it a narrative full of portentously noted red herrings and ostentatiously brandished loose ends, while thematically it plucks away at the twin chords of voyeurism and the occult. Camera and editing are both wedded to the belief that big is best, or at least automatically pregnant with meaning, as we pause for repeated close-ups of taps, sinks and teacher's briefcase. In the end, Mikaela's abilities – psychic or otherwise – remain a matter of conjecture, while her mother's briskly-handled accident seems to serve no narrative function at all.

Failing to provide his cast with sufficient direction to enable them to exude much in the way of emotion, Hammerich signally fails to root his film in those moments of doubt and unease specific to Northern European experience – to deal with the real worms in the apple of Nordic society, rather than the amorously significant ones crawling in Mikaela's mother's neglected fruit bowl.

One thing is certain, and that is that Hammerich, who teaches at the Danish Film School and has had his time in the States studying photography, includes *Psycho* in his list of required viewing. Joakim's house is as near a substitute as is possible for Hitchcock's. To Hitchcock, too, belong Joachim's telescope and Mikaela's binoculars, which lock together in a moment of furtive curiosity. This moment salutes the idea of voyeurism rather than doing much to explore it, beyond registering repeated shots of Mikaela's front-door spy hole. Despite all this, stray sequences – notably the shot of the teacher's apartment block, a mass of scaffolding and plastic sheeting, looming like some diabolical vessel in the dark – do suggest the possibility of another kind of fantasy, less generic and more idiosyncratic. At such moments, we can imagine an *Alice in Wonderland* fantasy of slightly skewed temporal and emotional relationships, akin to the territory explored so tellingly by Belgian film-maker Harry Kumel.

Verina Glaessner

That Night

USA 1992

Director: Craig Bolotin

Certificate 12
Distributor Warner Bros
Production Companies Le Studio Canal + Regency Enterprises Alcor Films An Arnon Milchan production
Executive Producers Julie Kirkham Elliott Lewitt
Producers Arnon Milchan Steven Reuther
Co-producer Llewellyn Wells
Associate Producers Hiromitsu Furukawa Sonoko Sakai Kathie Weaver
Production Co-ordinator Monica Melvin-Fratkin
Unit Production Managers Llewellyn Wells Mary McLaglan
Location Manager Joe Iberti
Post-production Supervisor Carol Dantuono
Casting Mali Finn Don Finn Associate: Emily Schweber
Assistant Directors Christine Larson Randy Suhr Michele D'Angelo
Screenplay Craig Bolotin Based on the novel by Alice McDermott
Director of Photography Bruce Surtees
Colour Technicolor
Camera Operator Louis Barlia
Visual Effects Apogee: Supervisor: Glenn Campbell
Editors Priscilla Nedd-Friendly
Film: Gregg London
Production Designer Maher Ahmad
Art Director Jeremy Conway
Set Decorator Susan Kaufman
Storyboard Artist David Lux
Special Effects Supervisor Steve Kirshoff
Special Effects Douglas Retzler
Music David Newman
Music Supervisor Peter Afterman
Music Editors Tom Villano Adam Smalley
Songs "Stay" by Maurice Williams, performed by Frankie Valli and The Four Seasons; "Let There Be Love" by Ian Grant, Lionel Rand, performed by Nat King Cole; "Mr Lee" by Heather Dixon, Helen Gathers, Emma Ruth Pought, Jannie Pought, Laura Webb, performed by The Bobbettes; "Please Mr Postman" by William Garrett, Georgia Dobbins, Brian Holland, Freddie Gorman, Robert

Bateman, performed by The Marvelettes; "Little Sister" by Doc Pomus, Mort Shuman, performed by Elvis Presley; "Summertime Blues" by Eddie Cochran, Jerry Capehart, performed by Deborah Harry; "See See Rider" by Ma Rainey, performed by LaVern Baker; "Try a Little Tenderness" by Harry Woods, Jimmy Campbell, Reg Connelly, performed by Aretha Franklin
Costume Design Carol Ramsey
Wardrobe Supervisor Charlotte Palmer-Lane
Key Make-up Artist Lydia Milars
Key Hair William A. Kohout
Titles/Opticals Cinema Research Corporation
Supervising Sound Editor Bruce Stambler
Sound Editors Hector Gika Glenn Hoskinson John Kwiatkowski Anthony R. Milch Rocky Moriana Jnr Don Warner
Supervising ADR Editor Becky Sullivan
Foley Editors Steven J. Schwalbe Shawn Sykora
Sound Recordists John Sutton Sandra Garcia Foley: Mary Jo Lang Sound Effects: Gary Bluffer Dolby stereo
Sound Re-recordists Supervisor: Jeffrey Perkins Kurt Kassulke
Sound Effects Co-ordinators John Michael Fanaris Blake Marion
Foley Artists John Roesch Kevin Bartnof
Stunt Co-ordinator Gary Jensen

Cast
C. Thomas Howell Rick
Juliette Lewis Sheryl O'Conner
Helen Shaver Ann O'Conner
Eliza Dushku Alice Bloom
John Dossett Larry Bloom
J. Smith-Cameron Carol Bloom
Katherine Heigl Kathryn
Benjamin Terzulli Mickey Meyer
Thomas Terzulli Max Meyer
Sarah Joy Stevenson Barbara
Michael Costello Don O'Conner
Kathryn Meisle Mrs Carpenter
Adam Lefevre Mr Carpenter
Carolyn Swift Mrs Rossi
Charles Musumeci Mr Rossi

Debra Robertson Mrs Meyer
John Healey Jnr Mr Meyer
Becky Ann Baker Mrs Bell
Paul Morella Mr Bell
Sabrina Lloyd Jeanette
Thompson Hunt Coleman
Rick Schatz Vitelli
Duncan Hood
Paul Hjelmervik Men at Wake
Celia Clark Wife at Wake

Andrea Monter Little Girl
Adam Kroloff Danny the Date
Luci Roucis Young Nun
Barbara Barry Sister Lorraine
Desiree Marie Jennifer Albright
Girls
Sarah Rose Pam
Lem Willis Bus Driver

8,014 feet
89 minutes

● Summer 1963. Smalltown America. Seven-year-old Alice, alternately ignored and ridiculed by her peers, becomes fascinated with teenage Sheryl O'Connor, whose bedroom window is directly opposite her own. Her distant infatuation becomes something approaching friendship after Sheryl's father dies, and she eagerly takes the chance to help cover Sheryl's tracks when she goes to visit Rick, a boy who manages the local bowling alley.

Alice remains a besotted spectator as Sheryl and Rick's relationship flourishes, and the whole neighbourhood is disrupted by the pair's increasingly ostentatious antics. Eventually, it is a chance remark of Alice's that leads to Sheryl's mother clamping down on her daughter's romance. Alice, however, assists Sheryl once again in escaping her mother's surveillance for another night with Rick, and in return is initiated into the mysteries of teenhood, such as make-up, alcohol and dancing.

Sheryl, though, becomes pregnant and, since her family is devoutly Catholic, she is forced to leave home for a convent where she is to give birth. Alice persuades the desperate Rick to drive them both to the convent where, through her cunning, the two teenagers are reunited.

● Sneaked out with very little fanfare two years after its US release, this slice of period Americana is rather better than its unheralded release might suggest. At its centre is a convincing portrayal of early 60s delin-

quency from the seemingly ubiquitous Juliette Lewis, as a convent girl whose open sensuality not only captivates all the neighbourhood children, but also affects, equally strongly, the adult population – threatening and mocking the local fathers, stirring the mother's nostalgia and, not surprisingly, riveting the attention of local teens.

The doomed relationship that eventually emerges – with the local bowling alley manager – may represent one of the most well-worn of all American cinematic territories, but what distinguishes its treatment here from more mundane examples is the film's nicely mature appreciation of the pragmatic aspects of challenging the American Dream, of the economic and emotional pitfalls that might lie ahead. There is no *Badlands*-style unthinking amorality at play here, as Lewis proves to be torn between the demands of love, family responsibility and the likelihood of future happiness. In fact, the continuous presence (and encouragement) of little-girl narrator Alice serves to enhance the notion that reckless, beat-inspired solutions (like taking off to Mexico in a beat-up coupé) exist more in a sort of pre-school fairyland than anything else.

As it is, *That Night* functions rather well as a coming-of-age story on two levels – little Alice discovers what's waiting for her as a teenager, and the older Sheryl discovers the adult world with a vengeance – even if the film occasionally resembles a John Waters movie as the camera follows the protagonists under the boardwalk for a spot of heavy petting.

On the plus side, the atmosphere of a small-town summer is near-faultlessly maintained, with great skill employed in creating a clammy, humid climate. The main weakness – which, like Michael Caton-Jones' *This Boy's Life*, unfortunately wrong-foots the film's own marketing positioning – lies in its narrative voice: the oft-used, easy-access device of having a too-cute child as the central perspective dilutes the tone and robs the film of much of the moral weight the story could offer.

Andrew Pulver



The dating game: Juliette Lewis, C. Thomas Howell

Trois Couleurs: Blanc (Three Colours: White)

France/Poland 1993

Director: Krzysztof Kieślowski

Certificate
15

Distributor
Artificial Eye

Production Companies
MK2 Productions SA
(Paris)/France 3 Cinema
(Paris)/Cab Productions
SA (Lausanne)/TOR
Production (Warsaw)
With the participation
of Canal +

Executive Producer
Yvon Crenn

Producer
Marin Karmitz
Studio TOR Executives
Krzysztof Zanussi
Ryszard Straszewski
Irena Strzałkowska
Production Manager
Ryszard Chutkowski

Casting
Margot Capelier
Teresa Violetta Buhl
Assistant Directors
Teresa Violetta Buhl
Emmanuel Finkiel

Screenplay
Krzysztof Piesiewicz
Krzysztof Kieslowski
Screenplay Consultants
Agnieszka Holland
Edward Żebrowski
Edward Kłosiński

Director of Photography
Edward Kłosiński
In colour

Editor
Urszula Lesiak

Art Directors
Halina Dobrowolska
Claude Lenoir

Set Decorator
Magdalena Dipont

Set Dressers
Tomasz Kowalski
Dariusz Lipiński
Henryk Puchalski
Michel Charvaz
Julien Poitou-Weber
Jean-Pierre Delettire
Christian Aubenque
Lionel Acat

Music
Zbigniew Preisner
Music Director
Zbigniew Paleta
Music Extracts
"To ostatnia niedziela"
by Jerzy Petersburski,
Z. Friedwald

Music Performed by
Sextuor à cordes,
Le petit orchestre de
Zbigniew Preisner
First Violin:
Zbigniew Paleta
Oboe:
Mariusz Pędziulek
Clarinet:
Jan Cielecki

Costumes
Elżbieta Radke
Teresa Wardzała
Jolanta Łuczak
Virginie Viard
Make-up/Hair
Jolanta Pruszyńska
Jadwiga Cichocka
Jean-Pierre Caminade

Sound
Jean-Claude Laureux
Sound Editors
Piotr Zawadzki
Jean-Claude Laureux
Francine Lemaître

Sound Recordists
Brigitte Taillandier
Pascal Colomb
Music:
Rafał Paczkowski

Dolby stereo
Sound Re-recordists
William Flageollet
Sound Effects
Jérôme Lévy
Pascal Mazière
Eric Ferret
Marc-Antoine Beldent

Cast
Zbigniew Zamachowski
Karol Karol
Julie Delpy
Dominique
Janusz Gajos
Mikolaj
Jerzy Stuhr
Jurek
Grzegorz Warchol
Elegant Man
Jerzy Nowak
Old Farmer
Aleksander Bardini
Lawyer
Cezary Harasimowicz
Inspector
Jerzy Trela
Monsieur Bronek
Cezary Pazura
Bureau de Change
Proprietor
Michel Lisowski
Interpreter
Piotr Machalica
Tall Man
Barbara Dziekan
Cashier

Marzena Trybala
Mariott Employee
Philippe Morier Genoud
Judge
Francis Coffinet
Bank Employee
Yannick Evely
Metro Employee
Jacques Disses
Dominique's Lawyer

Teresa Budzisz-Krzyżanowska
Madame Jadwiga
K. Bigelmajer
J. Dominik
J. Grzegorek
M. Kaczmarek
A. Kalinowski
S. Latek
J. Ładyńska
M. Marciano
J. Mayzel
J. Modet
L. Okowity
A. Papliński
W. Paszkowski
M. Prazmowska
M. Robaszkiewicz
Z. Richter
B. Szymańska
B. Topa
W. Wróblewska
M. Verner
P. Zelt
Juliette Binoche
Florence Pernel

8,275 feet
92 minutes

Polish and French dialogue
Subtitles



Say hello, wave goodbye: Julie Delpy

● Karol, a Polish hairdresser in Paris, is rendered impotent by the stresses of working in a foreign country where the language and the people are a mystery to him. His petulant French wife Dominique, exasperated at the non-consummation of their marriage after six months, obtains a divorce and burns down their hairdressing salon. His credit cards invalidated, Karol resorts to begging on the Metro, where he is befriended by another Pole, Mikolaj, who is willing to help him get back to Poland. Karol hides in a trunk, which Mikolaj checks in as his luggage on a flight to Warsaw. On arrival, however, the trunk is stolen by airport thieves, and Karol finds himself beaten up on a rubbish dump.

Rebuilding his life, and determined to win back Dominique, Karol works at the salon of his brother Jurek and also lands a job as security guard at a Bureau de Change. Overhearing his employer's plans to buy a tract of real estate for guaranteed resale at enormous profit, Karol invests his own savings in the farmlands involved. He is also reunited with Mikolaj, whose story about a man willing to pay someone to assist at his suicide turns out to refer to himself. Karol stages an execution with blank ammunition: the scare brings Mikolaj to his senses but gratefully he

pays up anyway. Karol accepts this as a loan and pronounces them partners. Achieving a ten-fold profit on the resale of the farmlands to his disgruntled employer, Karol is suddenly a wealthy man.

His fortunes improve rapidly and he is soon the head of an international trading company. He tries to get in touch with Dominique; she refuses to talk to him, but in a country where anything can be bought Karol is determined to rescue their relationship. Forewarning Mikolaj of his scheme, he buys a corpse and has it buried under his name; his entire wealth is bequeathed to Dominique.

She arrives from France for the funeral and to claim her inheritance, later finding Karol in her hotel room. She is overjoyed and he is no longer impotent. The morning after a night of ecstasy, Karol has disappeared and the police arrive. Unable to prove that he is still alive, Dominique is arrested on suspicion of collusion in her husband's murder. Destitute once more, Karol waves to her in her cell at police headquarters.

● On the evidence so far, Kieślowski's meditations on the tri-color have little to do with France. Nor does his colour-coding appear much

more than arbitrary: in disappointing contrast to the first part of his current trilogy, where the use of blue provided a striking coherence, the glimpses of white in the second are linked only to a few blazes of marital bliss.

Of the conventional symbolism of whiteness – representing, among other things, innocence, fear, cowardice, impartiality or death – there is little trace. If *Three Colours: Blue* was full of elegant contrivance, *White* announces itself as broad comedy with a more raucous imagery, a different cameraman, and a cast that operates at a frantic volume. Pelted by a pigeon within moments of reaching the screen, its hero is clearly of the little-man-makes-good mould, favoured as much by Polish audiences over the years as by admirers of Norman Wisdom or Jerry Lewis.

That Kieślowski and comedy form an uncomfortable partnership, however, is quickly apparent. Among the many frustrations of *Three Colours: White* is the director's customary reluctance to explain his images. Increasingly fascinated by the effect that a special lens or a fragment of music can have on the simplest narrative, he has acquired a style of dramatic ambiguity, the reticence of the script offset by eloquent visuals. ▶

◀ At its most inventive, as with the mid-conversation blackouts in *Blue*, this tongue-tied expressionism can work formidably well. Elsewhere, it is damagingly trivial: the glimpse of Juliette Binoche wandering into the courtroom in *White* is a light-hearted nudge to those familiar with *Blue* (who will also, presumably, be expected to respond to the reappearance of a bottle bank) but has no relevance to Karol's predicament. Like the coincidences and asides in *The Decalogue*, extended into a fine art for *The Double Life of Véronique*, it is mere game-playing by Kieślowski and his co-writer Piesiewicz, who render each scene a puzzle by the wilful displacement of supporting information.

So much mystery is generated in this manner that *White* unfolds in a fog of imprecision. It's an excusable way to introduce us to characters with little confidence in themselves, and Kieślowski would surely argue that only in hindsight can events be given an accurate focus. But the main disadvantage of his method is exposed by the film's final sequence: we are given no guidance as to how long Dominique will be imprisoned, or how Karol is able to signal to her, or what they convey to each other. And while these details may be unimportant to the emotional limbo in which the couple now find themselves, we are at least entitled to know why Karol is weeping. Is it at the price he has paid for a masterstroke of revenge, or is he grief-stricken that wife and wealth continue to elude him, or is he just happy?

Clarification would be helpful in order to reinforce whatever it is that the director wants to tell us, either about the new Polish capitalism or as part of his proclaimed assessment of 'equality'. As a satire on today's Poland, *White* reveals opportunists at every turn, but fudges the issue when it comes to Karol's meteoric rise to riches, shown merely as a brisk montage of affluence so that the central plot can then resume.

As for egalitarianism, Kieślowski has disarmingly asserted that entrepreneurs in a free society seek to achieve *better* than the average; their objective is not equality but superiority, which Karol, once he has accomplished it, proceeds to throw away. Recalling that Kieślowski's analysis of 'liberty' in *Blue* similarly concluded with freedom being relinquished, his trilogy seemingly aims to prove that human nature habitually prefers the opposite to the values claimed by the French Revolution. In a relationship which – like Karol's odd obsession with the alabaster bust of a girl – is far too complex for words, the only final equality between the French girl and her Polish lover is that, in a sense, they both end up behind bars. Whether this far-from-comic predicament is really what Kieślowski intends us to accept, echoing the anguish but sadly nothing like the intensity of *Three Colours: Blue*, only the concluding colours of his study of 'fraternity' will confirm.

Philip Strick

TV FILMS

Henri

United Kingdom 1993

Director: Simon Shore

Distributor

BBC TV

Production Company

BBC Northern Ireland in association with Radio Telefis Eireann For Screen Two

Executive Producers

Robert Cooper
George Faber

Producer

Colin Tucker

Production Associate

Kevin Jackson

Production Manager

Jennifer McAufield

Location Manager

Stephen Killen

Screenplay

John Forte

Director of Photography

Eric Gillespie

In colour

Visual Effects

Stuart Brisdon

Graphics

Neasa Hardiman

Editor

Bill Wright

Designer

Leslie Wallace

Scenic Supervisor

Alec Montgomery

Music/Songs

"Aspirational

Swimmer" by John

Harle; "The Lily O",

"Danny Boy", "The

Sash" (traditional);

"God Bless the Prince

of Wales" by B.

Richard; "Come Back

Home to Erin" by

Claribel; "Carnival of

Animals: The

Elephant" by Camille

Saint-Saëns; "Heritage

March" by Steve

Hodges; "Sonata No.3"

by George Frideric

Handel; "You Keep Me

Hanging On" by

Holland, Dozier,

Holland;

"Divertimento in F"

by Wolfgang Amadeus

Mozart; "Chorus of

Hebrew Slaves" by

Giuseppe Verdi; "Grand

Trio" by H. Neuman;

"On Wings of Song"

by Felix Mendelssohn;

"Intermezzo Part 1"

by Derek Bourgeois

Music Director

Ivan Black

Music Performed by

Accordion:

Kara Bowman

Costume Design

Maggie Donnelly

Make-up Designer

Valerie Butler

Dubbing Editors

Winston McCartney

Howard Eaves

Sound Recordist

Peter Lindsay

Dubbing Mixer

Keith Marriner

Cast

Kara Bowman

Henrietta Begley

John Hewitt

George Begley

Joe McPartland

Uncle Jack Begley

Cheryl O'Dwyer

Finnoula Dougan

Michael Gregory

Tom Dougan

Margaret McCann

Angela Dougan

B.J. Hogg

Uncle Gerry Dougan

Simon Magill

Mr Brady

Sheelagh O'Kane

Catherine

Alan Craig

Mr Harrison

Conor Gadd

Violinist

Matthew Gray

Trumpeter

Claire Porter

Oboist

Shaun Doherty

Mike

Sylvan Baker

Jeff

Clair Dobbin

Sandra

Teresa Carson

Marie-Therese

Sean Caffrey

Mr Logan

William S. Donnan

Conductor

Maureen MacAuley

Olivia Nash

Aerobics

5,700 feet

(at 25 fps)

60 minutes

● Ten-year-old Henrietta Begley writes a letter of complaint to the Northern Irish records office. At an audition for the Belfast Youth Music Festival, she is laughed at because she plays the accordion. The organisers are struck by her talent, although she plays only Protestant marching songs, and give her a place. Arriving in Belfast, she is turned down by the family that were supposed to look after her – they wanted a violinist – and goes to stay with the Dougans – Angela, her ten-year-old daughter Finnoula, and her older son, Tom. When Henri plays a Protestant song on the accordion at Angela's aerobics class, the women are shocked. From the Dougans' high-rise flat, Henri sees the hospital in which her mother died. She explains that her father has not been to Belfast since then. In bed with Finnoula, she discovers that the Dougans are Catholics.

The next day, she goes to a rehearsal and has to sight-read classical music as part of an orchestra. She composes a letter to Handel asking why he wrote no accordion parts. By the river, she makes a boat out of an old pizza carton. Finnoula and her friends bombard it with stones, shouting Catholic slogans, and Henri runs away. That night, Finnoula takes her up to the roof, which is inhabited by British soldiers on surveillance. Finnoula's mother is having an affair with one of them.

The next day, the concert organiser suggests Henri play some Mozart for her solo performance but she wants to play the Lilly'O, an Orange anthem, for her father. In the park, she tries to decide what to do. Finnoula grabs her letters and the two girls fight and fall out. Angrily, Henri plays the Mozart piece to herself.

Driving to the concert the next morning, Henri's father sees the Belfast hospital and has to stop. Henri is told that he is not coming. She walks out on stage and, after a long silence, runs off. The Dougans take her home and she performs for them on the roof. Meanwhile, Henri's father turns up at the concert. A British army helicopter flies over the roof. Henri runs into a wooden hut and starts playing her Mozart piece. The helicopter grabs the hut and lifts it into the sky. It speeds away over the city as Henri plays on.

● Henri's accordion provides a neat metaphor for her place in the community. Her talent is for an instrument despised by orchestras but embraced by her working-class Protestant community, for which it has become a voice. The accordion is both Henri's burden and her grace. It is a heavy instrument for a little girl, but she wears it with ease. It is part of her dogmatic upbringing and it can also be an instrument of change – as the concert organiser tells her when, in an almost religious metaphor, he says: "It's not the accordion that there's anything wrong with, it's the music that gets played on it." However, like Henri, we may doubt this. For as far as this film is concerned, the instrument really does sound better when trotting out the marching songs than it does in tinny renditions of Mozart quartets.

The accordion as hickster's instrument also sets the scene for the country girl's trip to the unknown city. But the film shows quite carefully how the religious and social divide is not that simple, and how, veering between friendship and hostility, the two girls sample each other's worlds. Finnoula, with her bomber jacket and Take That posters, is more obviously and brashly extrovert than the diffident Henri, who inhabits a largely internalised world. The music is one aspect of that; the other is her letters of complaint, which she writes by the dozen in prim, mock grown-up fashion to anyone in authority, and never sends. Her secret life is both repressive and rebellious, adult and disarmingly childish.

But at the same time, Finnoula occupies a Catholic world of superstition

that embraces everything from seeing stars as angel eyes to praying for St Francis when constipated. She shouts ritualised, anti-Protestant slogans but has secret British soldier friends. In her world, even high-rise flats are magical, with their proximity to the sky.

So much of this is revealed through words or music that this could almost be a radio play. Only a few images remain in the mind: the sad, silent face of Henri's father, and Henri's own wide-eyed blankness, interrupted by the occasional shy shrug. Less successful is the strangely contrived ending – which does little more than remind us that we are watching and not just listening.

Amanda Lipman

Men of the Month

United Kingdom 1994

Director: Jean Stuart

Distributor

BBC TV

Production Company

BBC for Screen Two

Executive Producer

George Faber

Producer

Caroline Oulton

Associate Producer

Ann Faggetter

Production Associate

Roselyn Parker

Assistant Directors

Graeme Hattrick

Jayne Selwyn-Roberts

Kimberley Finney

Screenplay

Rona Munro

Director of Photography

Cinders Forshaw

In colour

Film Editor

Ardan Fisher

Designer

Grenville Horner

Art Director

Mark Hudson

Music

Orphy Robinson

Costume Design

Sally Plum

Make-up Design

Jean Speak

Make-up Artist

Jo Casserley

Title Photographs

Grace Lau

Dubbing Editors

Maike Helmers

Rebecca Woodnutt

Sound Recordist

Terry Elms

Dubbing Mixer

Paul Hamblin

Cast

Douglas Hodge

Tracey

Akim Mogaji

Aidan

Alexander Morton

James

Nicholas Woodeson

Keith

Clare Higgins

Fiona

Claire Hackett

Jane

Emer McCourt

Kim

Greer Gaffney

Karen

Ricci Harnett

Bill

Eddie Osei

George

Britta Smith

Roisin

Ade Sapara

Stephen

Sandy Ratcliff

Meg

Vivienne Rochester

Patsy

Deborah McCallum

Kirsty

Richard Hawley

Male Photographer

Shaheen Khan

Female Photographer

Marva Alexander

Mary

Lisa Spicer

Receptionist

Dave Atkins

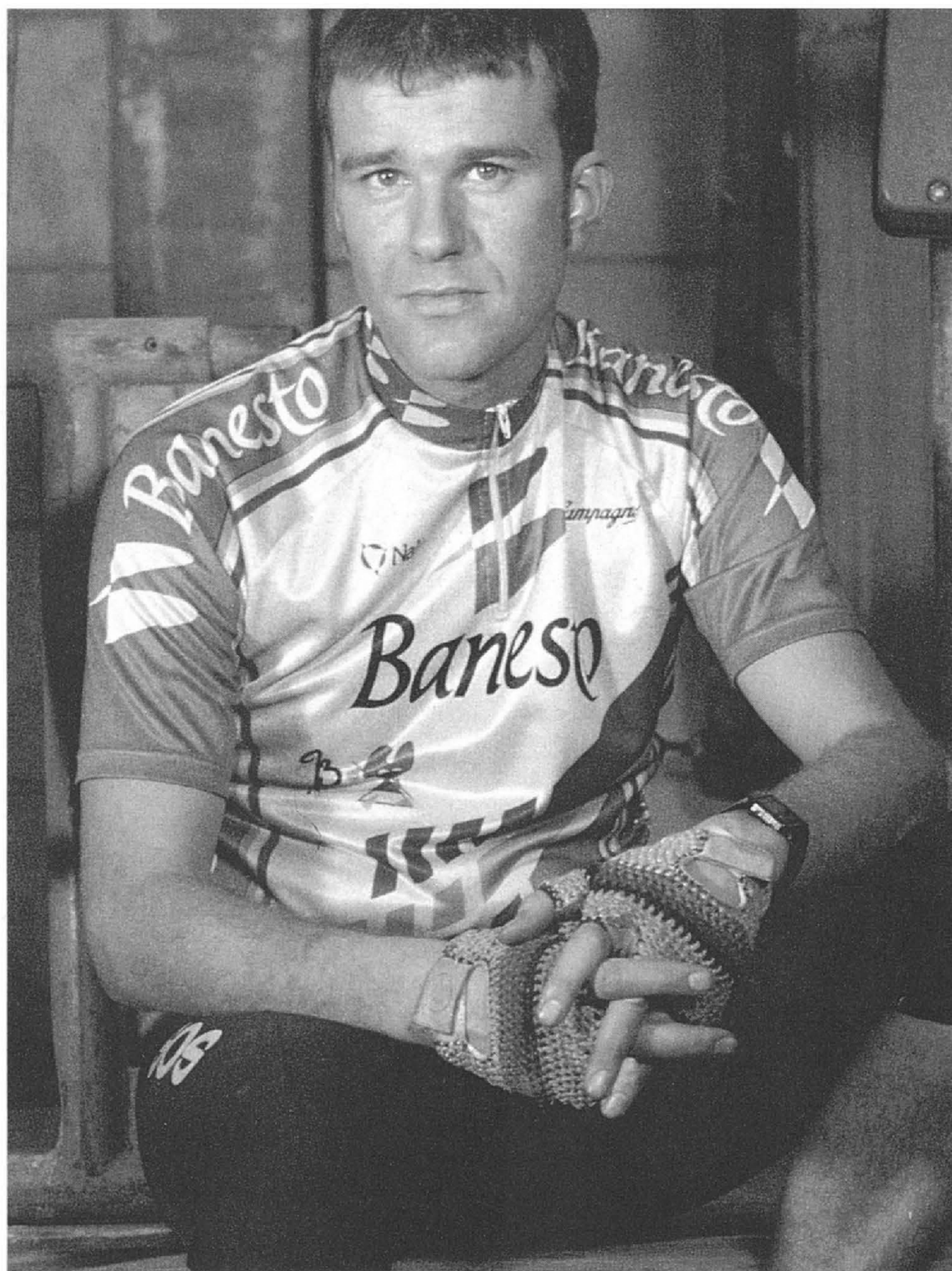
Steve

6,998 feet

(at 25 fps)

73 minutes

● A group of construction workers are restoring an office building housing an accountancy firm and the offices of *Big and Beautiful*, a women's erotic magazine. Tracey, a cycle despatch rider with a propensity for impersonating television characters, makes regular deliveries to the building. His friend Aidan also works there, as a construction worker by day and surreptitiously as a cleaner at night, standing in for his sick mother. Also employed on site are James, a dour Scots foreman, and Keith, a stonemason whose recently estranged wife Fiona works in the building for the accountancy firm. Keith spies on Fiona



Where's the beef: Douglas Hodge

while he is on the job.

Discovering his girlfriend Jane's positive home pregnancy test, Tracey takes refuge in fantasies about climbing an icy mountain. James gives his daughter Kirsty £200 for an abortion. Later, he is attacked by one of his workmen. Aidan discovers that his mother is behind the spate of thefts in the building. One night, the four men all end up at the bulding. Immersed in his climbing fantasy, Tracey strands himself up a crane and is talked down by James. Keith spies his ex-wife kissing a woman, Kim, who works on *Big and Beautiful*. Kim catches him peeping and calls the police, whereupon Keith hides on the scaffolding with Aidan, who has been trying to replace the goods his mother has stolen. Aidan breaks his leg in a fall, but Tracey calls for an ambulance. Returning home, Tracey asks Jane to marry him.

With its restricted set, dense interleaving of storylines left open at the end and moments of hammy acting, *Men of the Month* looks more like a recorded stage play than the sort of teleplay with aspirations to cinema that *Screen Two* usually sponsors. Indeed, screenwriter Rona Munro has previously written mainly for the stage – Glasgow's 7:84 Theatre Company in particular.

Like the old building at the story's centre, this work, with its 'cheeky' one-liners and facile preoccupation with sexual politics, stinks of the damp rot of contemporary theatre. You can

smell it from the opening scene, as two cleaners roam around the building discussing men, acting as a kind of chorus. One, played by Sandy Ratcliff (formerly of *EastEnders*), mouths what is obviously the screenwriter's message: "I like a man with problems, things on his mind. You can really let your imagination go to work on a man with hidden pain. You can make him up like a story." This sort of dialogue comes across as painfully stagey on the small screen, and the same is true of Tracey's fantasy mountaineering sequences, which just look cheap and are strangely unmotivated.

It's a shame that such hamfisted moments are allowed to spoil what could have been a better work. Munro's writing has moments of pungency and wit, but the characterisation, despite the efforts of a reasonably good cast, comes down to a series of set-piece monologues. In fact, *Men of the Month* often feels like a longer work abruptly truncated to fit its time slot. For example, we are never told exactly why James' workmates attack him, why Aidan looks up to Louis Farrakhan and yet cares so much for his white mother, or what a nice girl like Jane sees in a prat like Tracey.

Of late, it seems as if the mavens on high have decreed that the function of non-serial television drama is to act as a forum for dealing with topical social issues such as disability, incest, terrorism and so forth. *Men of the Month*, with its cursory examination of new-male-bonding in a modern world where

women run their own porno magazines and – shock-horror – sleep with each other rather than men, follows this trend. In fact, soap operas such *Brookside* handle these themes much better. As one of the cleaners puts it, "I'd rather have a bag of crisps and watch *Prisoner of Cell Block H*."

Leslie Felperin Sharman

Zinky Boys Go Underground

United Kingdom 1994

Director: Paul Tickell

Distributor

BBC TV

Production Companies

BBC/British Film

Institute for Screen

Two

In association with

Lara Globus

International

Developed with the

support of the

European Script Fund

Executive Producers

Ben Gibson

George Faber

Producer

Tatiana Kennedy

Executives in Charge

of Production

Ann Faggetter

Angela Topping

Line Producers

Russia:

Adam Alexander

Valery Yermolaev

Associate Producer

Eliza Mellor

Production Co-ordinator

Sandra Stott

Unit Manager

Anna Vronskaya

Associate Director

Irina Brown

Assistant Director

Helen Molchanoff

Screenplay

Adisakdi Tantimedh

Director of Photography

Gerry Floyd

In colour

Editor

Budge Tremlett

Designer

Vera Zelinskaya

Music

Simon Boswell

Costume Design

Natasha Kochergina

Make-up Design

Tamara Freed

Dubbing Editor

Jaime Estrada-Torres

Sound Recordist

Misha Timofeyev

Dubbing Mixer

Peter Smith

Cast

Dmitri Shevchenko

Andrei

Oiga Rodina

Lena

Natasha Bain

Oriolo

Andrei Smolyakov

Oblov

Alexei Poluyan

Sacha

Victor Khozyainov

Misha

Alexander Ustinov

Arkady

Konstantin Anisimov

Karzov

Oleg Tishchenko

Sergeant Keshchenko

Nikolai Dik

New Cop

1,907 feet

(at 25 fps)

25 minutes

Russian dialogue

Subtitles

St Petersburg. Andrei, a blind, wheelchair-bound Afghan veteran, who is looked after by his 16-year-old sister Lena, is the leader of a group of "Zinky Boys" trading in Western goods in the underground walkways. They bribe the local policeman, Keshchenko, to keep him sweet, and pay money to Oblov, another vet, who collects for the mafia. Andrei is fixated on Oriolo, a beautiful black prostitute, but Oriolo wants to leave. She plans to buy a passport and escape to Paris.

Keshchenko is transferred and a crowd of policemen descend on the underground stalls. Taunting Andrei, they steal the goods. Oblov offers to restock them – at a premium. Lena sees Oblov taking Oriolo away, and she and Andrei chase them to the underground, where Andrei tries to shoot

him. In the gun battle, Oriolo shoots Oblov and makes off with passport and plane ticket. That night Andrei dies. Lena lies low for months, dreaming of joining Oriolo in Paris.

The script of *Zinky Boys Go Underground* is a first work for TV by the Chinese-Thai American Adisakdi Tantimedh, but all the dialogue in this vigorous and confident film is in Russian, and the excellent young Russian actors give it a powerful, sometimes poetic authenticity.

They capture both the cadences and the sensibility of the marginalised figures whose lives – an intoxicating mixture of casual brutality and naive dreams – are observed. This ambiguity is reflected in the use of locations, the grand stations and walkways of the St Petersburg underground providing a setting both for trade in the tawdry trophies of the new consumerism and for the final shoot-out that causes Andrei's ignoble death.

These people are doomed from the start – Andrei with his big talk, Lena and Oriolo with their eternal Russian dreams of leaving, even the swaggering Oblov.

Post-Soviet Russia, with its combination of dramatic stories and new and relatively inexpensive locations, is attractive to Western film-makers, but their versions of Russian life are seldom persuasive. Another recent BBC production, Tony Smith's *Grushko*, for example, with its British actors, stock characters and plot, comes across as a British detective series transported to St Petersburg in the forlorn hope that picturesquely down-at-heel exteriors and regular doses of sententiousness about the future of Russia will breathe new life into it. Even the central trio, boss and sidekicks comprising young woman and older man, mirrors the fashionable BBC series *Between the Lines*. *Zinky Boys* spurns all that – the mafia and the police are largely in the background and no one so much as mentions *perestroika* – but its 25 minutes of fervid, fragile yearning gives us a far more effective take on the post-Soviet confusion.

For most of the decade that Soviet troops were in Afghanistan, the people were kept in ignorance both of the brutality of the conflict and of the number of casualties. In the late 80s the story began to emerge in books and documentary films and through the songs and memoirs of the "Afghantsy", the soldiers themselves. A devastating exhibition was held in Central Moscow in the summer of 1991. Svetlana Alexievich's book of searing interviews *Tsinkovye mal'chiki* (*Zinky Boys*) recorded the memories both of the survivors and of the grief-stricken families of those who came back in the notorious zinc coffins. Alexievich's witnesses insist obsessively that the naive young conscripts were morally broken by the corruption and horror of the war. *Zinky Boys Go Underground*, for all its film-school romanticism, captures something of their despair.

Julian Gaffay

VIDEO CHOICE

Peter Dean highlights his ten video choices of the month, and overleaf reviews the rest of the rental and retail releases

VIDEO CHOICE



French-style cops and robbers: 'La Balance'

La Balance

Director Bob Swaim/France 1981

Set in the Casbah-like district of Belleville in Paris, Swaim's gritty, first-rate *policier* still excites. Undercover cops force a petty crook (Philippe Léotard) to inform on a gang boss by exerting pressure on his prostitute

girlfriend (Nathalie Baye). The set-pieces and the direction are tightly executed, but it's Léotard's bulldog-like face and mournful eyes that are the most memorable. Thankfully, this is not the poorly-dubbed version available first time round on video. (MFB No. 602)

● Rental: Arrow AV 008; Price £15.99; Subtitles; Certificate 18

Jack Be Nimble

Director Garth Maxwell/New Zealand 1992

Maxwell's debut feature may be inconsistent and derivative (recalling Peter Jackson's *Braindead*, the latter half of *Until the End of the World* and the films of David Lynch), but at least it's brimming with ideas and energy. Jack (Alexis Arquette) and Dora (Sarah Smuts-Kennedy) are separated at an early age after their mother is sectioned and their father runs away. Jack is adopted by a family straight out of *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre*, while Dora is stuck in suburbia. Jack kills his foster parents by using a self-invented hypnosis machine, meanwhile Dora experiences psychic dreams and has conversations in her head with her dysfunctional family. Alexis Arquette over-eggs the pudding with his crazed behaviour. But the film's excellent first half, striking stylistic traits (including the flashes of light Jack experiences, recalling the moments before the car crash in Paul Cox's *Cactus*), plus its unpredictability, are all reasons to eagerly await Garth Maxwell's next feature. (S&S February 1994)

● Rental: Tartan Video TVT 1131; Certificate 18



Alexis Arquette in 'Jack Be Nimble'

Warlock: The Armageddon

Director Anthony Hickox/USA 1993

A straight-to-video release for Hickox's sequel to his *Highlander*-inspired occult thriller *Warlock*. No Richard E. Grant this time, just Julian Sands hamming it up again as Satan's son, born to an unwilling yuppie mother in New York. "Is this your carriage?", Sands asks a cab driver, before hijacking the vehicle and heading on a six-day quest to find five missing runestones which, when joined up, will welcome the devil to Earth. It's up to Kenny Travis and his girlfriend Sam to return to their roots as Druid warriors and take on Sands in a special-effects-filled climax. Bob Keen gives credibility to the story with occasionally first-rate special effects, and director Hickox is at home with the material – particularly in a freak-show sequence which recalls his debut film, *Waxwork*. Intriguing, despite the plot's many weaknesses. *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* did a better job of comic teenage horror.

● Rental: Reflective RE 7012; Certificate 18; 95 minutes; Producers Peter Abrams, Robert L. Levy; Screenplay Kevin Rock, Sam Bernard; Lead Actors Julian Sands, Chris Young, Paula Marshall, Joanna Pacula



Angry young man: David Thewlis in 'Naked'

Naked

Director Mike Leigh/UK 1993

David Thewlis is so outstanding as *Naked*'s twisted, street-philosopher protagonist Johnny, the dialogue is of such high calibre, and Johnny's odyssey through London's lonely hearts so gut-wrenching, that it is easy to forgive the film's shortcomings. Thewlis' portrayal inspires pity, despair and loathing in the audience. In the comfort

of our own homes, his character is even more unsettling, invading our privacy and almost daring us to switch off. This intoxicating performance overbalances the film, especially in the climax when caricatures collide in a farcical dénouement, with Greg Cruttwell's yuppie landlord and Claire Skinner's ill-judged Sandra curiously transparent. A bold departure for Leigh, but hard going.

● Rental: First Independent VA 20211; Certificate 18



Man with no name: 'Z'

Z

Director Costa-Gavras/France 1968

Exceptional political thriller which swept Greek-born Costa-Gavras to international fame and serves as a model for the best of his later work. Yves Montand plays Z, an increasingly popular political leader opposed to the totalitarian regime of his country. Z dies after being hit by a van and undergoing brain surgery, leaving a magistrate (Jean-Louis Trintignant) with the task of exposing an underground organisation supported by the government and military police. The film seems to be influenced at times by Pontecorvo's *The Battle of Algiers*, and it certainly stands alongside it as a pinnacle of mainstream political cinema. Forget *IP5*, this is how Montand should be remembered. (MFB No. 430)

● Retail: Arrow AV 007; Price £15.99; Subtitles; Certificate PG

Celia

Director Ann Turner/Australia 1988

The mix of charm, horror and surrealism in a child's world is brilliantly explored in this disturbing drama set in 50s Melbourne. The Australian government's drive against Communism and its introduction of myxomatosis to control the rabbit population collide in the mind of a nine-year-old girl called Celia. Celia is haunted by nightmares of Hobyahs (fictional monsters) while mourning the loss of her grandmother and rallying the juvenile oligarchy against her ogre-like uncle. She seeks comfort in her pet rabbit and is devastated when it is taken away. An outstanding debut which compares with *Lord of the Flies* for the way it lifts the lid on childhood innocence. (MFB No. 674)

● Retail: Fabulous FAB 4071; Price £14.99; Certificate 15



Dangerous youth: 'Celia'

Violent Cop (Sono otoko, kyobo ni tsuki)

Director Takeshi Kitano/Japan 1989

Unfortunately, in today's censorious climate this revenge cop-thriller will be noted for its *Taxi Driver*-style violence rather than for its characters and the careful build-up of tension in the excellent first half. A homicide detective (Takeshi Kitano) wanders expressionless through the corrupt and violent world



On a mission: Takeshi Kitano in 'Violent Cop'

of Tokyo's gangs, increasingly losing control and really only wanting to care for his sister. His new partner receives a crash-course in life on the beat, where the chief cop supplies drugs. The soundtrack is a mix of East and West which sometimes resembles music from a Spaghetti Western, while the film's themes and the protagonist's ethics reflect the tradition of the samurai film. Essential viewing. (S&S January 1994)

● Retail: ICA ICAV 1007; Price £12.99; Subtitles; Certificate 18



Anderson's 'Every Day Except Christmas'

Free Cinema – A Compilation

Directors Lindsay Anderson/Karel Reisz/John Fletcher/UK 1957/1959/1962

A priceless compilation of three British documentaries from the Ford's *Look at Britain* series. *Every Day Except Christmas* (Anderson), *We Are the Lambeth Boys* (Reisz) and *The Saturday Men* (Fletcher) look at, respectively, Covent Garden, a south London youth club, and West Bromwich Albion football team preparing for a big game. Free Cinema set out to inject poetry into dull documentaries, and these directors demonstrate tremendous sympathy for their subjects – cocking a snook at class-bound mainstream British cinema and pre-figuring the social realist features of the early 60s. The films are of great historical interest, from the faces and bustle of 50s Covent Garden in *Every Day Except Christmas*, to the threatening face of London youth and discussion of the Craig/Bentley case in *We Are the Lambeth Boys*. (MFB Nos. 290/305/352)

● Retail: Academy Video CAV 008; Price £15.99; B/W; Certificate E

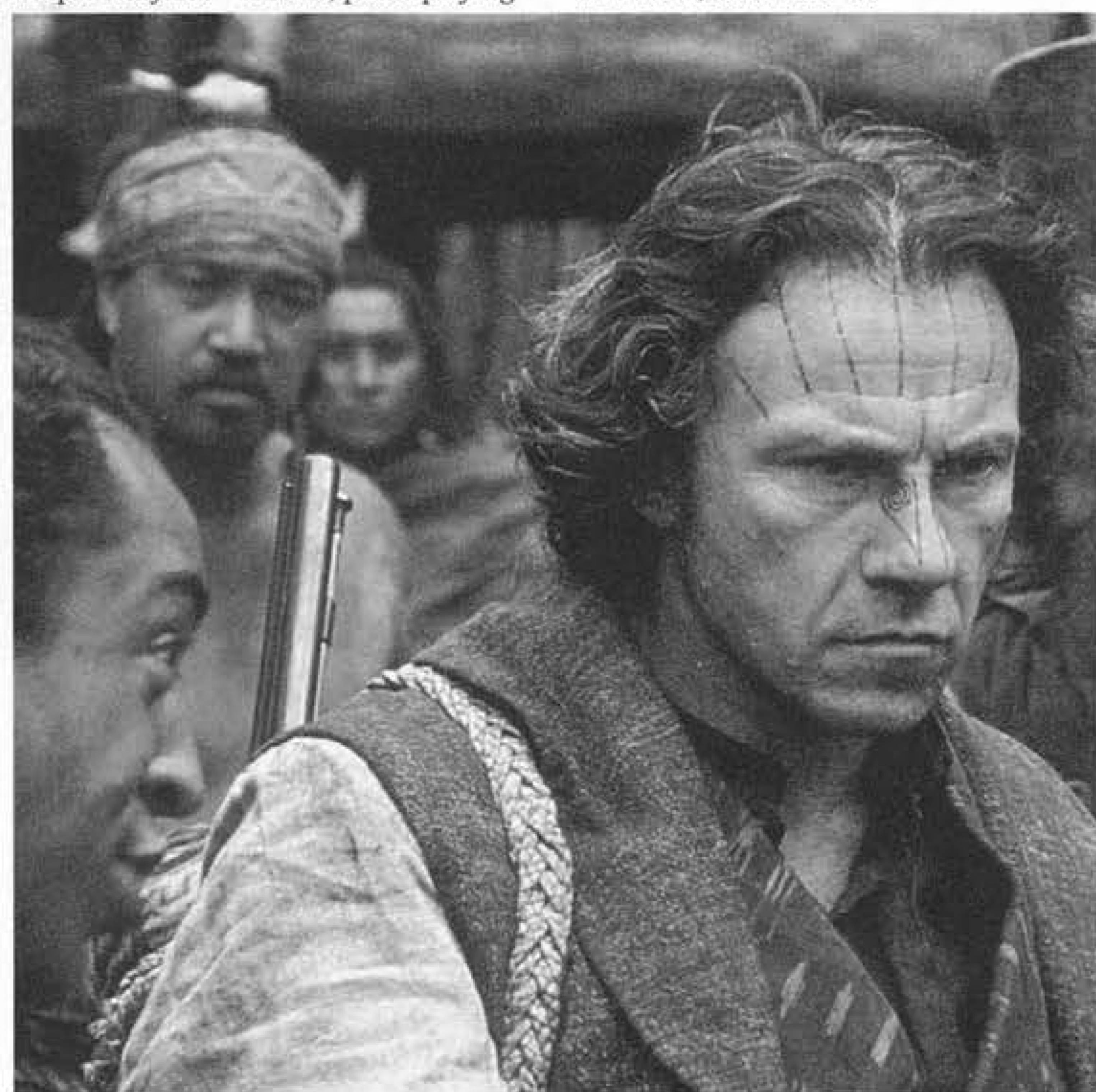
The Piano

Director Jane Campion/Australia 1993

Following the video success of *Middlemarch*, the video charts are likely to receive another shock with a Jane Campion movie set to reach the top slot. In this complex film, Campion explores themes from her earlier *Sweetie* and *An Angel at My Table*, featuring a heroine cast adrift in an alien environment. The simple storyline – a mute, piano-playing

Scotswoman has an affair with a Mellors-like plantation foreman after moving to New Zealand to marry a repressed landowner – does not do justice to the film's real accomplishments. Its literary depth, fine eye for detail, locations, costumes, acting and Michael Nyman's score complement one another superbly. It more than deserves the praise it has received. (S&S November 1993)

● Rental: Entertainment In Video EVV 1253; Certificate 15



Leaving one speechless: Harvey Keitel in 'The Piano'

Prelude to a Kiss

Director Norman Rene/USA 1992

The marriage of Peter (Alec Baldwin) and Rita (Meg Ryan) is tested when Rita swaps bodies with Julius (Sydney Walker), a geriatric man who gatecrashes their wedding. On honeymoon Peter notices something odd about his spouse, but is not sure whether he's going mad, if marriage has changed Rita or if he really is sharing his nuptial bed with an old man. Scriptwriter Craig Lucas successfully opens out his play with kooky asides from Ryan, while director Norman Rene (*Longtime Companion*) lets the performances carry this enjoyable, low-key romance – the moment when Baldwin gives Julius a hearty kiss on the lips is both awkward and poignant. The observation of human foibles is particularly good, as when Ned Beatty as Rita's father shows off his tattoos to Baldwin, and Patty Duke as the mother-in-law straightens the fridge magnets before Baldwin's first visit.

● Rental: FoxVideo 1971; Certificate PG; 81 minutes; Producers Michael Gruskoff, Michael I. Levy; Screenplay Craig Lucas; Lead Actors Alec Baldwin, Meg Ryan, Kathy Bates, Ned Beatty, Patty Duke



Ménage à trois: 'Prelude to a Kiss'

Reviews in Monthly Film Bulletin and Sight and Sound are cited in parentheses. A retail video that has previously been reviewed in the rental section will be listed only and the film review reference given. The term 'Premiere' refers to a film that has had no prior UK theatrical release and is debuting on video. □ denotes closed captioning facility

Rental

The Concierge (US title: For Love or Money)
Director Barry Sonnenfeld; USA 1993; Jniversal VHA 1745; Certificate PG
Michael J. Fox plays a concierge in a swanky Manhattan hotel who can't get his life in order. The sharp writing and some kooky New York characters make for a promising start, but sub-standard farce takes over when Fox 'babysits' the mistress of a millionaire. The gags are more faulty than Fawltly. (S&S December 1993) □

Dave
Director Ivan Reitman; USA 1993; Warner VO 12962; Certificate 15
Reitman returns to Twins territory with this agreeable crowd pleaser – although this time his lookalikes really are identical. Kevin Kline doubles as US President Bill Mitchell and as small-time businessman Dave Kovic, who is employed to imitate the President while he enjoys a romantic fling. However, when the President slips into a coma, Kovic is forced to play him full-time. (S&S November 1993)

Hocus Pocus
Director Kenny Ortega; USA 1993; Walt Disney D141922; Certificate PG
Lacklustre comedy starring Bette Midler, Sarah Jessica Parker and Kathy Najimy as Salem witches who return after 300 years with the aim of stealing the life-force of children so they can live forever. The special effects are curiously stylised and the tone is unusually dark for a Disney comedy. (S&S November 1993)

Homeward Bound: The Incredible Journey
Director Duwayne Durham; USA 1993; Walt Disney D218012; Certificate U
A re-working of Disney's wildlife classic. Two dogs and a cat become separated from their masters, head for the mountains and survive in the wild despite the hardships. (S&S November 1993)

King of the Hill
Director Steven Soderbergh; USA 1993; Universal VHA 1680; Certificate 15
After the US flop of *Kafka*, Soderbergh shows that he can make mainstream entertainment. This tale of a 12-year-old boy gritting his teeth in the face of adversity is sickly sweet – however, Jesse Bradford's well-judged performance as a boy growing up during the Depression and its many moments of invention make it worthwhile. (S&S January 1994)

Man's Best Friend
Director John Lafia; USA 1993; Guild G8741; Certificate 15
Max, a prototype guard dog of high intelligence, awesome power and acidic urine is rescued from the bio-genetic laboratory by a TV reporter (Ally Sheedy). Unknown to Sheedy, the drugs that keep



Rites-of-passage: Jesse Bradford in 'King of the Hill'
Max passive are about to wear off, releasing his psychotic instincts. The dispatchings are grisly and the dog's shape-shifting is nicely handled. (S&S April 1994)

Posse
Director Mario Van Peebles; USA 1993; Columbia TriStar CVT 21351; Certificate 15
Over ambitious but richly-textured first mainstream black Western which attempts to set the history books straight about the fact that one in three cowboys was black. Van Peebles stars as Jessie Lee, a posse leader heading home to wreak revenge for the death of his father. The cast clearly had more fun making it than the audience does watching it, but Peebles fills the screen with colour and movement. (S&S December 1993)

U.F.O.: The Movie
Director Tony Dow; UK 1993; PolyGram PG 1014; Certificate 18
Crude, rude Northern comic Roy 'Chubby' Brown makes his feature film debut playing himself in a sci-fi fantasy. Feminists from the twenty-fifth century take Chubby to court for violating the Gender Supremacy Act with his stag humour. Chubby is sentenced to give birth to a baby through his arse. Norman Wisdom meets *Flesh Gordon*. (S&S February 1994)

Rental premiere

A.P.E.X.
Director Philip J. Roth; USA 1993; 20/20 Vision NVT 21679; Certificate 15; 98 minutes; Producer Talaat Captain; Screenplay Philip J. Roth, Ronald Schmidt; Lead Actors Mitchell Cox, Lisa Ann Russell
There are shades of the rental video hit *Millennium* in this good-looking time-travel adventure. In 2073, a scientist travels back 100 years. On his return he finds things changed beyond recognition with Advanced Prototype Exploration Units (APEX) controlling the earth.

Circuitry Man
Director Steven Lovy; USA 1989; 20/20 Vision NVT 13078; Certificate 15; 89 minutes; Producers Steven Reich, John Schouweiler; Screenplay Steven Lovy, Robert Lovy; Lead Actors Jim Metzler, Dana Wheeler-Nicholson, Lu Leonard, Dennis Christopher, Vernon Wells

Imaginative cyberpunk movie which is wonderfully odd and visually exciting. 40 years after the destruction of the rain forests and the drying up of the oceans, people live underground in government-controlled environments. Fashion designer Lori, who is forced to act as bodyguard to a microchips dealer, flees with a case of chips after a deal is busted by the police.

Corrupt Justice
Director Ian Barry; Australia/Japan 1993; Columbia TriStar NVT 21853; Certificate 15; 99 minutes; Producers Chris Brown, Hiroyuki Ikeda, John Sexton; Screenplay Tony Morphett; Lead Actors Jacqueline Bisset, Masaya Kato, Gary Day, John Bach
Lame heist thriller with Bisset as Holly Soames, an Australian high-court judge who leads a double life. Holly teams up with a criminologist to raid a bank.

Every Breath
Director Steve Bing; USA 1993; Columbia TriStar CVT 14986; Certificate 18; 85 minutes; Producers Brad Krevoy, Steve Stabler; Screenplay Andrew Fleming, Steve Bing, Judd Nelson; Lead Actors Judd Nelson, Joanna Pacula, Patrick Bauchau
Impressive attempt to locate an LA jock within a dark psycho-sexual world. Judd Nelson is penniless commercials actor Jimmy whose week begins badly when he is fired. Jimmy owes the mob money and Lauren (Pacula), with whom he is involved, is into dangerous game-playing. Lauren and her husband (Bauchau) like watching each other make love to strangers, whom he then pretends to kill. But is it pretend? The plot is ambitious, while Nelson looks like a young Bruce Willis. Worth a look.

Fearless Tiger
Director Ron Hulme; USA 1993; Imperial Entertainment IMP 144; Certificate 18; 88 minutes; Producer Jalal Merhi; Screenplay Ron Hulme; Lead Actors Jala Merhi, Jamie Farr, Monika Schnarre, Bolo Yeung
Unfortunate timing for this chop-socky thriller, which is about kids on the street dying from a drug called 'Nirvana'. Standard fare enlivened by the always watchable Bolo Yeung, who plays a kung fu master.

Inside Edge
Director Warren Clark; USA 1992; 20/20 Vision NVT 21391; Certificate 18; 90 minutes; Producer William Tannen; Screenplay Vincent Gutierrez;

Lead Actors Michael Madsen, Richard Lynch, Rosie Vela, Tony Peck
Michael Madsen is fine as renegade cop Richard Montana who breaks the rules of police procedure trying to bust drugs boss Mario Gio. The fashion, cinematography and 'realistic' dialogue are *Miami Vice*-influenced. Action packed and cliché ridden.

The Lemon Sisters
Director Joyce Chopra; USA 1989; Entertainment EVV 1284; Certificate 15; 88 minutes; Producers Diane Keaton, Joe Kelley; Screenplay Jeremy Pickser; Lead Actors Diane Keaton, Carol Kane, Kathryn Grody, Aidan Quinn, Elliott Gould
Diane Keaton, Carol Kane and Kathryn Grody play an oddball singing act called The Lemon Sisters who try to succeed in their own club despite the encroachment of major casinos.

Motherhood
Director Jonathan Wacks; USA 1992; ITC ITC 8406; Certificate 15; 86 minutes; Producer W. M. Christopher Gorog; Screenplay Chuck Hughes; Lead Actors Ned Beatty, Steve Buscemi, John Glover, Miriam Margolyes, Sam Jenkins
A mid-West suburban black comedy which resembles a sanitised version of Peter (*Bad Taste*) Jackson's oeuvre. Steve Buscemi mourns the loss of his mother (Margolyes), until A. J. Pattle (Glover in superb form), from the Happy People Corporation, brings her back to life. The film's premise quickly slips away and its comic touch is lost in overdone farce.

Resort to Kill
Director Dan Neira; USA 1993; Medusa Pictures MO 403; Certificate 18; 100 minutes; Producer/Screenplay Dan Neira; Lead Actors Roddy Piper, Sonny 'J. J.' Chiba, Meg Foster
Uncertain comic adventure featuring Sonny Chiba strutting his stuff as one half of a buddy cop duo tracking a seemingly immortal killer. The scent leds them to an island in the Far East where Meg Foster and her cohorts have discovered the ancient Mayan secret of immortality.

Roadside Prophets
Director Abbe Wool; USA 1991; 20/20 Vision NVT 11621; Certificate 15; 93 minutes; Producers Peter McCarthy, David Swinson; Screenplay Abbe Wool; Lead Actors John Doe, Adam Horowitz, David Carradine, John Cusack
Cameos from Arlo Guthrie, Timothy Leary and John Cusack (as a free-food revolutionary) liven up this promising road movie which sadly runs out of gas. Joe (John Doe) drives to Eldorado, Nevada to scatter the ashes of a colleague. He is followed by nerdish Sam (Horowitz) and has his mind opened by a series of weird characters. A poor script and a mediocre soundtrack mean yawns galore – unless you are a Californian biker.

Samurai Cowboy
Director Michael Keusch; USA 1993; 20/20 Vision NVT 21666; Certificate PG; 96 minutes; Producers Bruce Harvey, Robert Vince; Screenplay Michael Keusch, Deborah Tilton; Lead Actors Hiromi Go, Catherine May Stewart, Matt McCoy, Conchata Ferrell, Robert Conrad
An immensely likeable and touching drama which is misleadingly packaged as knockabout farce. Stunning Montana scenery and fine performances lift this modern Western, which has Yataka Soto (Hiromi Go) fulfilling a dream after his

PRIVATE VIEW

Mike Phillips wonders why 'The Birth of a Nation' is called a masterpiece

White lies

This isn't about D.W. Griffith; it's about the hype surrounding the resurrection of his most famous film *The Birth of a Nation*. What needs to be said is simple and obvious – the film is a historical document, a primary source of racist propaganda. Originally titled *The Clansman*, it was based on a novel of the same name which glorified the murders committed by the Ku Klux Klan. Griffith retained the book's plot but set it within a framework of Southern myth. The film begins with scenes of contented black slaves labouring happily in cotton fields, watched over by benevolent masters. After the ensuing war, the state government is taken over by blacks who swarm the chamber like monkeys in a zoo – boozing, munching on chicken legs and playing with their feet. Encouraged by evil Northerners, the blacks then go on the rampage – a white woman, pursued by a slaving black man, mad with lust, throws herself off a cliff; in the town the whites cower indoors, while in the country a gang of black soldiers, with rape in mind, besiege a farmhouse. At this point, the Klan gather and ride to the rescue of the beleaguered whites.

This is an outline of the fantasies which provided a crucial psychological underpinning for a structure of terrorism whose purpose was to cow and brutalise black Southerners. Until recently I saw it as an event in white racism's history, and I was no more interested in it than I might have been in a pro-slavery tract or a piece of Jew-baiting Nazi propaganda. Fortunately, memories of the Nazi regime are fresh enough that the majority of the film world would object to the circulation of a film which offered anti-Semitic myth as history, presented Nazi caricatures of Jews as real and argued that the Nazis' slaughter of their victims was an act of self-defence. Unfortunately, the memory of black agony in the South doesn't seem to have the same effect, and those who seek Griffith's rehabilitation have no inhibitions about glossing over white racism and the director's relationship to its brutality.

For the video release of *The Birth of a Nation*, the opening explanatory caption by the BBFC describes the film as "unthinking racial prejudice", and I imagine that behind this weasel distortion of its creator's intentions is a careful attempt to equate the film's message with an archaic breach of political correctness. The caption continues with the claim that the racial attitudes of the film are "unconscious" and concludes: "Guilt may be the price we have to pay for looking again at this great masterpiece of world cinema."

This is pure hypocrisy. There was nothing "unthinking" or "unconscious" about Griffith's racism. Like every American of that period, he knew that Southern blacks lived under a regime of terror – a regime that had started after the Civil War when the Klan and similar organisations drove blacks out of the electorate with successive waves

of rape, torture and murder. Every white Southerner knew what happened when Southerners were stirred up about their distorted version of history, and most Southern whites would have seen the results. Sometimes entire towns (including children) turned out to watch fellow citizens tear the genitals off black men and hang their bodies from a tree. These were the everyday climaxes of Griffith's unthinking prejudices, and so his supporters' attempt to pretend that he was unaware of them is sickening.

But of course, the BBFC's caption has nothing to do with the real context in which the film was made. Its purpose is to slide *The Birth of a Nation* out of the historical arena and into the abstract world of film – a fictional world where cruelty, fear and sadism come under the rubric of 'let's pretend'. In this way, the bleeding bodies of my parents' friends and relatives become the subject of dinner party 'controversy', and the sadistic celebration of their agony becomes the material of a "key pioneering work".

But this isn't the world in which the film was made, and it isn't the rubric under which it has been or will be viewed. Griffith made this film in a period when social and moral attitudes had begun to shift in response to the ripples spreading out from the war industries, from the black migration into urban centres and northwards, and from the resulting stabilisation of the Southern economy. A slow restructuring of black self-confidence had begun, and *The Birth of a Nation* was used as a tool in a propaganda campaign which set out to counter the new political mood by justifying the brutalities of Southern politics on a national stage. The author of *The Clansman*, Thomas Dixon Jr, was renowned for his segregationist politics, and his novel, along with the play it spawned, was notorious for its defence of the Klan. Raised on similar stories, Griffith understood the book's racist

appeal, and also understood the populist effect of its imagery. *The Birth of a Nation* set out to amplify the message, and it was all too successful in reinforcing a coherent political myth which gave new status to the sadistic perversions of the lynch mobs. It is obvious that the propaganda content of the film was planned with the utmost care and commitment. According to Griffith's assistant cameraman, Karl Brown, when the director was told that the film might cause riots in Atlanta, his reaction was "I hope to God it does."

In view of this background, I wonder about the motives of the people who have made an icon out of this piece of racist pornography. And the fig leaf of pioneering techniques won't do – Griffith's status as a technical innovator is not the issue. The price we are being asked to pay for reinstating Griffith as a cultural hero is acceptance of a 'reinterpretation' which distorts history and which lies about the nature of racism. But the effect of Griffith's original purpose remains in place, and the film re-emerges into a cultural arena which is the present site of a deadly struggle over the meaning and relationship of race, nationality and citizenship. So the echoes set off by Griffith's fantasies have a resonance which have nothing to do with "guilt feelings". Instead they continue to play an active part in reifying racial anxieties.

I have no passionate feelings about Griffith; I've faced such racist fantasies all too often to be disturbed by them. I certainly don't want his film banned. On the other hand, at a time when ethnic cleansing has become a familiar term for the kind of atrocities practised by the Ku Klux Klan, it may also be time to debate seriously what meaning we should attach to the disinterment of *The Birth of a Nation* as a "neglected masterpiece".

'The Birth of a Nation' is due for release this month on Connoisseur Video



Distorting history: black soldiers intimidating a white Southerner in 'The Birth of a Nation'

friend in Tokyo dies of overwork. Soto buys a rundown cattle ranch, helped by an old cattle hand. After racist attacks from Colt Wingate, Soto discovers that the latter intends to build a dam and flood the valley. *Shades of City Slickers*, but, for the most part, slapstick is avoided.

Ticks

Director Tony Randel; USA 1993; Columbia TriStar CVT 21668; Certificate 18; 82 minutes; Producer Jack F. Murphy; Screenplay Brent V. Friedman; Lead Actors Rosalind Allen, Ami Dolenz, Seth Green, Virginia Keehne
A group of city kids are attacked by mutant football-sized ticks while on a country trip with their social worker. The lack of real horror or camp humour makes this humdrum bug movie seem like any other in the species.

Vampire Cop

Director Joel Bender; USA 1993; High Fliers HFV 8259; Certificate 18; 81 minutes; Producers Manette Rosen, Marion Zola; Screenplay John Weidner, Ken Lamplugh; Lead Actors Michelle Owens, Gregory A. Greer
Some smart one-liners and a tough heroine are the plus points in an otherwise average vampire yarn. Separated husband and wife cop team reunite to catch a vampire. After being bitten, the wife becomes a crazed vigilante. "Let's do lunch, bitch" the vampire says before tucking in to one victim. *Maniac Cop* with fangs, but without the gags that made *Vampire's Kiss* bearable.

Watch It!

Director Tom Flynn; USA 1993; Entertainment EVV 1278; Certificate 15; 98 minutes; Producers Thomas J. Mangan IV, J. Christopher Burch, John C. McGinley; Screenplay Tom Flynn; Lead Actors Peter Gallagher, Suzy Amis, John McGinley, Jon Tenney, Cynthia Stevenson
Porky's for thirtysomethings. John moves to Chicago to stay at his cousin's house and is ordered to hide in the fridge and shout "Watch it!" when the fridge door opens, to give a flatmate a fright. So begins a juvenile game in which the four flatmates are not allowed to get angry – they get even, however, by stomping on each other's girlfriends, careers and feelings. Shallow and tasteless.

Retail

Alive

Director Frank Marshall; USA 1992; Paramount VHR 2762; Price £13.99; Certificate 15 (S&S May 1993)

The Awful Dr Orlof (Gritos en la noche)

Director Jess Franco; Spain/France 1962; Redemption RETN 030; Price £12.99; B/W; Widescreen; Certificate 18
Well-lit and excellently composed chiller with a *Frankenstein* feel, which is above par for Franco. A police inspector oversees a dreaded case in which five women who have disappeared (kidnapped by Dr Orlof) are used for skin-graft experiments. Aka *The Diabolical Doctor Satan*. (MFB No. 353)

Babylon 5

Director Richard Compton; USA 1993; Warner SO 12656; Price £10.99; Certificate PG (S&S Video October 1993)

Bad Behaviour

Director Les Blair; UK 1992; First Independent BA 30402; Price £10.99; Certificate 15 (S&S June 1993)

Big Blockade

Director Charles Frend; UK 1942; Warner S038349; Price £10.99; B/W; Certificate U Will Hay, Leslie Banks, Robert Morley, Michael Redgrave and John Mills star in this average Second World War drama which examines how Britain's blockade of Nazi Germany contributed to the collapse of the fascist government. (MFB No. 98)

Le Boucher

Director Claude Chabrol; France/Italy 1969; Art House AHO 6009; Price £15.99; Widescreen; Subtitles; Certificate 15 This minor classic bears a resemblance to Hitchcock – especially in the suspense scenes and in its interest in the finer details of murder and body disposal – but is more a psychological study of sexual repression in a rural setting. Hélène (Stéphane Audran), a schoolteacher in Périgord, is courted by the town's shy butcher Popaul (Jean Yanne), who turns out to be a killer. (MFB No. 462)

Broadway Bound

Director Paul Bogart; USA 1991; Tartan Video TVT 1021; Price £15.99; Certificate PG (S&S June 1992)

Chaplin

Director Richard Attenborough; USA 1992; Guild GLD 51442; Price £10.99; Certificate 15 (S&S January 1993) ☐

Confession

Director Ken Hughes; UK 1954; Warner S038221; Price £10.99; B/W; Certificate PG Hughes returns to themes explored by Hitchcock in *I Confess*, although, bar the climactic shoot-out in a belfry, this is rather humdrum. Sydney Chaplin returns home from America to his sister (Audrey Dalton) and becomes involved in murder. (MFB No. 258)

Desperate Remedies

Directors Stewart Main/Peter Wells; New Zealand 1993; Electric Video EP 0057; Price £15.99; Certificate 18 Camp send-up of the Victorian bodice-ripper which uses spectacular cod-Gainsborough costume and set design to good effect. In the imaginary nineteenth-century port of Hope, a woman enlists the help of a hunky immigrant to wean her opium-addicted sister off her habit and away from the attentions of her drug supplier. (S&S February 1994)

Dust Devil

Director Richard Stanley; UK 1992; PolyGram 0889003; Price £10.99; Certificate 18 (S&S June 1993)

Feet First

Director Clyde Bruckman; USA 1930; Connoisseur Video CR 151; Price £12.99; B/W; Certificate U Early talkie starring Harold Lloyd as an assistant in a shoe store who goes to ridiculous lengths to rise above his station. Lloyd goes on a cruise, gets muddled up with crooks, thrown overboard in a mail sack and, in a classic scene, finds himself halfway up a skyscraper. (MFB No. 239)

Frauds

Director Stephan Elliott; Australia 1992; First Independent RE 9002; Price £10.99; Certificate 15 (S&S June 1993)

Game of Death

Director Robert Clouse; Hong Kong 1978; PolyGram 0886263; Price £10.99; Certificate 18 This movie is for Bruce Lee completists, but it's worth fast-forwarding to the climactic 20-minute fight between Lee, Danny Inosanto and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. (MFB No. 533)

Gentleman's Agreement

Director Elia Kazan; USA 1947; FoxVideo 1077; Price £10.99; B/W; Certificate U This gripping attack on anti-Semitism stars Gregory Peck as a magazine writer who pretends to be Jewish in order to experience bigotry first hand. Ironically, the film was funded by Darryl F. Zanuck, who was one of the few non-Jewish Hollywood producers at the time. (MFB No. 174)

Guncrazy

Director Tamra Davis; USA 1992; Medusa MED 13232; Price £10.99; Certificate 18 (S&S Video November 1992)

How Green Was My Valley

Director John Ford; USA 1941; FoxVideo 1027; Price £10.99; Certificate U Classic drama based on Richard Llewellyn's story of a Welsh mining community as seen through the eyes of Roddy McDowall. (MFB No. 98)

How I Won the War

Director Richard Lester; UK 1967; Warner S050455; Price £10.99; Certificate TBC John Lennon had his debut solo screen role in this hit-and-miss black comedy about the futility of war. An inept British army officer (Michael Crawford) manages to lose his troops one by one. The cross-cutting between this farce and genuine Second World War footage (coloured in different hues) is annoying. (MFB No. 406)

The Last of His Tribe

Director Harry Hook; USA 1992; Video Gems NR 5031; Price £10.99; Certificate 15 (S&S Video December 1992)



South Pacific dreams: F. W. Murnau's tale of love 'Tabu'

Leon the Pig Farmer

Directors Vadim Jean/Gary Sinyor; UK 1993; Electric Video EPO060; Price £15.99; Certificate 15

Liar's Moon

Director David Fisher; USA 1983; Arrow AF 006; Price £10.99; Certificate 15 Jack Duncan (Matt Dillon) and Ginny Peterson (Cindy Fisher) encounter hostility from their parents when they fall in love. Their elopement is full of problems – limited finances, inexperience and incompatibility – but when Ginny becomes pregnant the couple encounter a more serious hurdle.

Lorenzo's Oil

Director George Miller; USA 1992; Universal VHR 1654; Price £10.99; Certificate 15 (S&S March 1993) ☐

Love Field

Director Jonathan Kaplan; USA 1992; Columbia TriStar CVR 22825; Price £10.99; Certificate 15 (S&S Video December 1993)

Man of Aran

Director Robert Flaherty; UK 1934; Academy Video CAV 007; Price £15.99; B/W; Certificate E The brutal power of the sea and the rugged courage of the Aran islanders are captured in spectacular fashion in this dramatised documentary. At the time, this film was criticised for being 'staged' (the islanders had to re-learn old fishing techniques for the infamous shark hunt), and for omitting to show the economic conditions which forced the islanders to live in such a harsh climate. A seminal film in the history of documentary film-making. (MFB No. 4)

Maniac Cop 3: Badge of Silence

Director William Lustig; USA 1992; Medusa MED 13182; Price £10.99; Certificate 18 (S&S Video March 1993)

Married to It

Director Arthur Hiller; USA 1991; 20/20 Vision; Price £10.99; Certificate 15 (S&S Video January 1994)

Movie Crazy

Director Clyde Bruckman; USA 1932; Connoisseur Video CR 152; Price £12.99; B/W; Certificate U

The last of Harold Lloyd's great comedies. Movie-mad Lloyd mistakenly gets invited to Hollywood for a screen test, where he achieves movie stardom. (MFB No. 194)

Mr Saturday Night

Director Billy Crystal; USA 1992; First Independent BA 30317; Price £10.99; Certificate 15 (S&S May 1993)

The Northerners (De Noorderlingen)

Director Alex Van Wamerdam; Netherlands 1992; Curzon CV 0039; Price £15.99; Subtitles; Certificate 15 Wonderful black comedy which observes an isolated *Twin Peaks*-style town. The film focuses on a small Catholic community who are a ragbag of sexually obsessed, fanatically religious people. The movie's religious satire recalls Buñuel, but the elliptical narrative and the bizarre characters owe more to Fellini's *Amarcord* (especially with the mute 'whore' in the woods and an unexplained fat man on a motor scooter). Great fun. (S&S March 1994)

Obsession

Director Brian De Palma; USA 1976; MIA V3398; Price £10.99; Certificate 15 Superb, non-violent suspense-thriller – high points being Paul Schrader's script and Bernard Herrmann's score. A wealthy New Orleans businessman who is haunted by the death of his wife and child sees his wife's double in Florence. (MFB No. 513)

Pétain

Director Jean Marboeuf; France 1992; Tartan Video TVT 1164; Price £15.99; Widescreen; Subtitles; Certificate 15 Tedious political drama about the Nazi occupation of France as seen through the eyes of an invalid soldier working at the Hôtel du Parc, Vichy (from where the French puppet government controlled the country). During his reign, Marshall Philippe Pétain (played by Jacques Dufilho) passed racist and inhuman laws under the influence of his stormy foreign minister Laval. The huge hotel serves as a metaphor for the occupation, with the French Resistance beaverling away in the basement. (S&S April 1994)

Providence

Director Alain Resnais; France/Switzerland 1976; Tartan Video TVT 1163; Price £15.99; Widescreen; Certificate 15 A dying writer (John Gielgud) weaves his final fiction using his tangled patriarchal feelings and retributive fantasies about his family's independent lives. Dirk Bogarde plays the dysfunctional son, Ellen Burstyn the stoical wife and David Warner the bastard son. Regarded by many as Resnais' best work because of its rich narrative and stylistic verve. (MFB No. 530)

Querelle

Director Rainer Werner Fassbinder; West Germany 1982; Artificial Eye ART 906; Price £12.99; Widescreen; Subtitles; Certificate 18 Fassbinder's final film is a gloriously colourful and aesthetically composed melodrama set in a seedy underworld of sex, drugs and murder. A ship's captain (Franco Nero) and the madam of a brothel lust after Querelle (Brad Davis), a sailor who murders a fellow seaman over drugs. A heady mix of gay icons set

ENDNOTES

By Mark Kermode

● What makes landmark 'weird' soundtracks for experimental horror, sci-fi and fantasy films age differently? In the late 70s, director/composer John Carpenter redefined the sound of the modern horror film with his minimalist electronic scores – eerily repetitive, single-note themes played on synthesisers against a sparse, throbbing background. While Brian De Palma nurtured a long-standing relationship with orchestral composer Pino Donaggio (check out Milan's superb *Donaggio-De Palma: Love and Menace* for an excellent overview), Carpenter shunned such lavish arrangements and pioneered a new wave of low-budget, paranoid film music.

In 1978, the menacingly simple strains of *Halloween's* synthesiser tinklings seemed to herald the death of the huge, gothic orchestral scores of Bernard Herrmann and Hammer. Strange, then, that in the 90s it is Carpenter who has become the musical dinosaur, while Herrmann, who died in 1975, is experiencing a critical revival. *Body Bags* (Varese Sarabande) features music from last year's HBO-financed John Carpenter/Tobe Hooper collaboration. Carpenter and Jim Lang take joint credit for the score, which uses typically moody, repetitive synthesiser sequences overlaid with an MTV-friendly rock guitar. All very 'now', in theory. Yet unlike those early seminal scores (collected on Varese Sarabande's *John Carpenter Greatest Hits Vols I & II*), *Body Bags* sounds cheap, as if (despite the endless technical credits) Carpenter were merely fiddling around with outdated machinery in his bedroom.

Compare this to Bernard Herrmann's timeless *The Day the Earth Stood Still* (Fox Film Scores), issued as part of 'The Classic Series', which includes *The Robe*, *Star!* and *How Green Was My Valley*. Herrmann's music for Robert Wise's sci-fi classic should be a text-book example of outmoded sci-fi kitsch. In fact, it is a joy – a sparkling, mysterious and sinister work to which this original 1951 recording does ample justice. After the unmistakable Fox fanfare, we are plunged into a bizarre aural landscape of discordant piano, murmuring brass and battling psychotic electric theremins. (The theremin was originally popularised by Miklós Rózsa's 1945 *Spellbound* score, after which it became enshrined as the instrument for evoking screen strangeness.) What makes Herrmann's music so compelling is the way it utilises new technology without abandoning traditional instrumentation. It is a marvellous marriage of the electronic and the acoustic, the modern and the traditional, the known and the unknown. Carpenter could learn something from this, and from Milan's excellent primer *Bernard Herrmann Film Scores*, which includes *Taxi Driver*.

● Great film music does not necessarily make great albums. Take the mixture of source music and original score which comprises the soundtrack for *Fearless* (Elektra Nonesuch). In Peter Weir's affecting movie, a tale of the different (and devastating) effects a plane crash has on two survivors, the musical



Timeless: 'The Day the Earth Stood Still'

accompaniment is adroitly unobtrusive. With the exception of a single haunting melodic fragment ('Max') and the highly orchestrated finale, the music takes a back seat throughout, pulsing quietly, adding colour, suggesting menace and building character. Unsurprisingly, when removed from the visual images it was intended to support, the *Fearless* soundtrack seems disjointed, as if these contrasting pieces no longer have any reason to be placed side-by-side. So a haunting 53-second opening cue from Maurice Jarre slides into a folksy dance tune with bongo percussion by the Kronos Quartet, before segueing incongruously into Krzysztof Penderecki's *Polymorphia*. As usual with soundtrack albums, where music extracts are presented in their entirety, all 12 minutes of the latter are included, from the almost inaudible opening rumblings through the cacophony of whacks, wails and inhuman screams to the dissonant final chord. Immediately after this comes an upbeat toe-tapper from the Gypsy Kings, followed by more ambient moodiness from Jarre, capped with almost half-an-hour of Henryk Górecki's *Symphony No 3*.

● Like John Williams and John Barry, Jerry Goldsmith is an institution in the world of Hollywood music. After an apprenticeship in radio, he gained a reputation scoring TV shows such as *Gunsmoke* and *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.* In 1962, he was Oscar-nominated for his work on John Huston's *Freud*, and subsequently received plaudits for *Planet of the Apes*, *Chinatown*, *The Omen* and *Alien*. More recently, however, Goldsmith has blossomed into a purveyor of top quality mainstream schmaltz, scoring such mundane dramas as *The Russia House* and *Not Without My Daughter*. His latest work for Martha Coolidge's *Angie* (Varese Sarabande) continues this trajectory. The score for this Geena Davis heartwarmer abounds in understated positive chords fluctuating around an infectious main theme. Hints of European folk haunt the affirmative, if melancholic, central tune, while the arrangements veer between swooning strings over a poppy electric bass and full-blown, ominous orchestral pomp. Goldsmith's characteristically lush orchestration gives the whole thing a Hollywood sheen, and yet another Oscar nomination might have been on the cards, had *Angie* performed better on its US release.

against a permanently orange studio sunset. (MFB No. 597)

The Rebel

Director Robert Schnitzer; USA 1973; MIA V3394; Price £10.99; Certificate 15
Anti-war picture with a mumbling Sylvester Stallone playing a former terrorist who has a change of heart and goes after arms dealers and weapon manufacturers.

Room at the Top

Director Jack Clayton; UK 1958; Fabulous BCC 04063; Price £10.99; B/W; Certificate 15
Groundbreaking British realist film with Laurence Harvey as a social climber trying to break out of his class by marrying the daughter of a Yorkshire town's most eminent citizen. He then falls for the magnificent Simone Signoret, the star of the local theatre troupe and ten years his senior. A landmark in British cinema's treatment of sex and class. (MFB No. 301)

Sommersby

Director Jon Amiel; USA/France 1993; Warner SO 12649; Price £13.99; Certificate 15 (S&S May 1993) □

Stalin

Director Ivan Passer; USA 1992; Warner SO 35583; Price £10.99; Certificate PG (S&S Video July 1993)

Streamers

Director Robert Altman; USA 1983; Arrow AF 005; Price £10.99; Certificate 18
Dating from Altman's theatrical period, the movie's story involves four recruits and two Vietnam veterans waiting to be sent to the front. The setting of the bunkhouse becomes an existential hell, with the men's racial, sexual and social taunting of one another reflecting American society of the time. The film's principal cast were all awarded Gongs at the 1983 Venice Film Festival. Admirable, but not an easy ride. (MFB No. 603)

Ten Days Wonder (La Décade prodigieuse)

Director Claude Chabrol; France 1971; Art House AHO 6012; Price £15.99; Certificate 15
Crazed sculptor Anthony Perkins enlists the help of his former professor (Michel Piccoli) to cure his bouts of amnesia. Piccoli stays at Perkins' family estate, meets his eccentric father (Orson Welles), and discovers blackmail and incest. The actors are interesting, although typecast, but there is little to recommend in this bizarre curio. (MFB No. 464)

Toys

Director Barry Levinson; USA 1992; FoxVideo 1992; Price £10.99 (Widescreen: WS 1992 £12.99); Certificate PG (S&S March 1993) □

Trent's Last Case

Director Herbert Wilcox; UK 1952; Warner SO 38283; Price £10.99; B/W; Certificate U
Sleuth journalist Philip Trent investigates the mysterious death of a tycoon found shot through the eye in the grounds of his mansion. The judge's verdict is suicide but Trent's not so sure. (MFB No. 226)

The Waterdance

Directors Neal Jimenez/Michael Steinberg; USA 1991; Columbia TriStar CVR 23526; Price £10.99; Certificate 15 (S&S December 1992)

Retail premiere

Fascination

Director Jean Rollin; France 1979; Redemption RETN 033; Price £12.99; Widescreen; Subtitles; Certificate 18; 78 minutes; Producer Joe De Lara; Screenplay Jean Rollin; Lead Actors Franca Mai, Brigitte Lahaie, Jean-Marie Lemaire, Fanny Magier

It's hard to enthuse about this lesbian vampire horror. A thief is chased into a château by angry villagers and is taken advantage of by two women who live there and whose evil intention is to ritually kill him. Tiresome.

90° South

Director Herbert Ponting; UK 1933; Academy Video CAV 009; Price £15.99; B/W; Certificate E; 72 minutes; Producer Unknown; Screenplay Herbert Ponting
Captain Scott's second Antarctic expedition from 1910-12 is captured by Herbert Ponting, the "best outdoor cameraman in the world". This extraordinary account of the expedition includes scenes of life aboard the Terra Nova, sailors' customs and some first-rate photography of Antarctic fauna. This is the sound version that was first released in 1933.

Secrets

Director Michael Pattinson; Australia 1992; VCI VC3434; Price £10.99; Certificate 15; 92 minutes; Producer Michael Pattinson; Screenplay Jan Sardi; Lead Actors Beth Champion, Malcolm Kennard, Dannii Minogue, Noah Taylor
Five teenagers reveal their anxieties and dreams after being trapped in the basement of a hotel where the Beatles are.

Tabu: A Story of the South Seas

Director F. W. Murnau; USA 1931; Tartan Video TVT 1161; Price £15.99; B/W; Subtitles; Certificate 15; 76 minutes; Producer Unknown; Screenplay Robert Flaherty, F. W. Murnau; Lead Actors Matahi Reri, Anna Chevalier, Hitu

Murnau made this in collaboration with documentary film-maker Robert Flaherty, and it is radically different from the closed, expressionistic worlds of his earlier films. Set and filmed in Tahiti, it tells the tale of a star-crossed love between a girl who is 'tabu' and a village boy.

The most sensuous of Murnau's films, *Tabu* was promoted by Paramount with orientalist taglines such as "Uncivilised Love and Rapturous Romance". Due to the discovery of the only surviving nitrate print, produced directly from the camera print, this is the first time since its original release that *Tabu* has been available uncensored. When it was re-released in 1949, sexualised images of Tahitians were among the material cut.

Tender and Perverse Emmanuelle

Director Jess Franco; France 1973; Redemption RETN 031; Price £12.99; Widescreen; Certificate 18; 75 minutes; Producer Jess Franco; Screenplay Unknown; Lead Actors Lina Romay, Norma Castel, Jack Taylor, Albert Dalbes
Mexican-style moustaches, square mustard-tinted shades, a daft plot, a script from hell and acting not so much wooden as petrified forest – this film is brilliantly awful.

Letters are welcome, and should be addressed to the Editor at Sight and Sound, British Film Institute, 21 Stephen Street, London W1P 1PL. Facsimile 071 436 2327

Born to be mild

From Anna Chen

I agree with John Harkness that *M. Butterfly* worked better on stage than on film (S&S May). However, I was surprised at his failure to locate any submissive Asian women in western culture, especially as the best-known image of eastern womanhood is currently *Miss Saigon*, a masochist who has outstripped her servile sisters on Singapore Airlines by a good head since being born to be mild in Drury Lane. (If that fails to convince, perhaps the proliferation of Far East 'bride' agencies and sex tours for white, western males might yield clues to the status of Asian women in the popular consciousness.) In the absence of strong, positive female Asian characters, it is no wonder that the women of *South Pacific*, *The World of Suzie Wong*, *The Virgin Soldiers*, the *Fu Manchu* films remain the most memorable.

Things haven't changed much in the last 20 years. Have a look at the minor roles that crop up occasionally on British television: all of them passive or empowered through triad connections. Yes, we have a couple of movie stars, but although I am thankful for their existence, Gong Li is putty in the hands of her Svengali and, until recently, a beauty to be acted upon rather than striving in her own right. Joan Chen, whom we first saw as the smacked-out consort of the Last Emperor, runs the gamut of emotions from A to... well, A. I'm throwing in my lot with the new generation of talent and hoping that, with good material, actresses like Tia Carrere and both generations of *The Joy Luck Club* cast can continue to represent us in all our infinite variety.

London NW6

Deneuve as superstar

From Patience Gent

Angus Finney in his article about European superstars (S&S May) is afflicted by the Hollywood disease: "Who's the star - who's the girl!" Deneuve was an international superstar long before the recent worldwide acknowledgment of Depardieu. Admittedly much of her fame in the US is due to her advertisements rather than to many of her films, but these are none the less renowned - from *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg*, *Belle de jour* and *Repulsion* to *The Last Metro*, *The Hunger* and *Indochine*.

Deneuve was nominated last year for an Oscar and won the second of her Césars out of seven nominations. She is again to head this year's Cannes jury, and *Ma saison préférée* opened last year's festival.

To bracket her with other, much younger and less well-known French actresses such as Binoche, Béart and Bonnaire is absurd - have you seen the depth of her craft recently in *La Reine Blanche*, *Le Lieu du crime* and *Ma saison préférée*? I doubt it.

Milford Haven, Dyfed

Bodysnatching

From Neil Hornick

It was fascinating to read J. Hoberman's account (S&S May) of the literary/filmic evolution of *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*

(though the heart sinks at the prospect of a film version of Robert Heinlein's *The Puppet Masters*, surely the trashiest famous SF novel ever published). May I add some further notes on the cross-pollination process:

1. In Jack Finney's original 1955 novel, the hero peruses a copy of *Colliers Magazine*, the magazine in which the novel was serialised.

2. The heroine's final takeover by the alien pods doesn't occur in the novel - it's an invention of the 1956 movie.

3. Finney's gripping original is surprisingly set in Marin County, future central location of the 60s-70s Encounter Group/Self-Realisation movement whose ethos is so strongly evoked in Philip Kaufman's 1978 remake. Both Kevin McCarthy, who played Miles in the breathless 1956 film version (I like to think he was cast on the strength of his aptly resonant surname) and Don Siegel appear in cameo roles in the Kaufman remake. Siegel cast Sam Peckinpah as a meter-man in his version.

4. The theme of a decent small American town infected by an alien presence was adumbrated in Hitchcock's *Shadow of a Doubt* (1943, nice Uncle Charlie, wealthy-widow whacker) and Welles' *The Stranger* (1946, an unreconstructed Nazi biding his time).

5. In 1938 Welles had panicked America with his notorious radio version of H. G. Wells' *The War of the Worlds* (1898), the first alien life-form invasion thriller. Welles nicked the idea of an 'actuality' newscast format from a radio play he had appeared in - as an on-the-spot commentator - a year earlier, Archibald Macleish's *The Fall of the City*, in which the citizenry passively succumbs to conquest by a disembodied dictator. *The War of the Worlds* initiated the Cold War alien takeover cycle when it was filmed by producer George Pal in 1952. Colonel Pal is a character in Finney's *The Body Snatchers*.

6. The theme is not an exclusively American/British preserve. Consider Albert Camus' *The Plague* (1947, an allegory of the German occupation), Friedrich Dürrenmatt's play *The Visit* (1956, vengeful woman gradually undermines a community's moral fibre) and Eugène Ionesco's play *Rhinoceros* (1958), transposed to Nixon's America in Tom O'Horgan's 1974 film version, though with too much farcical embroidery. This has a virtually identical plot to Siegel's *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*: the hero's girlfriend finally joins the rhino herd, leaving him alone and desperate at the end. Could Ionesco have been a closet fan of 50s SF movies? O'Horgan obviously saw a connection: at one point in the film someone tries to explain away the rhino takeover as UFOs.

7. The Finney/Siegel version can be read as a grandiose sexual anxiety fantasy as much as a Cold War allegory, since - as in *It Came from Outer Space* (1953) and *I Married a Monster from Outer Space* (1958) - the trouble begins just as the hero is on the brink of sexual/marital commitment. ("I never knew what fear was really like until I kissed Becky.") The alien takeover threat is what brings the couple together and a manifestation of the anxieties that pull them apart.

8. Underlying all these subjects is a master theme - The Infected Arcadia. The great-grand-daddy of them all can be found in Genesis, which incorporates some basic genre ingredients: sinister reptile, temptingly organic digestible bringing about

severe personality change, male-female dysfunction, banishment from home security. Very downbeat. Sounds like there's a movie in there somewhere, Mr Ponti - but it obviously calls for a tough American film noir expert. Maybe it would appeal to John Huston...

London NW11

Zulu

From St John Stephen

Lem Dobbs (Letters, S&S May) appears to have become quite overwrought at Geoffrey Macnab's passing critique of the film *Zulu*, which seemed in many ways a self-evident and quite reasonable reading, given the context and space available. It is also not entirely clear why the more naive and conservative interpretation Dobbs offers should be considered preferable.

In justification of the bizarre sense of outrage he obviously feels, Dobbs extracts a single adjective from the many Macnab uses to describe Baker's performance in the film - *deranged* - and insists that it can be used only in the absolutist, clinical sense, claiming as a result that it is a wholly inappropriate way of describing Lieutenant Chard. This didacticism prevents a subtler understanding of the impulses behind Chard's 'deracination' - for that is what it literally is - and Baker's skilful portrayal of it.

Far from demonstrating what Dobbs laughably refers to as "working-class loyalty", Baker captures exactly the hectoring, bullying and ambitious nature of the engineers and technocrats, the rootless sons of the lower-middle and middle classes who went out to build the Empire and in the process acquired status and wealth. Indeed, the tension between Baker's and Caine's characters in the film, released as it was in 1963, could arguably be more in line with those existing in Britain at the time between the 'technically white-hot' meritocracy and the patrician governance of MacMillan.

Perhaps Dobbs' strange desire to protect the good name of the real Lieutenant John Chard should not be undertaken without reference to Michael Glover's 1975 book *Rorke's Drift: A Victorian Epic*. Here Glover suggests that the battle was a "very small triumph" that was heavily publicised by the imperial administration in London to offset public disquiet after the stunning debacle of Islandhwana. He goes on to say that for "A hundred well-armed men with unlimited ammunition and a good position... the Zulu onslaught must have been terrifying to see and hear, but, statistically speaking, not very dangerous."

Whether or not the skirmish was necessary at all is equally open to debate, the fate of the Zulu nation having been effectively sealed by their total victory at Islandhwana. The imperial punitive expedition mounted against them was matched in ferocity, thoroughness and ruthlessness only by the war prosecuted against the Ashanti, both campaigns being masterminded by that upwardly mobile son of the City of Norwich, Major-General Sir Garnett Wolsey, a man who 'ranged' freely across Africa during his career, 'rearranging' the indigenous peoples of that continent, very often into untidy piles of corpses.

London NW2

PAL
SYSTEM

Cliffhanger On Laser Disc. Home Video Quality At Its Peak.



STALLONE CLIFFHANGER

Watching box office blockbuster *Cliffhanger* on Laser Disc will make you feel like you're actually there
- experiencing the excitement and danger of mountain adventure.

The sharpest picture quality and stunning dolby surround sound of Laser Disc, will have you hanging on
the edge of your seat, as the nail biting action unfolds.

Instant track access, vastly superior picture quality and CD digital sound which never deteriorate make Laser Disc the ultimate in quality home video.

The Pioneer CDL 800 Laser Disc player retails for £399 inc VAT, which also plays audio CDs.

Current releases from Pioneer LDCE include: *1492 : Conquest of Paradise*, *Dirty Dancing* (Special Edition),
Alive (Special Edition - includes survivors documentary 20 years on) and *A River Runs Through It*.

For further information on Laser Disc and details of retail outlets, please call our Laser Link line (0753) 789 635.



LaserDisc
The Number One Home Video System

FIRST INDEPENDENT

DIGITAL
AUDIO

WIDESCREEN
EDITION

PIONEER
The Art of Entertainment
PIONEER LDCE

DOLBY SURROUND™

CAROLCO®

GUILD
Home Video

• SUPERIOR PICTURE QUALITY • CD SOUND QUALITY • LD/CD MULTIPLAYER • INSTANT TRACK ACCESS • DURABLE •
(With surround sound capability)

THE BEST OF WORLD CINEMA ON YOUR DOORSTEP

SPRING RELEASES



CR151 £12.99

FEET FIRST
Harold Lloyd at his comic best. 'Feet First is full of the Lloyd gags, stunts, and tricks.' Variety.



CR152 £12.99

MOVIE CRAZY
Considered to be the best of Harold Lloyd's talkies, he displays all his wacky comedy talents to the hilt. 'Continuous laughs in sure-fire comedy' Film Daily.



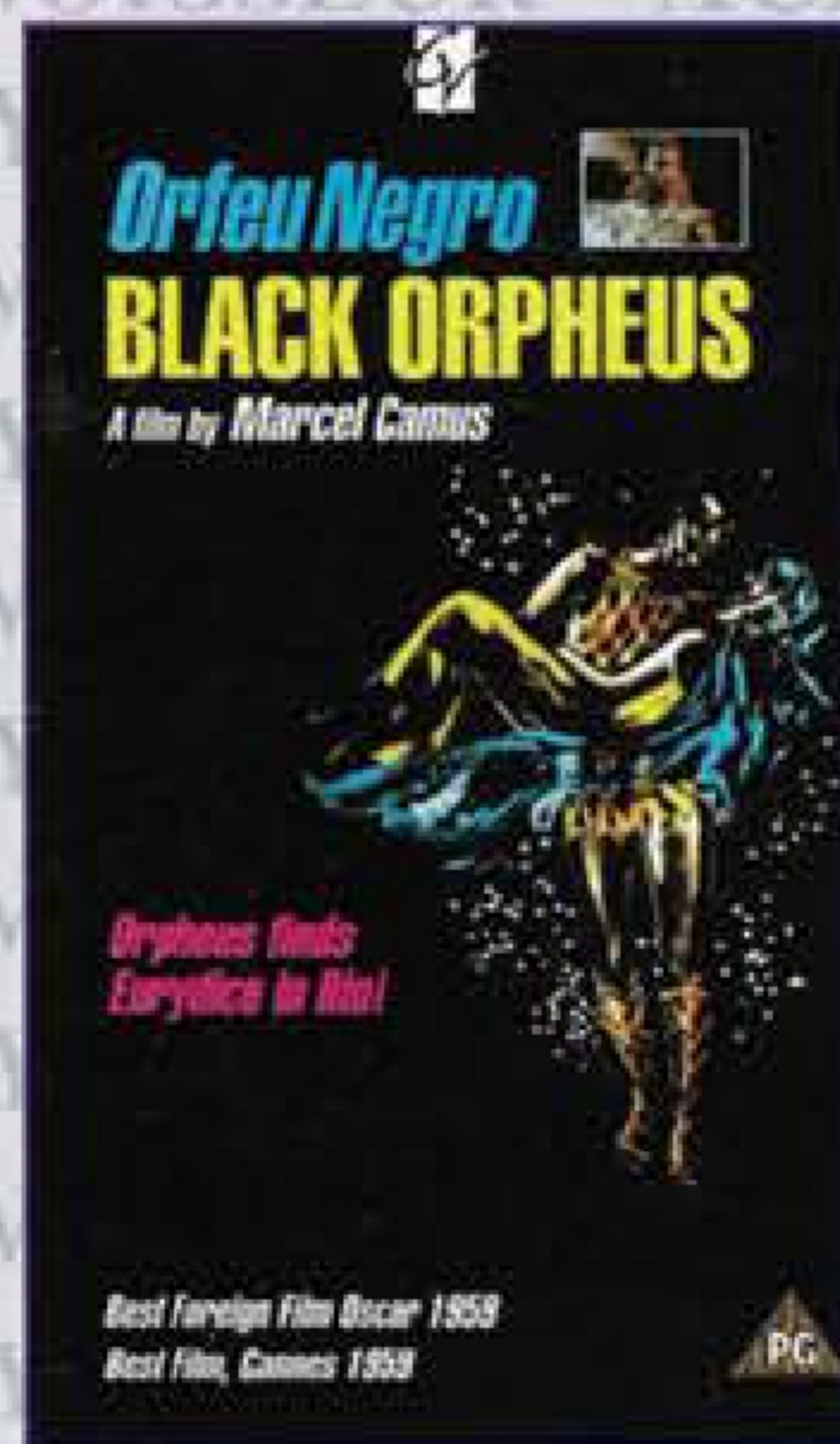
CR150 £14.99

THE BIRTH OF A NATION
D.W. Griffith's film, widely acclaimed as the founding work of modern cinema, continues to excite fierce passions eighty years after it was made.



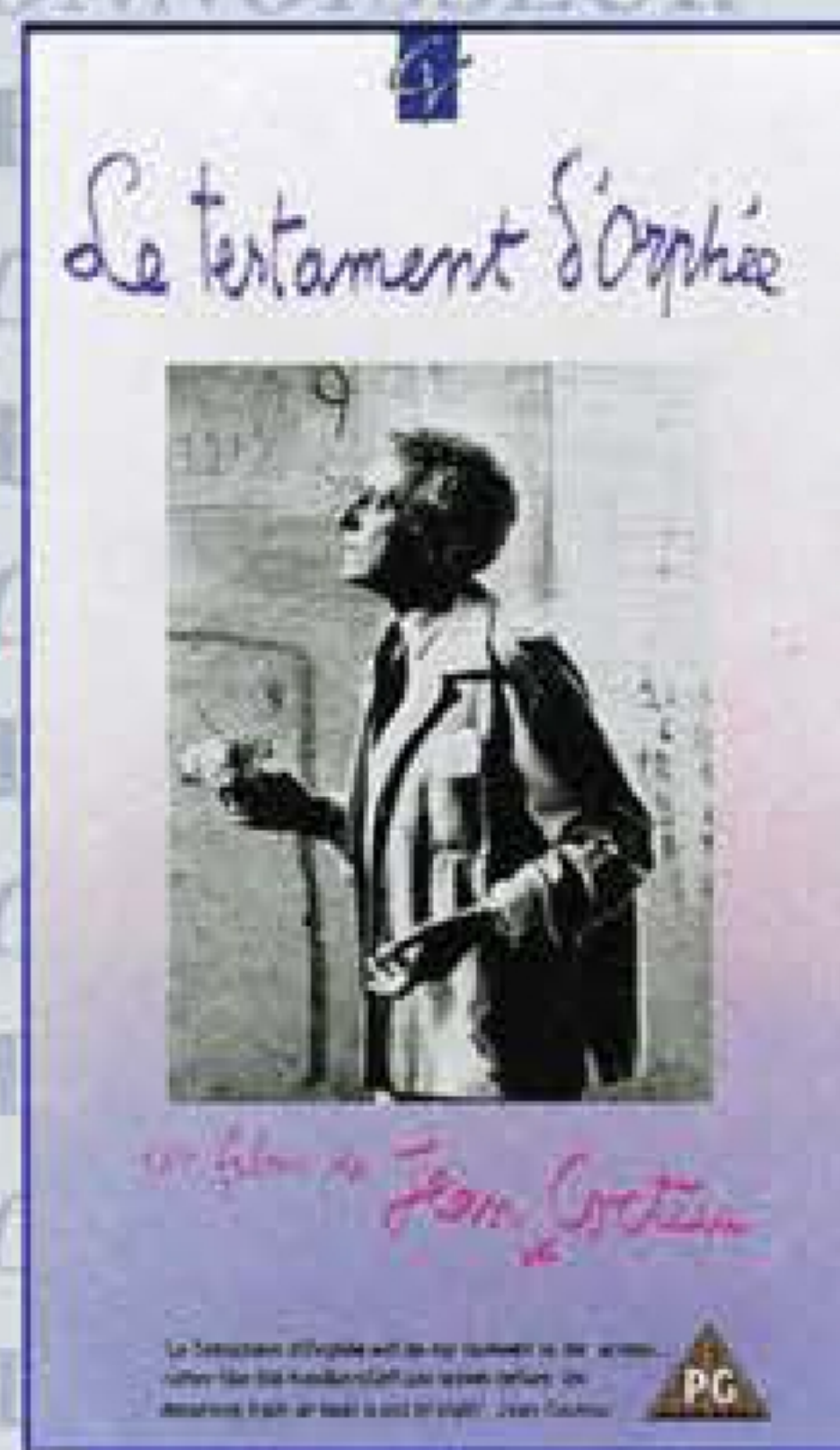
CR125 £14.99

PRIIT PARN-SELECTED FILMS
Three films from the prize-winning Estonian animation director and political cartoonist: Breakfast on the Grass, Hotel E, and Time Out.



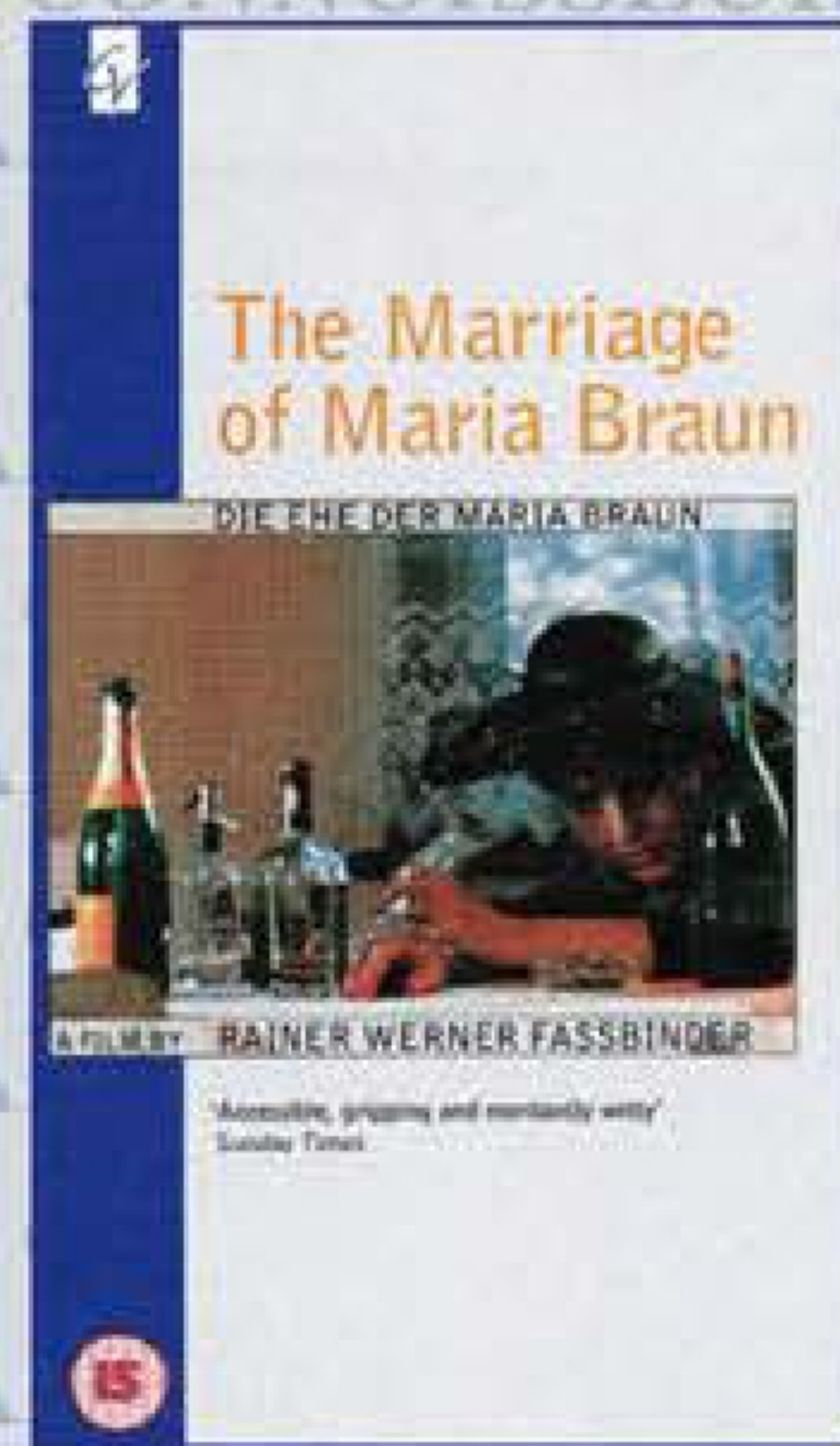
CR149 £14.99

BLACK ORPHEUS
Marcel Camus won the best foreign film Oscar in 1959 with his vibrant reworking of the Orpheus legend set in Carnival in Rio.



CR123 £14.99

LE TESTAMENT D'ORPHEE
Jean Cocteau's final feature film takes the viewer through his memories and fantasies peopled by characters from his films and by his friends and colleagues.



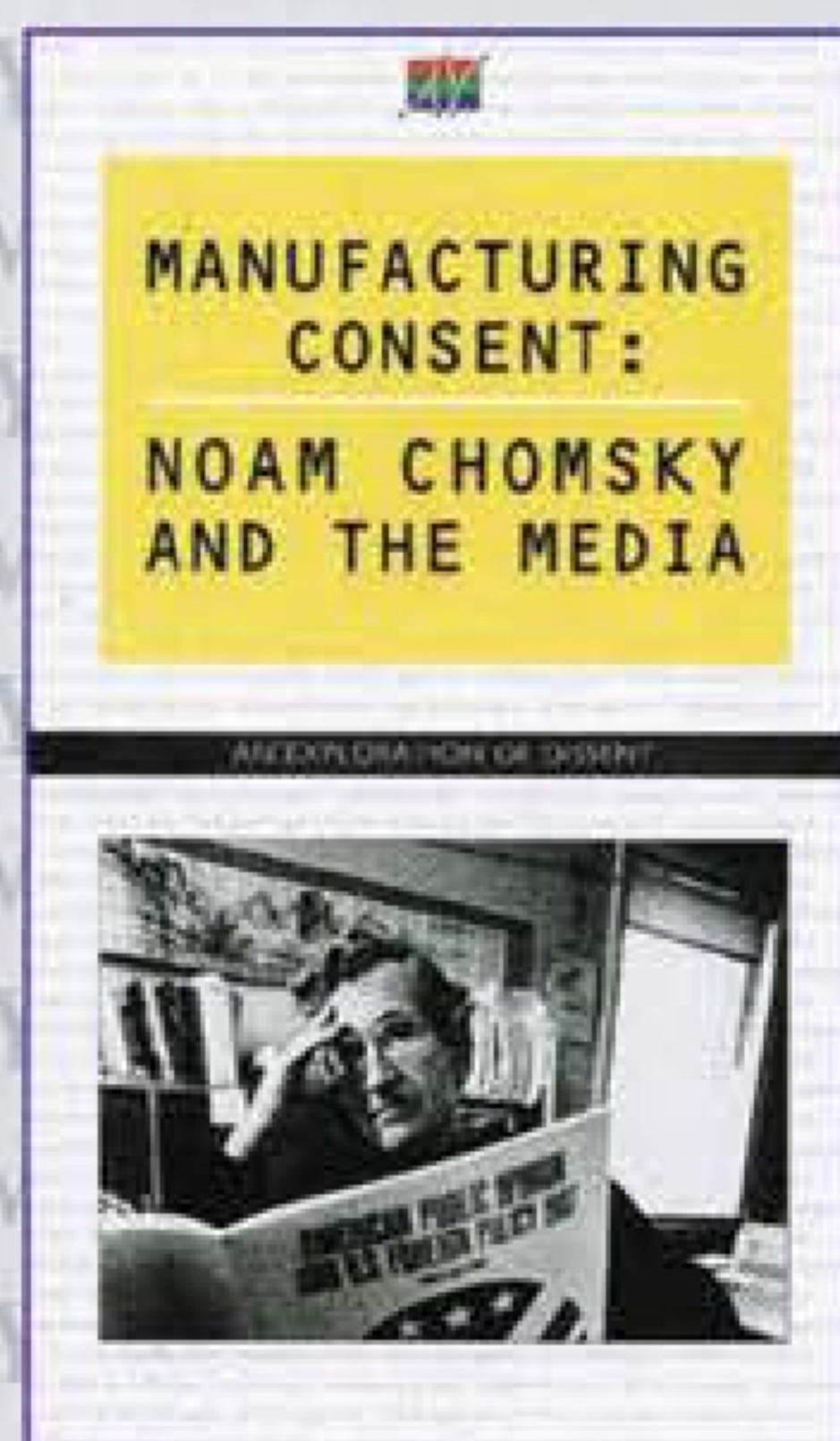
CR155 £14.99

THE MARRIAGE OF MARIA BRAUN
Probably the most successful and widely distributed of Fassbinder's works, the film tackles the ambiguities of West Germany's post-war reconstruction.



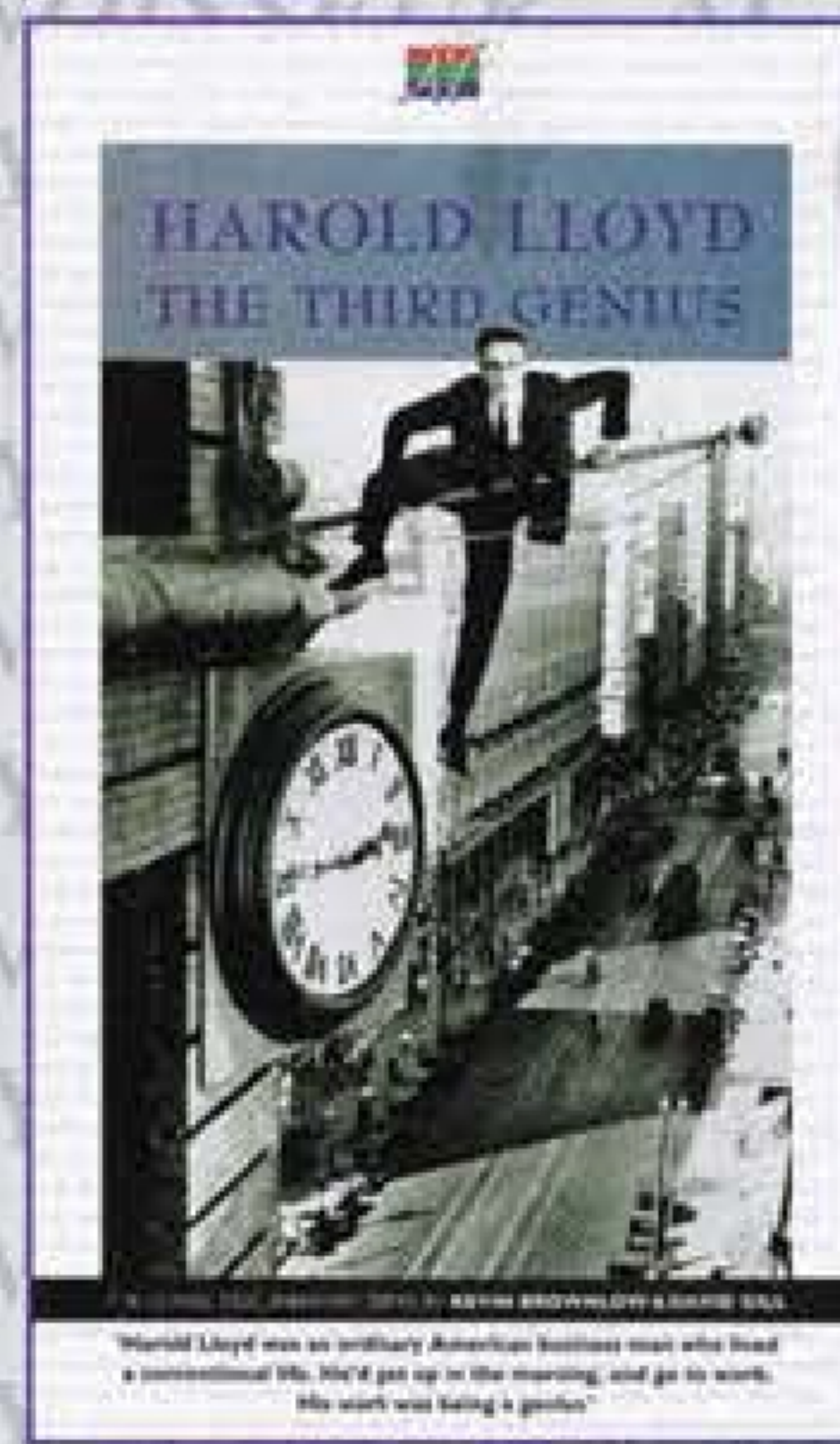
CR156 £14.99

EFFI BRIEST
Described as Fassbinder's most exquisite film, this tale of a teenage girl in a loveless marriage is based on Fontane's classic novel.



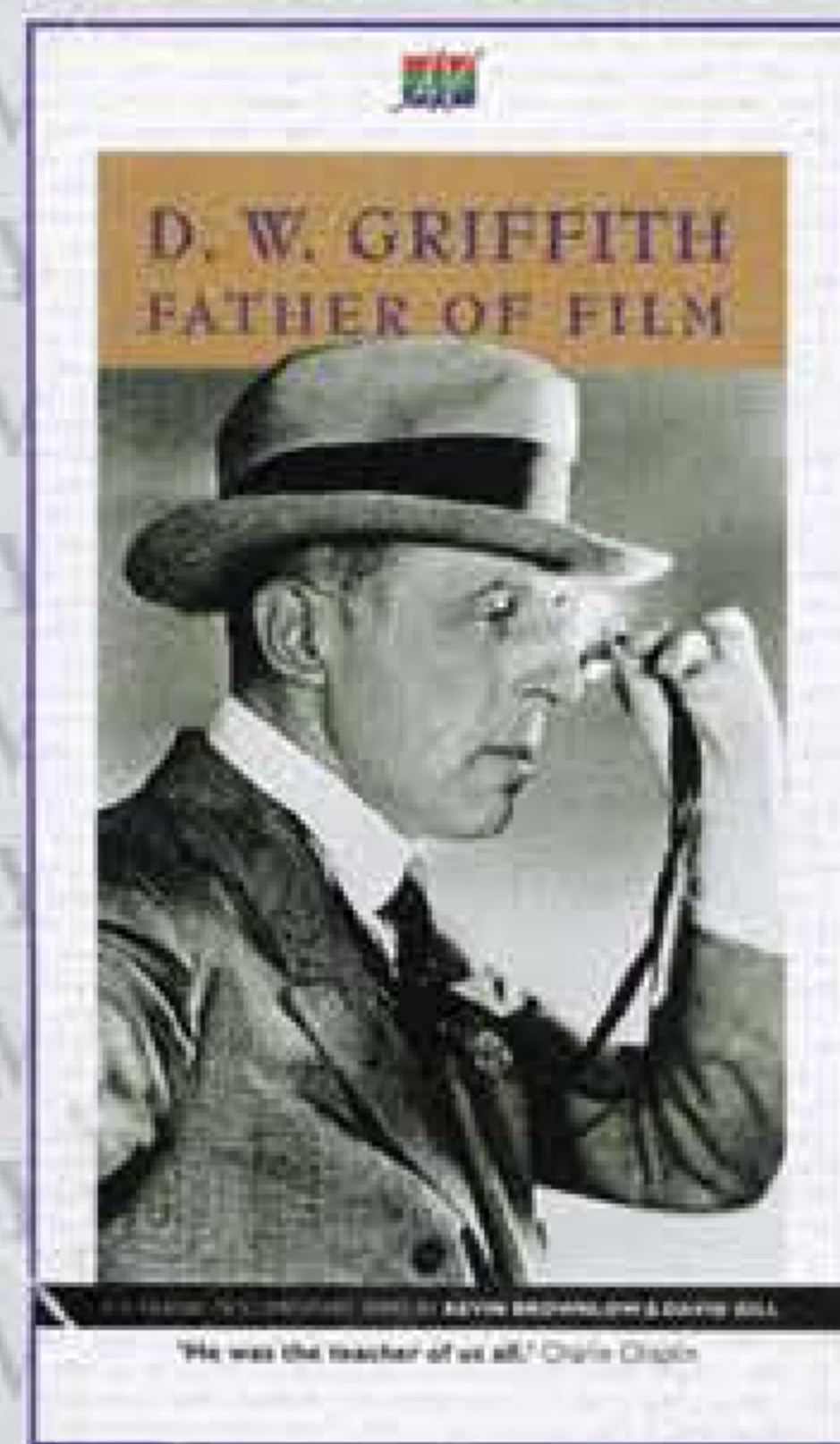
MANUFACTURING CONSENT: NOAM CHOMSKY AND THE MEDIA
In an energetic fusion of images and ideas, the political life of radical philosopher, Noam Chomsky is explored.

CAV013 £14.99



HAROLD LLOYD - THE THIRD GENIUS
This study of Lloyd by Brownlow and Gill demonstrates through marvellous film clips how this comic genius was right up there with Chaplin and Keaton.

CAV011 £12.99



D.W. GRIFFITH - FATHER OF FILM
Brownlow and Gill's classic documentary profiles the life and work of the pioneering American director whom Chaplin called 'The teacher of us all'.

CAV012 £12.99

CONNOISSEUR AND ACADEMY TITLES ARE ALSO AVAILABLE FROM



MEGASTORES

All these titles are available from **CONNOISSEUR VIDEO LTD** at the mail order price shown plus postage and packing of £1.50 for the first tape and 50p per tape thereafter.

- ◆ To order any of the videos listed, please tick the appropriate box.
- ◆ For multiple orders enter the number required in the box. ◆ Credit card bookings only on our Hotline **071 957 8960**.
- ◆ A full catalogue of over 100 Connoisseur and Academy titles can be obtained by telephoning **071 957 8957** during office hours or by leaving your name and address on our credit card hotline. ◆ Prices are inclusive of VAT.
- ◆ Please allow 28 days for delivery. ◆ Postage rates apply UK only.

Please cut this coupon and send to : **Mail Order Offer, Connoisseur Video Ltd, 10a Stephen Mews, London W1P 0AX**

Registered in England. Number 246 3593. VAT no. 448 8580 02

Photocopied coupons are also accepted

ORDER FORM

FEET FIRST	CR151	☐	MOVIE CRAZY	CR152	☐
BLACK ORPHEUS	CR149	☐	LE TESTAMENT D'ORPHEE	CR123	☐
THE BIRTH OF A NATION	CR150	☐	PRIIT PARN-SELECTED FILMS	CR125	☐
THE MARRIAGE OF MARIA BRAUN	CR155	☐	EFFI BRIEST	CR156	☐
MANUFACTURING CONSENT: NOAM CHOMSKY AND THE MEDIA				CAV013	☐
HAROLD LLOYD - THE THIRD GENIUS				CAV011	☐
D.W. GRIFFITH - FATHER OF FILM				CAV012	☐

Please tick box(es) for required videos or enter number required for multiple orders of each title

Total order value £ _____ plus £ _____ p&p

I enclose a cheque for the total, payable to **CONNOISSEUR VIDEO LIMITED**, or charge my credit card for the total value of £ _____

☐ Visa ☐ Access (tick box)

Card Number _____

Name _____

Address _____

Expiry date _____

Signature _____

Daytime phone no. _____

Delivery address (if different from above) _____